



No 3,703

MONDAY 31 AUGUST 1998



(1850p) 45p

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10 PAGES OF SPORT



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REVIEW FRONT

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ARTS, COMMENT &amp; NETWORK

# New fines for stress at work

COMPANIES that subject their workers to dangerous levels of stress are to face prosecution as part of an official crackdown on unsafe modern working practices.

The Health and Safety Executive has decided that employers who drive their staff to nervous breakdown and chronic depression are just as culpable as those whose employees are physically injured in dangerous workplaces.

Next week guidelines will be issued to thousands of British companies on their legal responsibilities for protecting staff against high levels of stress. The move follows research by the HSE showing that 500,000 Britons are suffering illness caused by work-related stress.

Jenny Bacon, the HSE's director general, said last night that high stress levels were now being suffered across the work spectrum. "We are no longer just talking about teachers on the back of the national curriculum," she said.

"This is affecting managerial, professional and clerical staff, care workers and nurses as well as teachers."

Companies which are found by HSE inspectors to be subjecting their workers to unreasonable levels of stress will be served an improvement notice. If they fail to act they will be prosecuted under the Health and Safety at Work Act.

Tom Mellish, the TUC's health and safety officer, said stress was now the number one safety concern among British employees. "Employers should be prosecuted," he said. "There is plenty of information and support structures out there for them to do something about it. We are encouraged that the



John Prescott: Approval sought for code of practice

stress levels for permanent employees because the temps are "buffered" from the most difficult tasks.

Measures designed to help workers relax, like massage at the desk, have only short-term benefits, while doubts have emerged over the value of stress management consultants.

No firm has yet been prosecuted for causing stress to its staff but companies have become more conscious of the issue since a court ordered Northumberland County Council to pay £175,000 in compensation to John Walker, a senior social worker who suffered two nervous breakdowns, in 1996.

Since then, several employers have been forced to make out-of-court settlements, running into hundreds of thousands of pounds, after stressed workers brought civil actions.

The HSE believes that it will be in a stronger position to take action against firms who subject their staff to stress if the Deputy Prime Minister, John Prescott, agrees to the introduction of tougher rules in the form of an Approved Code of Practice.

HSE's inspectors are now focusing on the issue of stress.

Business leaders are anxious that employers are not blamed for anxiety which may have its origins in domestic problems. A spokesman for the Confederation of British Industry said: "In many instances stress problems in the workplace are carried over from private lives. Employers cannot be held to account for factors over which they have no control."

The CBI is strongly opposed to any new measures which will increase the legal liability of businesses for stress-related illness.

The HSE move follows research which indicated that many of the modern practices introduced in the last 15 years to improve working environments have actually increased levels of stress.

Many workers do not enjoy working in teams or in open-plan offices, the research showed. Others feel that working from home and part-time working have left them isolated and unsure of their role in the company. The researchers also found that the hiring of temporary staff increases

stress levels for permanent employees because the temps are "buffered" from the most difficult tasks.

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Bouquets were laid, rituals observed, but somehow the mood had changed



Marking the anniversary of the death of Diana, Princess of Wales, mourners place flowers on Kensington Palace railings

David Rose

AFTER THE remarkable scenes of national mourning that greeted the death of Diana, Princess of Wales, a year ago today, the first anniversary was expected to unleash another tidal wave of grief.

But as the nation prepared to mark the anniversary of a cataclysmic event in British public life, the mood was more contemplative than last year, the grieving less conspicuous.

It was a strikingly small congregation that attended services at Westminster Abbey yesterday to hear prayers said in the Princess's memory – in contrast to last year, when the Mall was thick with mourners waiting to see the cortège pass.

Not that the rituals were not being observed. Bouquets were laid yesterday outside Kensington Palace, the Princess's home; pilgrimages were made to her final resting place on the Althorp estate; royal subjects gathered to see the Royal Family at Balmoral.

Mourners. Yesterday the memory of the Princess, who died in a Paris hospital after her Mercedes hit a pillar in an underpass by the Seine, was invoked at churches around the country.

At the Abbey, the Precentor, the Rev Dominic Fenton, said during prayers for the dead that "we particularly remember Diana, Princess of Wales".

The scenes outside Kensington Palace were unexpectedly sober. Last year, the surrounding gardens were a focal point for people who, despite never having met Diana, felt personally bereaved. They thronged the park in their tens of thousands.

Yesterday, the crowd barriers erected by police were re-

dundant. There were no more than 500 visitors in and around the gardens at any one time.

But the sentiments of those who made the trip to Kensington were genuine nonetheless. Maeve O'Hanlon, 61, who brought a spray of lilies, said: "I came out of respect, love and admiration, a great feeling for a very special person who changed my life."

Some 2,500 people congregated at Althorp, in Northamptonshire, where Diana is buried. Earl Spencer, her brother, will hold a private memorial service there today with other family members.

In Paris, a stream of tourists and locals visited the crash site, at the Pont de l'Alma under-

derpass, near the Eiffel Tower, to lay flowers at a small monument that has become an unofficial shrine to the Princess.

The real mourning, though, was going on at Balmoral, where the Princess's two sons, William and Harry, spent the weekend with their father and other senior royals, as well as the Prime Minister, Tony Blair. They attended a service at Crathie Church, where private prayers will be held for Diana today.

It may be that the anniversary itself will witness larger-scale exhibitions of public sorrow. Or it may be that, a year on, people are finally starting to let go of this beguiling and flawed woman whose death affected them so profoundly.

# Deal to save Russia in doubt as Communists back out

RUSSIA'S CRISIS deepened dramatically last night with the apparent collapse of a political power-sharing deal and growing signs that an isolated Boris Yeltsin now faces a major showdown with parliament.

The President's choice for prime minister, Viktor Chernomyrdin, faces being rejected by parliament after the Communists abruptly withdrew their support for his confirmation late last night. The decision is a heavy blow for the Kremlin, which wants a prime minister installed as soon as possible to start tackling Russia's worsening economic crisis.

The Communists' decision came after a day of intense ne-

gotiations with representatives from the Kremlin, parliament, and Mr Chernomyrdin which initially appeared to have secured an agreement. Under it, parliament would have received the right to veto all ministerial appointments except the "power" ministries – foreign, interior, and defence – and the federal security services, which would remain under the control of the Kremlin.

But within hours the deal began to fracture with the announcement by Gennady Zyuganov, who heads the Communist factions, that he would

not sign it, and that his party would not support Mr Chernomyrdin's candidacy, due for debate in the Duma, the lower house, today. "Tomorrow ... the whole faction will vote against Chernomyrdin," he told Russia's NTV commercial television station. "Mr Chernomyrdin is an accomplice with Yeltsin in the destruction of the past five years [of Russia's economy]."

The deal was awaiting Mr Yeltsin's signature last night, although it seemed to have fractured before he had the chance to sign. "Earlier in the day it had been apparently sealed after several days of talks struck by Kremlin sides, parliamentary leaders and Mr Chernomyrdin's camp. It

included an agreement not to dissolve the Duma until the end of its term next year, and a suspension of all votes of no confidence in the new government. Time is running out to cope with the crisis which has shattered Russia's financial system, sent the rouble and stock market plunging and endangered the political foundations of the country. Monday is the deadline for the Duma to vote for Mr Chernomyrdin and Mr Yeltsin will formally have to reschedule his speech to give the deputies up to seven days' extra time.

Attempt to break impasse: The Argentine connection, page 14  
Bank's reaction, page 12

DAMON HILL kept his head while all around him were losing their's to win the Belgian Grand Prix yesterday at a rain-drenched Spa-Francorchamps, one of the most incident-packed motor races of all time.

The race began with one of the biggest pile-ups in Formula One history, continued with an exhibition of wet-weather driving by Michael Schumacher – curtailed by a shunt, a three-wheeled drive back to the pits, and an angry altercation with David Coulthard – and finished with Hill's first victory since he claimed the world championship in 1996.

The race had only reached the first corner when Coulthard lost control in the atrocious conditions and 13 cars were spec-

ulated in the spray, as he tried to lap him.

A furious Schumacher, who had secured a victory that would have put him ahead of Hakkinen in the world drivers' championship, managed to nurse his stricken Ferrari back to the pits where he stormed down the pit lane to confront Coulthard in the McLaren garage. Schumacher had to be restrained before he could reach the Scot.

Hill, driving a composed race, inherited the lead and held on for the 22nd grand prix win of his career. The victory was the first ever for the Jordan team in 127 races, while Hill's team-mate Ralf Schumacher came home in second place. Report, picture, page 22

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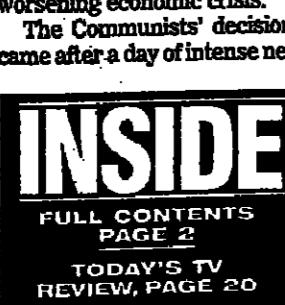
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The secret of successful television drama has been revealed: a rural setting, a former soap actor as the star and trailers full of sex. Page 5

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The Prime Minister believes children will increase their appetite for reading if parents read them 'naughty' books with mischievous characters. Page 6

## Tour firms defend British tourists

Tour operators have defended nearly 10 million holidaymakers who pour into Spain each year against the condemnation of Britain's vice-consul in Ibiza. Page 8

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## 80 die as Cuban airline crashes

Up to 80 people were killed when a Cuban commercial airliner plunged into a suburb of the Ecuadorian capital on Saturday and burst into flames. Page 9

## Indonesian riots target Chinese

Thousands of poor Indonesians ran riot in Java over the weekend, burning and looting property owned by the ethnic Chinese community. Page 9

## Communists clean up Black Hole

Thousands braved monsoon showers in Calcutta to listen as Jyoti Basu urged the Congress Party to abandon its economic liberalisation policies and unite with the Communist party. Page 11

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## Arnault sniffs around Yardley

VMH, the French luxury goods group headed by Bernard Arnault, is one of nearly 70 parties who have expressed an interest in buying Yardley from the receivers. Page 12

## SB and Medeva in diet drug row

SmithKline Beecham and Medeva are locked in a bitter row with two US academics who have alleged that one of their diet drugs could cause heart and lung problems. Page 12

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## Huddersfield give Wigan a fright

Super League leaders Wigan were given the fright of their lives by bottom club Huddersfield before securing a flattering 38-14 victory. Page 14

## Russell Claydon wins in Munich

Britain's Russell Claydon won his first tournament after nine years as a professional golfer by winning the BMW International Open in Munich. Page 18

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'Prince Charles has not yet been persuaded to do a speech announcing "The Monarchy's coming home!" but that is the message.' Page 3

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## John Walsh

'Is it not high time that such concepts as Bathtime, Storytime and Drinks of Water were subject to regulation as well?' Page 5

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Recycled paper makes up 41% of the paper used for UK newspapers on the front of this issue

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Up to 200,000 packed the streets of Notting Hill, West London, yesterday for the colourful and noisy annual carnival Neville Elder

London streets swing to carnival sounds

BY LOUISE JURY

THOUSANDS OF people packed the streets of west London yesterday for the noisy and colourful celebrations of the 33rd Notting Hill carnival.

Up to 200,000 people, many of them children, began the three-mile carnival parade which has become as much a part of the Bank Holiday festivities as rain and traffic jams.

Two million people are expected to attend by the time the event winds down tonight, watched by 3,800 police officers.

Stephanie Harwood, the spokeswoman, said many local residents were taking part this year instead of moving out for the Bank Holiday. She added: "Lots of people who live in the area are amazed to find how many friends they have as carnival weekend approached."

Rain stayed away from the festival but parts of Britain will not be so lucky today. A Meteorological Office spokesman said rain would sweep into Northern Ireland, Scotland and western parts of England and Wales, with fresh winds over much of the country. Temperatures hit 23C in Bristol yesterday.

Motorways were uncharacteristically quiet but AA Roadwatch warned of inevitable delays today. Among return travellers will be 130,000 people who spent the weekend at the Reading Festival listening to bands including New Order, the Beastie Boys, Prodigy and Supergrass.

each further year it is in operation," she said.

Ms Mowlam

with President Clinton on

Thursday, before the President

goes to the Republic of Ireland to meet Bertie Ahern, the Irish

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Mrs Clinton

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where he is meeting Boris

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the financial crisis facing Russia.

The President is expected to

underline American condem-

nation of the IRA breakaway group and make it clear they will not be allowed to raise funds in the United States.

David Trimble, the Northern

Ireland First Minister, and leader of the Ulster Unionist Party, yesterday denied a report that he was prepared to make a concession to the IRA by ending his demand for the decommissioning of all weapons.

It had earlier been suggested that Mr Trimble was prepared to allow them to keep handguns, providing they destroyed or abandon their explosives.

## Labour revolt over terror Bill

A GOVERNMENT concession to left-wing Labour MPs has failed to ease their concern about the anti-terror laws to be rushed this week through the Commons in the wake of the Omagh massacre.

The MPs were still threatening to table amendments to the legislation in spite of the assurance given yesterday by Mo Mowlam, the Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, that the Bill will have to be renewed every 12 months for it to stay on the statute book.

Kevin McNamara, Labour's former Northern Ireland spokesman, said he was con-

cerned that MPs were being dragged into rushing the Bill through, and warned it could damage the credibility of the peace process.

He said the support of the nationalist community could be undermined if there was even one mistake with convictions on the uncorroborated evidence of a police officer.

Courts will be able to convict people for being members of a banned group on the word of a single officer. Failure to answer questions will be taken into account by the courts.

The Bill will also have sweeping powers against international terrorists, making it an offence to plan to commit any criminal offence abroad –

a measure which could catch paedophiles and bank robbers, as well as terrorists.

Ms Mowlam has tried to reassure the Labour MPs who are concerned about the civil rights issues raised by the emergency legislation.

She wrote in *The Observer*: "The legislation will not be a blunt instrument, but a precise tool to help the police in their efforts to bring those few individuals still engaged in violence to justice. The new legislation will be compatible with the European Convention on Human rights and needs to be renewed by Parliament for

each further year it is in operation," she said.

Tony Blair will visit Omagh with President Clinton on Thursday, before the President goes to the Republic of Ireland to meet Bertie Ahern, the Irish

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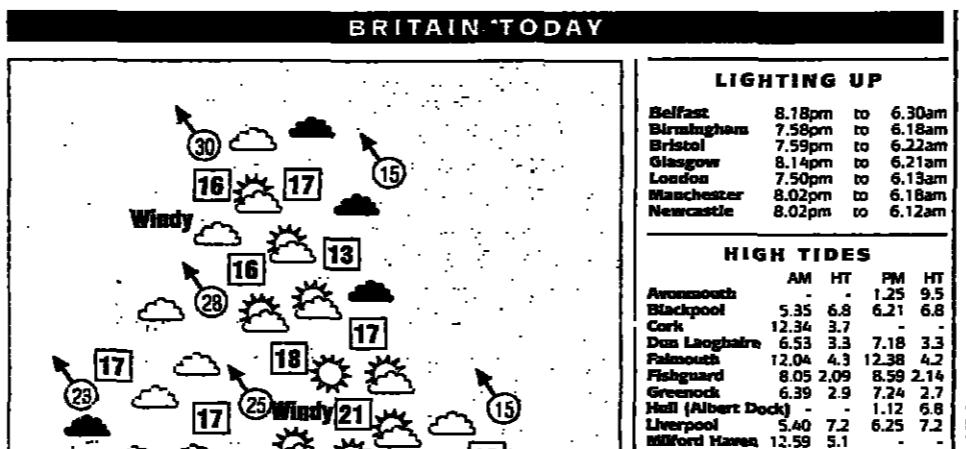
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## FORECAST

General atmosphere: Windy with rain spreading across Northern Ireland. Rain later in western Scotland and drifts with fog patches and drizzle towards east and north coasts of Scotland but dry with sunny spells. England and Wales will be dry with sunny spells although it will be cooler and cloudier towards North Sea coasts.

Cent S & SE England, London, Midlands: Hazy spells of sunshine. A light south-easterly wind. Max temp 21-24C (70-75F), cooler right on the coast.

E Anglia: Hazy sunshine but cloudier towards coasts. A light to moderate south-easterly wind. Max temp 18-22C (64-72F).

Cheshire: Plenty of hazy sunshine. A light to moderate south-easterly wind. Max temp 21-23C (70-72F).

SW & NW England, Lake Dist, Isle of Man, Wales: Breezy with hazy sun interspersed with showers. A moderate to fresh south-easterly wind. Max temp 18-23C (64-73F).

Cent N & NE England, Scotland, Edinburgh, Aberdeenshire, N Islets: Dull with fog and drizzle towards coasts; hazy sunshine inland. A moderate to fresh south-easterly wind. Max temp 18-22C (64-72F).

NI Ireland: Windy with rain moving in. A fresh to strong south-easterly wind. Max temp 20C (68F).

General atmosphere: Windy with rain for most of the UK. Strong winds and rain becoming confined to northern Scotland on Wednesday with 3 miles of sunny spells and showers elsewhere, the showers mainly in the north and west.

OUTLOOK

Roads: London: M1/A12 link road. Varied both ways and a 50 mph speed limit in force. Until 1st January 1999.

West Midlands: M5 between J5 (B5000) and J7 (Shrewsbury). New road layout with a 50 mph speed limit in a new half-mile carriageway. Work on the new road will be completed by 1st November.

Bristol: M5 J19-J20. Major Roadworks on Avonmouth Bridge. Until 1st January 2001.

Greater Manchester: M6 between junction 1a (M6) & 3 (Wycombe East). Three narrow

## EXTREMES

Warmest: St Helier 24C (75F)

Coldest (day): Sumburgh 14C (57F)

Coldest (night): St Mawr 0.02 in

Snowiest: St Mawr 12.3 hours

For 24hr to 2pm Sunday

Sum Rain hrs Max

Aberdeen 0.6 0.11 18 64

Angus 11.1 0.0 18 64

Aberavon 4.8 0.0 21 70

&lt;p

London  
streets  
swing to  
carnival  
Sounds

BY THE INDEPENDENT

London's carnival has been a highlight of the year, and the city's streets are still alive with the sounds of the carnival. Children, young people, and adults are all taking part in the fun of the carnival, with many people attending the carnival parties and the Bank Holidays. The carnival is a great way to celebrate the end of the year, and the carnival parties are a great way to end the year.

# World's richest ruler makes £1bn economy cuts to pay off his debts

BY ANDREW BUNCOMBE  
AND JEREMY WARNER

THE SULTAN of Brunei, the richest man in the world until recently, has been forced to liquidate millions of pounds of investments to pay off debts.

Within the last month, the Sultan, Sir Muda Hassanal Bolkiah, has liquidated up to £1bn worth of internationally-managed investment portfolios to repay loans for which they were collateral.

In the last year, the man who can afford to fly his Aston Martin sports cars to the British factory to have the engine oil changed, has seen his personal fortune fall by an estimated \$2bn (£1.3bn). He has also lost his title as *Forbes* magazine's World's Richest Person.

The unprecedented cash raising measures have been forced on the ruler of the tiny South-east Asian state by a combination of the wide-ranging economic meltdown in the Far East and the collapse on the world market in the price of oil - the source of most of Brunei's wealth.

Just how serious his problems are not clear as details of the Sultan's wealth are considered a state secret. Any problems the Sultan is facing, however, will obviously be affected not only by the uncertainties of oil prices, but how long the recession in the Far East lasts.

Yesterday, it was reported that the state-run Brunei Investment Agency (BIA) had run down funds with Morgan Grenfell Asset Management, JP Morgan - the American investment house - Citibank and the Japanese bank Nomura.

"This is quite serious," said one source yesterday. "It clearly shows there is a cash crisis of some sort that he is having to deal with."

The Sultan himself is taking the matter seriously. *The Independent* has learnt that last month he called his investment managers to the capital of Brunei, Bandar Seri Begawan.

"Clearly things have not

been going as they should," said a spokesman for the accountancy firm. "It will be the job of the managers and inspectors to go in and have a look at what has been happening and make their report and recommendations for the future."

Most analysts believe the Sultan's wealth and the general wealth of Brunei are one and the same thing - he technically owns all of the 2,200 square mile country - and any reduction of his personal fortune could hit the country hard.

The population, currently around 300,000, pays no income tax, social services are free and lavish while the education system includes grants for overseas education, and allows children from poorer homes to enter professions.

All this has been achieved from the wealth of oil, which started to make Brunei rich in the early 1970s. But some estimates predict oil reserves will last no more than another 25 years. Pressure on the Sultan to create alternative wealth is growing and things will not have been helped by the latest developments.

Perhaps it is too soon to start feeling too sorry for the Sultan. While he may now only be third on the *Forbes* list, this is more to do with the inexorable rise of the wealth of Microsoft's Bill Gates rather than a collapse of the Sultan's.

It is worth bearing in mind that he earns more than £70 a second.

He is still very rich.

News of the Sultan's asset liquidation comes as teams of accountants are working through records in Brunei's Ministry of Finance to ascertain exactly how much the country is worth.

Meanwhile, senior partners from the accountancy firm, Arthur Andersen, have been appointed by the Sultan as special managers and inspectors to a number of companies, including the now defunct ADC.

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been going as they should," said a spokesman for the accountancy firm. "It will be the job of the managers and inspectors to go in and have a look at what has been happening and make their report and recommendations for the future."

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# Donor honours' face new scrutiny

BY COLIN BROWN  
Chief Political Correspondent

AN ANTI-SLEAZE committee will advise the Prime Minister to tighten checks on official honours, it emerged last night as Tony Blair was embroiled in a fresh row over honours for donors to the Labour Party.

The Neill Committee will advise the Prime Minister in its report in October on party funding that the remit of the political honours scrutiny committee should be extended to cover all honours. It could cover the so-called Labour "luvies" for the first time.

The committee, chaired by former Tory Cabinet minister Lord Pym, would be allowed to scrutinise those nominated for services to business, the arts and other areas of commercial life which are not at present covered by the committee.

Mr Blair abolished political honours when he came into office last year as part of the attempts to clean up public life.

The Government is almost certain to accept the recommendations which were suggested in evidence to the Neill inquiry by Lord Pym's committee, and could be used to answer the allegations that Mr Blair was favouring supporters of the Labour Party with honours.

The allegations of cronyism were made by the Tories after the publication of Labour's annual report showing a third of those who gave donations of more than £5,000 to party funds were later given honours or jobs.

The donors included Lord Hamlyn, the publisher and founder of Octopus, who was awarded a life peerage in the New Year's Honours List. He has given an estimated £500,000 to the Labour Party.

Others who got peerages after making big donations included Melvyn Bragg, the BBC presenter, writer Ruth Rendell, and Lord Sainsbury, head of the supermarket chain, who gave an estimated £3 million.

Others who gave money and got appointments to public bodies or task forces included television executive Greg Dyke and computer entrepreneur Alan Sugar, who was made a youth enterprise adviser.

Barbara Roche, a duty Government minister, denied any



**Felix Dennis**  
Publisher. Sixties hippie, defendant in the 1971 Oz trial, made his money in computer magazines and owns, among other homes, David Bowie's former pad in Mustique.



**Greg Dyke**  
Chairman of Channel 5, best known for reviving the fortunes of his previous employer, TV-am, by enlisting the services of Roland Rat. Has not looked back since.



**Lord Hollick**  
Owner of United News and Media, currently engaged in costly campaign to convert Express newspaper from dyed-in-the-wool Tory organ to touchy-feely Labour vehicle.



**Lord Sainsbury**  
Of the supermarket dynasty, is one of the country's richest men and one of Labour's biggest personal donors – reportedly having given £3m over three years.



**Lisa Stansfield**  
Soul diva from Rochdale, once told the former Tory prime minister, John Major, to get lost when he asked to see her backstage. Puts saving the NHS as her top priority.



**Peter Gabriel**  
Rock star with one of the toughest assignments in showbusiness: devising a performance that will fill the 6,000-seat arena at the heart of the Millennium Dome.



**Alec Reed**  
Chief executive of Reed Executive recruitment agency. Has been asked to turn his skills to the teacher shortage, and is also piloting the welfare-to-work scheme.



**Baroness Rendell**  
The crime-writer and founder of the party's fundraising 1000 club; has been an assiduous Labour peer with one of the best voting records since her elevation to the Lords.



**Sir Cameron Mackintosh**  
Theatre impresario, producer of Cats, Les Misérables and Phantom of the Opera, recognised theatre could be a global event and made a £350m fortune.



**Alan Sugar**  
East End entrepreneur and chairman of the Amstrad computer-to-the-firm whose cut-throat style made him a millionaire, and brought him the chairmanship of Tottenham Hotspur.

hint of impropriety in the honours or jobs for donors. "Appointments are only made on merit," she said.

But a Tory spokesman said: "Our charge is one of cronyism at the heart of Government. The names read like an invitation list to cocktail parties at Number Ten."

The party says it regards sponsorship as "wholly different" from political donations, but the sponsors who paid more than £5,000 included GJW,

Hucknall of Simply Red are among the major donors to Labour in the annual report which shows that the party slumped to a record deficit of £4.5 million after the election.

The party says it regards sponsorship as "wholly different" from political donations, but the sponsors who paid more than £5,000 included GJW,

the lobby company which sacked disgraced Labour insider Derek Draper after his claims that he had close access to ministers.

Big donors included comedians Ben Elton and Eddie Izzard, actors Sinead Cusack and Jeremy Irons, Manchester United boss Alex Ferguson and bookseller Tim Waterstone.

All are named along with

unions and some companies under Labour's new code of ethics to disclose all donations of more than £5,000.

It says that spending on elections is now "out of hand" and must be capped to be brought under control. The cost of the general election was £13.7 million, bringing Labour's total election expenditure over three years to £26 million.

committee report for a £1.5 million cap to be put on party expenditure at elections.

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## DONATIONS OF MORE THAN £5,000 TO LABOUR IN 1997

The following individuals and companies gave Labour more than £5,000 last year, either as a cash donation or in the form of sponsorship of party events

### CASH

Jon Aisbett  
Amalgamated Engineering and Electrical Union  
Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen  
Jarvis Astaire  
Awayake  
Stephen Barclay  
Alex Bernstein  
Jimmy & Sarah Boyle  
Melvyn Bragg  
David J B Brown CBE  
Lucy Bannister  
Linda Butterfield  
Caledonian Mining  
Caparo Group Ltd  
Brian Clarke  
Peter Coates  
Ronald Cohen  
Communication Workers Union  
The Co-operative Party  
Co-operative Wholesale Society Ltd  
J. C. Coopers  
Creation Records  
The Currie Group of Companies  
Sinead Cusack and Jeremy Irons  
Doug D'Arcy  
Brian Dempsey  
Felix Dennis  
Robert Devereux  
Greg Dyke  
Robert Elton  
Eddie Eclatstone  
Ben Elton  
Harold Ennis OBE, DSc (Econ)  
FCA, F Mgt 1  
Alex Ferguson CBE  
Peter Gabriel Ltd  
General Municipal  
Boilermakers' Union  
Glenyork Ltd  
GLC Ltd  
David Goldman MBE  
Graphical Print Media Union  
Greater London Enterprise  
Greek Cypriot Brotherhood  
DB Green  
Lord Hamlyn CBE  
Gary Hart  
Christopher Haskins  
Lord Hollick  
Geoff Howard-Spink  
Mick Hucknall

### SPONSORSHIP

Amalgamated Engineering and Electrical Services  
Bergmans  
British American Financial Services  
BT  
Cable Communications Association  
Centurion Press  
Citigate Westminster  
Co-operative Wholesale Society  
Crag Group Ltd  
Create Ltd  
Daily Record and Sunday Mail Ltd  
The Engineering Council  
Enron Europe Ltd  
FA World Cup 2006 Bid  
Freud Communications  
Barr Gilds - People  
GJW  
Graphical Print Media Union  
Lancashire Enterprises  
Christopher Mackenzie

Mann Haydn Trading and Manros Ltd  
Mirror Group Newspapers  
Novartis Pharmaceuticals UK Ltd

Peter Phillips  
Raytheon Systems Limited  
Gerry Robinson  
SafetyNet plc

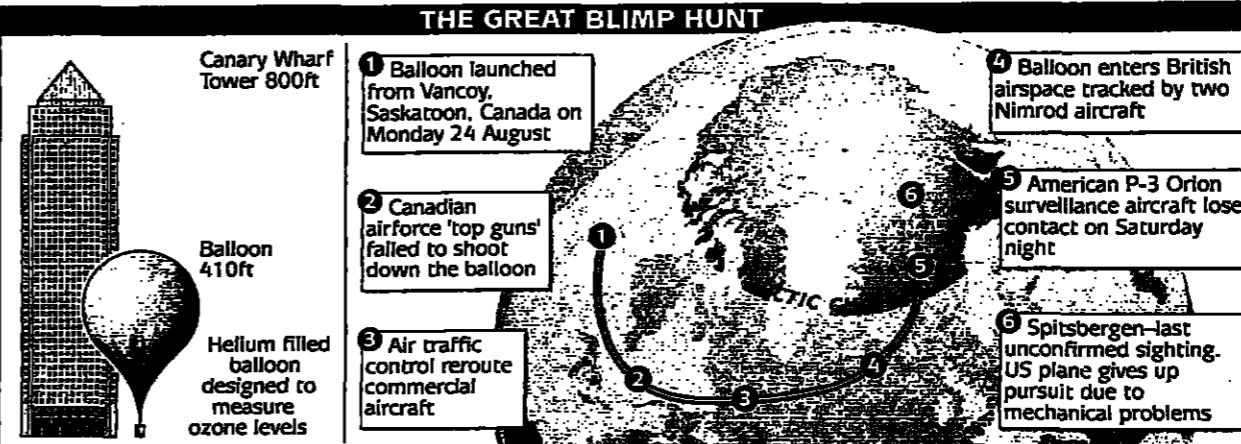
J Sainsbury plc  
Scottish Power  
Scottish Trade Union Labour Party  
Liaison Committee  
Tesco Stores plc

Thompson (Solicitors)  
Matt Thomson MBE - Thomson  
Litho  
Transport and General Workers Union

Tim Waterstone  
Michael Watt  
West Midlands Trade Union  
Liaison Committee

Pavil White  
Kingsley Williams  
Richard Wilson  
G Wright

Legacy (This donation was made and repaid during the financial year)



## Top guns become spud guns as Nato loses balloon

BY GARY FINN

NATO AIR crews demonstrated their levels of vigilance yesterday by failing to find a rogue Canadian weather balloon as tall as St Paul's cathedral.

Since its launch a week ago from Saskatchewan in Canada, the helium-filled balloon has tormented air-traffic controllers and left air force top brass defending their pilots who appear to be more spud gun than Top Gun.

Taller than Big Ben, wider than five football pitches and visible from 40 miles, it might appear difficult to miss.

But US Navy officers admitted they had still not found the balloon, which has sur-

passed, but had to turn back with propeller problems. Then RAF Nimrods were scrambled from Kinloss in Scotland, but they failed to report success.

The balloon escaped after being launched last Monday from a site near Saskatoon, in western Canada, to measure ozone levels.

Two Canadian CF-18 jet fighters were scrambled to shoot it down. They failed. But Canadian air force top brass have sprung to the defence of pilots, both joint winners of last year's Top Gun trophy.

Li Col Steve Wills tried to explain. "With something like this, which is stationary in the

air when the CF-18s are flying very, very fast, it is difficult to shoot it," he said. "The pilots shot at it but there was no visible effect. We are not embarrassed. Our pilots are tops."

Missiles were not deployed because of the huge cost, said one source. A single missile alone costs several hundred thousand dollars.

Ironically, the balloon may yet succeed where Steve Fossett and Richard Branson have failed. A US air force spokesman said: "Perhaps the best way to bring this balloon down is to put a millionaire on it."

Leading article, Review, page 3

## N-plant criticised in report

BY BILL MOWAT

MANAGERS AT the Dounreay nuclear facility are bracing themselves to be back in the spotlight, for all the wrong reasons, when the findings of the most thorough safety audit in the complex's forty year history is made public tomorrow.

The report, by the Government's Health and Safety Executive, looks at why the electricity power supply to Dounreay's fuel cycle area – where some of the most potentially deadly radioactive materials known to mankind are

processed – was cut for 16 hours in May after an excavator driver's machine sliced through the main underground cable.

The month-long probe in June was by a total of 14 inspectors and senior officials from the agency's Nuclear Installations Inspectorate, plus one from the country's other atomic safety watchdog, the Scottish Environment Protection Agency.

The fine toothcomb ex-

ercise was ordered after a series of Dounreay scandals exposed in the late spring and early summer.

They included the Atomic Energy Authority being fined £2,000 at Inverness Sheriff Court in January over an incident in which four men, breathless in radioactive dust.

Dounreay site managers are also likely to face prosecution over a mysterious incident where other workers were contaminated by plutonium.

Also came the publication of a damning report by senior in-

spector Tony Walker, of the HSE, into a probe which he undertook there from June to September last year.

This study, which had previously been officially classified as "secret", was made public last June following demands by MPs investigating the decision to import atom bomb-grade uranium to Dounreay from Georgia.

In advance of tomorrow's expected hard hitting report the HSE has already clamped three so-called "Improvement Notices" on the Authority.

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5

EVERYTHING

# Revealed: the secret formula for a hit TV drama

THE SECRET of successful television drama, the Holy Grail for TV producers, has been revealed. The key to maximum ratings is, it seems, deceptively simple: a rural setting, a former soap actor as the star and promotional trailers full of sex.

Edinburgh Television Festival was told this weekend that programmes stand the best chance of garnering high ratings if producers stick to this simple formula.

The guidelines were outlined at a drama workshop held by Tony Marchant, writer of the BBC's Bafta-winning series *Holding On*, Corinne Hollingworth, the original producer of *EastEnders*, and Ian Parker, *The Observer's* television critic and Granada's head of PR.

Mr Marchant revealed that his series, which had no soap stars and a grim urban setting, achieved its best rating when

BY PAUL McCANN  
Media Editor

the trailer for the fifth episode in the series deliberately played up the sexual content of the episode.

The trailer, which ran in the week before the episode, concentrated only on characters kissing each other - and it lifted ratings by almost half-a-million viewers.

"It has become known as the 'shagging episode,'" Mr Marchant told the workshop audience. "And it did deal with a lot of sexual scenes, but trailers are important. We had lost a week of trailers before the series started because it was just when Diana had died and the BBC pulled the trailers until after her funeral. We got lower ratings for the series than we had expected."

But the key to higher ratings,



EastEnders Nick Berry in 'Heartbeat'; a rural idyll for the doctors in 'Peak Practice'; and Anna Friel, with Steven Mackintosh, bringing sex appeal to 'Our Mutual Friend'



Rural idyll for the doctors in 'Peak Practice'; and Anna Friel, with Steven Mackintosh, bringing sex appeal to 'Our Mutual Friend'



Sex appeal to 'Our Mutual Friend'

the panelists claimed, is "the casting of a popular soap star."

Ms Hollingworth asked: "How big a success would *Our Mutual Friend* have been without Anna Friel in it? It was a BBC2 period drama, but it had a very good tabloid property in it, which was very helpful."

Sally Ryle, head of press at Granada Television, admitted:

"Who is in it is the first question and is everything to ITV. When *Heartbeat* was launched,

Nick Berry was all we had to flog it on. But we could say we have Wicksy from *EastEnders*. Using your stars in programme PR is all about bringing the right horse to the right water."

Another departed *EastEnders* star, Michelle Collins, has been snapped up for a role in a major BBC comedy drama about holiday reps.

The actress, 35, was furious when *EastEnders* producers plotted to kill off her popular

character, Cindy Beale, next month. But she is now swapping chilly Albert Square for three months in Cyprus as the star of *Sunburn*.

Cindy and Tiffany Mitchell, also to be killed off shortly when the actress Martine McCutcheon leaves the long-running soap, were two of the biggest ratings boosters, Collins said.

Nick Berry duly brought the viewers to *Heartbeat*, but the other key ingredient of the series

was its rural setting. *Peak Practice* and countless veterinary and medical shows have all benefited from the British love of the countryside, said the panel.

"Something like *Heartbeat* creates its own self-contained world," said Ian Parker. This allows viewers and writers to stay within the same well-established fantasy landscape.

The panel agreed that what did not affect ratings was the opinion of television critics. "In

fact, it works the other way around," said Mr Marchant. "For *Holding On* it was important that the critical reaction to it was good, because the ratings weren't great."

"It is as if there are two types of television drama success. In the broadsheets, the shorthand for a success is 'award-winning'; in the tabloids, the shorthand is 'big rating'."

The BBC had expected around 3 million viewers for

*Holding On*, but it peaked at just 2 million and averaged around 1.5 million. However, the series won the Bafta and Royal Television Society awards for Best Drama last year.

Producers on the lookout for popular stars as well as critical kudos may shortly be spoilt for choice. The new *EastEnders* executive producer, Mathew Robinson, has already decided to sweep away ten of his cast in a major spruce-up.

## Fly-on-cell-wall documentary set to make stars of prisoners

THE BBC is making a "docu-soap" about life in a women's prison, raising the possibility that thieves, drug addicts and even murderers could become as well known as Maureen from the *Driving School* series.

Chris Terrill, the director responsible for successful docuseries such as *Crusade* and

BY JANE ROBINS  
Media Correspondent

*HMS Bulldog* is currently filming inside New Hall Prison in Wakefield, West Yorkshire. He says the material he is gathering is so compelling that the BBC is grappling with the difficult question of how to handle

it. His "characters" include drug addicts and young offenders and, he says, viewers will become intensely involved with their lives inside the prison, perhaps without being aware of the crimes they have committed.

BBC bosses now have to consider whether to allow a se-

ries of programmes which is likely to develop characters with such household appeal that they become media stars.

It is against BBC guidelines to allow criminals to use television to benefit from their crimes. The Corporation will also need to consider the sensitivities of their victims. In a de-

bate about the future direction of docuseries at the Edinburgh International Television Festival, Mr Terrill was joined by Jeremy Mills of *Airport* and *Hotel* fame, and ITV's Grant Mansfield who, when at the BBC, was responsible for *Driving School*, *Holiday Reps* and *Vets School*. "When we started doing *Vets*

*School* we thought we would be lucky to find four or five who would want to do it, but out of 65 students there were only four or five who didn't want to be in the film," said Mr Mansfield.

The experience has been just the same at New Hall, where prison wardens are particularly keen to take part. "The

stereotype of the prison warden is so bad, they were worried that it would be perpetuated if we only filmed prisoners," said Mr Terrill. Filming began in May and will continue until Christmas.

Steve Hewlett, the new Director of Programmes at Carlton, criticised cheating in

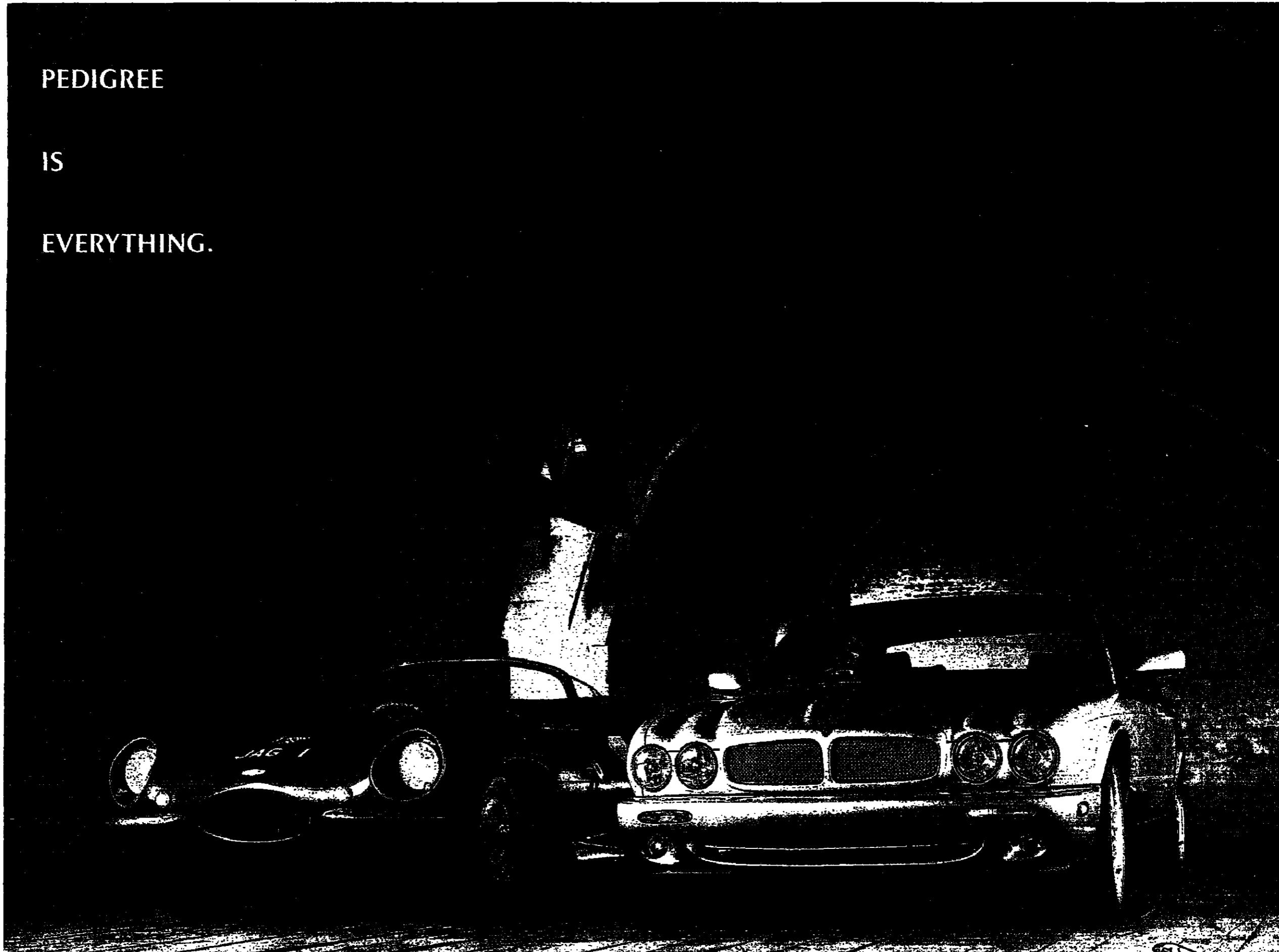
docuseries, for example when Maureen in *Driving School* wakes up at 4am to be tested on her Highway Code.

Jeremy Gibson, the BBC executive who commissioned *Driving School*, said: "It would have been ludicrous to have a film crew all night in her bedroom waiting for her to wake up."

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JAGUAR

DON'T DREAM IT. DRIVE IT.

# Phone calls to lover trapped Noye

THE TOWN of Barbate, just off the Andalucian coast of Spain, is a world away from the motorway in the Home Counties where Stephen Cameron was stabbed to death. But that is where the search for his alleged murderer, Kenneth Noye, ended after a two-year manhunt.

Celebrations by Det Supt Nick Biddiss and his colleagues in the Kent police force at Maidstone would, however, be tempered by the knowledge

BY KIM SENGUPTA

the case still has a very long way to go. The British government now has 40 days to submit an extradition request to the Spanish authorities. When it does, the attempt is expected to be resisted by Mr Noye's legal representatives. It will be up to courts in Madrid to decide whether there is enough evidence to justify sending him back to the UK, and the result is not a foregone conclusion. In

the past, the Crown Prosecution Service in London had refused to issue an international arrest warrant for Mr Noye.

But Det Supt Biddiss, who retires next month, and his team are determined to do their utmost to get the case to a British court. The main plank of the prosecution case would be the testimony of Danielle Cable, the victim's fiancée, in whose arms he died. There is also believed to be other eye witness evidence about the

killing on 19 May 1996. Identification is expected to be a key issue.

Mr Cameron, 21, of Swanley, Kent, was knifed to death in what was thought at first to be a "road rage" attack by the driver of a dark Land Rover Discovery. Police trawled through owners of 17,000 such vehicles. They discovered that a Land Rover Discovery, registered to an Anthony Francis, had been crushed at a breaker's yard in Kent just after the murder.

On 10 June 1996 it was revealed that police were trying to trace Mr Noye and had visited his home near Sevenoaks, Kent. On 9 September he was officially named as a prime suspect in the inquiry in the *Police Gazette*.

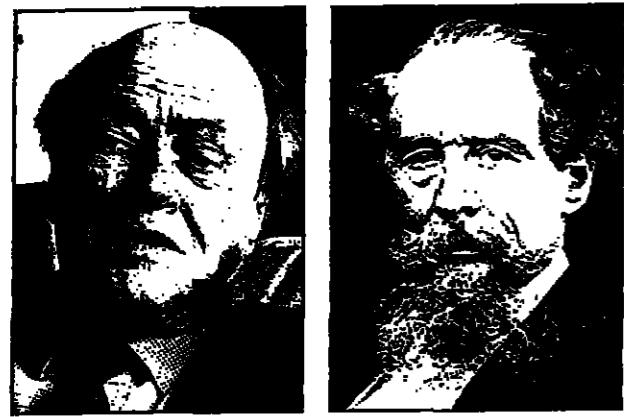
Mr Noye's alleged whereabouts ranged from Cyprus – where he was said to have played golf with another fugitive, Asil Nadir – to Portugal, Dubai, Argentina and Russia. It was also claimed he had been

flitting in and out of the country, visiting his south London haunts under the noses of the investigating detectives. Once he was supposed to have drunk a toast to them at a Chinese restaurant in Orpington. Eventually came underworld claims from his friends that he was, in fact, dead.

What they did not know, however, was that police had been eavesdropping on phone calls to one Mr Noye's mistresses. The breakthrough came when officers from the elite National Crime Intelligence Service, helping Kent police, traced money passing through a Spanish bank account used by Mr Noye. Another phone tap led to his refuge, a farmhouse in the village of La Muela. The investigating team were afraid there would be leaks. Two detectives from Kent were sent to carry out surveillance. Last Friday, the decision was taken to move in, and a warrant was faxed to

Spain. At 10.24am, accompanied by Spanish detectives, the officers from Kent arrested Mr Noye.

Back in England, Danielle Cable's mother said she was happy for Stephen Cameron, but felt "apprehension" about her daughter, who will have to give evidence at any future trial. At Mr Noye's home, which had been searched by police on Saturday, reporters were accused of persecuting the man and sprayed with a hosepipe.



Dahl, Dickens and Tolkien: Tony Blair's choice of authors to encourage boys to read

## What a growing lad needs is a naughty book, says Blair

BY GARY FINN

THOUGH HE was not much of a role model to inhabitants of Tolkien's Middle Earth, Gollum, the hissing, twisted jeweller thief central to *The Lord of the Rings*, is the key to encouraging more boys to take up reading, according to the Prime Minister.

Tony Blair believes children will increase their appetite for reading if parents read them "naughty" books with mischievous characters.

Mr Blair will encourage more fathers to read with their sons in an effort to increase their literacy skills. The "Dads and Lads" initiative is part of the Government's National Year of Reading campaign.

The campaign starts today with an interview on Radio 4's *Woman's Hour*, in which Mr Blair tells how his father used to read him the stories of Robert Louis Stevenson and how he has continued the practice with his own children.

He lists his "literature for lads" which includes Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*, the Narnia series by C.S. Lewis and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's novels charting Sherlock Holmes.

The Prime Minister also stresses the importance of subversion evident in the works of Roald Dahl. Mr Blair said: "I

### LADS' LITERATURE

*The Narnia books*  
CS Lewis  
*Lord of the Rings*  
JRR Tolkien  
*Sherlock Holmes books*  
Arthur Conan Doyle  
*Robbed*  
RL Stevenson  
*Pickwick Papers*  
Charles Dickens  
*Ivanhoe*  
Walter Scott  
*The Wyrd Museum trilogy*  
Robin Jarvis  
*The Redwall books*  
Brian Jacques  
*Wicked!*  
Paul Jennings and Morris Gleitzman

*The titles chosen by Tony Blair for World Book Day, 'Desert Island Discs' and the National Year of Reading*

think he was one of the first who would write in a slightly naughty way, which makes books interesting and interesting."

Other "naughty" books that found favour with Mr Blair's children include the fantasy adventures of Brian Jacques, author of the Redwall series about woodland animals set in medieval times; Paul Jennings, co-author of the Wicked! series of children's thrillers; and Robin Jarvis, author of the Wyrd Museum trilogy.

Research by the National Literacy Trust revealed that primary school boys view reading as wimpy and avoid it, a view often carried through life.

others described his choice of material as "a bit dull" and urged him to highlight more relevant contemporary works.

Anne Barnes, general secretary of the National Association for the Teaching of English, said: "The Prime Minister's choices are a bit dated because of some of the class systems and values evident in those works but that does not necessarily mean much to children so long as there is a strong narrative and interesting characters.

"I think the answer to fostering interest in reading is to follow the interests of the child. Parents should also try to read something which interests them because a child will pick up on the adult's enthusiasm."

"I'm not sure how many fathers will start reading to their sons because Tony Blair says so but the fact remains that we should support any effort to increase reading among boys."

The Government's focus on boys rather than girls at the start of the National Year of Reading has been prompted by research showing a widening "gender-gap" which has seen girls outstripping their male fellow-pupils at all exam levels.

Research by the National Literacy Trust revealed that primary school boys view reading as wimpy and avoid it, a view often carried through life.



The Prime Minister, Tony Blair, with his son Nicholas

## Tories' war on euro hots up

BY COLIN BROWN  
Chief Political Correspondent

WILLIAM HAGUE is planning to bring forward a Tory Party referendum on the single European currency to counter attacks by Michael Heseltine and Kenneth Clarke on his policy of ruling out membership of the euro.

Tory party leadership sources said last night that if the former deputy Prime Minister and the former Chancellor launched their crusade against his policy, they would bring forward the referendum to "lance the boil".

Mr Hague has promised the party a referendum on the euro, but has so far refused to say when it would be carried out. He will be accused by the Government of panicking, if he calls one now in the face of the challenge by Mr Heseltine and Mr Clarke.

The clash promises to get Mr Hague bogged down in the issue again, when many Tories believe they should be attacking the Government on the economy, jobs, interest rate cuts and concern about rising indirect taxation.

Mr Heseltine and Mr Clarke are planning to appear on the first day of the Tory Party conference in Bournemouth on a pro-European platform for the Tory Mainstream group, an umbrella organisation for euro-enthusiasts.

"No decision has been taken. It will depend on how much trouble the Heseltine faction cause in Bournemouth," said a Tory source.

The leadership believes that a referendum which backed Mr Hague's policy would silence the euro-enthusiasts, but they are protesting that so far, there has been no proper debate within the party about Mr Hague's policy.

Mr Clarke said in a recent interview in *The Independent* that Mr Hague was carrying out a "listening exercise" on everything but his policy on the euro.

### IN BRIEF

#### Climber dies as she falls from cliff face to rocky sea

A WOMAN was killed yesterday when she fell from a cliff face she was climbing into rocky sea at Tserbwy Bay near St David's, Dyfed. Coastguards, a lifeboat and a rescue helicopter sped to the scene from where a second climber, a man who was believed to have suffered a broken leg, was flown to hospital at Haverfordwest. The two were climbing with a group.

#### Call for urgent quarantine reform

REFORM OF the quarantine laws must be speeded up, campaigners said yesterday in a plea to the Agriculture minister, Nick Brown. The RSPCA said publication of a government quarantine review had been delayed until November, but the Ministry of Agriculture said that it had never given a date for publication of the review.

#### School holidays drain cash

MOST FAMILIES will have spent more than £500 keeping each child amused with trips to theme parks and zoos and holidays by the time the schools reopen, according to a new survey. The survey, by Switch debit card, said the average parent spent £25 a week on each child with the biggest chunk of cash going on the annual holiday, which most families said cost them about £1,000.

#### Diner shot in restaurant

A MAN, aged 21, was in hospital yesterday after he was shot in a restaurant by another diner who claimed he had taken his seat at Junior's restaurant in Stoke Newington, north London. The victim, who has not been named, was taken to hospital with injuries that were not thought to be life-threatening and is in a stable condition.

#### Burglaries 'set to rise'

BURGLARIES could reach record levels this autumn and winter according to research into 250,000 cases by Royal London Insurance. This followed a drop in break-ins to 7 per cent below average during summer.

## Shape of ears affects power of hearing

BY CHARLES ARTHUR  
Technology Editor

Nijmegen in the Netherlands.

The work, which appears in next month's issue of the journal *Nature Neuroscience*, shows that our ability to locate the height of a sound source is largely determined by what happens when the sound waves reflect off the ridges and folds of the outer ears, or pinnae.

The brain uses the result to localise sounds, by performing a complex analysis of relative volumes and the balance of various frequencies. And usually we only have to get used to one set of ears. Perhaps one shouldn't be so dismissive of the devoted *Star Trek* fans who

wear pointed ears in devotion to their Vulcan hero, Mr Spock.

The research does, however, raise some interesting questions. "Whether or not Vulcans hear things differently (or better) than we do is hard to know," said Fred Wightman and Doris Kistler of the University of Wisconsin, in a commentary on the Dutch work. "One wonders how well Leonard Nimoy [who played Mr Spock in *Star Trek*] can localise sounds when he is using Spock's ears rather than his own."

No doubt it will be the first question on the agenda when Nimoy next appears at a *Star Trek* convention. He might, of course, choose to cup a hand to his ear and reply: "Pardon?"

ACCIDENT VICTIMS find learning to hear properly after their ear shape has been changed by surgery as difficult as learning a second language.

The findings emerged from work by a team of Dutch scientists who (purely in the spirit of experiment) wore mouldings of their ears that changed the shape of their ears. They discovered that for up to six weeks they had trouble locating the source of sounds – but that once they adjusted, they could manage both their new and old ear shapes with ease.

"The learning ... resembles more the acquisition of a new language than other forms of sensory adaptation," noted Paul Hofman, who led the research at the University of

Amsterdam.

Ms Lightfoot, 27, from Salford, near Oldham, Greater Manchester, was found four days after going missing during a shopping expedition in the former colony, where she was on an expedition with Raleigh International. Her body

was 500 yards from the track that she should have been travelling on between a banana plantation and dense jungle. An initial examination showed she had suffered stab wounds. "We are not expecting to receive any details of the (second) post-mortem or forensic tests until Tuesday or Wednesday," said a Foreign Office spokeswoman.

Meanwhile Raleigh International has arranged for a counsellor to fly out to the Central American country to speak to the 93 young volunteers and 35 members of staff remaining.

## Rattle's rapturous final symphony

LAST NIGHT

SIR SIMON RATTLE  
CITY OF BIRMINGHAM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

THERE WERE tears all round as Sir Simon Rattle stepped down as music director of the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra after 18 years at the helm.

Rattle, 43, took over the orchestra in 1990 as a callow youth of 25.

It was his brilliant flair for programme planning and uniquely intelligent interpretations of 20th century music – from Ravel, Mahler and Sibelius to Schoenberg, Webern and rising young British hopefuls such as Thomas Ades – which earned the CBSO an international reputation of a kind unknown since Pierre Boulez and the BBC Symphony Orchestra in the late Sixties.

Typically, Rattle went out with a bang. Three bangs, actually. Such were the queues for his last concerts on Saturday and Sunday at Birmingham's Symphony Hall that the CBSO flung wide the doors of its final rehearsal to let in an eager public.

And what a bonanza of an



Sir Simon Rattle:  
Bowing out with a bang

hearts 18 action-packed seasons ago. True to form, their hero didn't let them down. With canny ingenuity, Rattle opted to bow out with Mahler's epic *Resurrection Symphony* culminating, aptly, in the massive final chorus, "Yes, thou shalt rise again!"

Rattle will rise again, but where he will pop up next is anybody's guess, although the world's great orchestras – notably the Berlin and Vienna philharmonics – are falling over themselves to engage his services.

Some argue he is just the kind of appointment needed to give Covent Garden a kick up the backside; or to salvage single-handedly Peter Mandelson's millennium celebrations.

Certainly this un-maestro will continue to work with the UK's Old Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, and he'll be back in Birmingham and at London's Barbican next spring, leading the CBSO in their fiery "Towards Millennium" series.

So watch this space. Rattle may be a hard act to follow, but we have not seen the last of him yet.

RODERICK DUNNETT

## New autopsy on aid worker

A SECOND post-mortem examination has been carried out on Anna Lightfoot, the British voluntary worker found dead with stab wounds in Belize.

Ms Lightfoot, 27, from Salford, near Oldham, Greater Manchester, was found four days after going missing during a shopping expedition in the former colony, where she was on an expedition with Raleigh International. Her body

was 500 yards from the track that she should have been travelling on between a banana plantation and dense jungle. An initial examination showed she had suffered stab wounds. "We are not expecting to receive any details of the (second) post-mortem or forensic tests until Tuesday or Wednesday," said a Foreign Office spokeswoman.

Meanwhile Raleigh International has arranged for a counsellor to fly out to the Central American country to speak to the 93 young volunteers and 35 members of staff remaining.

JP Mico 500

Dr Miro 150

Independent  
London  
d Noye

Tories  
war on  
euro  
hots up

rapturous  
nphony

# URBANIC



DRY TO VERY DRY SKIN  
FOR DRY SKIN



# Suu Kyi set to confront government

AUNG SAN SUU KYI, the leader of Burma's opposition, says she is ready for another major confrontation with the Government and prepared to go to jail.

Speaking to *The Independent*, in her first interview since returning to Rangoon, following a 13-day stand-off in a van with the authorities, Ms Suu Kyi looked frail but unshaken in her determination to raise the stakes in her political struggle.

I met Burma's democracy leader in the crumbling home of Bohmu Aung He is one of five surviving members of the group of "Thirty Comrades" who, along with Ms Suu Kyi's father, Aung San, are revered as the founding fathers of independent Burma.

Yesterday he was celebrating his 79th birthday, in spite of military intelligence officers milling around, aggressively photographing and videoing everyone who had dared to show up at the former general's house.

In an upstairs room, Ms Suu Kyi, 53, spoke of her ordeal at the tiny bridge where she was stopped by the authorities after attempting to leave the capital to visit members of her National League for Democracy (NLD).

She refused all food and water supplied by the military and lightly dismissed their attempt to belittle her protest by sending Madonna and Michael Jackson tapes to entertain her. Although some reports of the state of her health have been alarming, she insisted that she was "okay", albeit under medical supervision and trying to eat more to regain weight.

Her doctor has told her that she should be under medical observation but she insisted she had no time to lie in bed. Instead she is working on a plan to convene the parliament elected in 1990 after the NLD won an overwhelming victory but was not allowed to take its seats in the legislature. The

BY STEPHEN VINES  
in Rangoon

psychologically prepared to go to jail at any time".

Ms Suu Kyi would not say how or when any attempt would be made to convene Parliament but made it clear that there would be no need to wait "weeks or months".

She believed her 13-day vigil on the bridge promoted "greater unity between the forces of democracy".

In her absence, negotiations were conducted with other opposition parties elected to the 1990 parliament. The deputy general secretary of the NLD, Tin Oo, said that another four parties had agreed to join the NLD in the reconvening of parliament.

Ms Suu Kyi insisted that she was not disappointed that there were no more protests to mark the failure to convene the parliament on 21 August and to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the 1988 massacre of democracy protesters on 8 August.

She was impressed student organisations had unilaterally decided to take to the streets. Their courage "was quite astonishing", she said, considering that the universities have been closed for the last two years and that they had no legal means of assembly.

Ms Suu Kyi insisted that support for the democracy movement was growing although the military government's tight control over the country made it difficult to express.

However, Lt-Col Hla Min scoffed at the idea of widespread support. "The population of this country is not interested in what the NLD has to say," he said. They are more interested in food on the table."

He said it was not possible to include Aung San Suu Kyi in talks because she was not "an officially recognised leader". However, he said: "We do not rule out anything."



Aung San Suu Kyi: Ready to convene parliament

Government would consider declaring the NLD "an illegal organisation" meaning that its members would be liable for arrest.

"We have to tell them frankly," he said. "If you walk on this path, you're not giving us much choice." He added: "What is more important national security or unrest?"

Ms Suu Kyi's response is uncompromising. "If they try to do that it is they who are breaking the law. We are doing nothing illegal," she said.

Her party is "obviously prepared for the worst... everybody who is a member of the NLD is

## Australian PM's poll gamble

AUSTRALIANS WILL vote in a general election on 3 October after John Howard, the Prime Minister, decided yesterday to gamble his government's comfortable majority and seek a fresh mandate only two-and-a-half years after he came to power.

The election, which Mr Howard has called six months before its due date, will decide which leader takes Australia into the next millennium and who presides over a referendum next year on becoming a republic.

The choice will be between Mr Howard, 59, leader of the conservative Liberal Party, and Kim Beazley, 49, of the opposition Labour Party.

It will be a hard-fought campaign, in which both leaders will be trying to convince voters that their parties are better placed to manage the country in increasingly uncertain economic times. Mr Howard's leadership will also be an issue, as will the emergence of One Nation, the right-wing group led by Pauline Hanson, which has become notorious for attacks on Asian immigration and welfare funding for Aborigines.

By ROBERT MILLIKEN  
in Sydney



John Howard: Seeking a fresh mandate

A tax reform plan that promises relief to low- and middle-income earners, but does not include a VAT. Although Labour itself once tried to introduce a VAT, it will now try to exploit the fact that the unpopular tax proposal could be Mr Howard's political Achilles' heel.

Labour could well be right. The Liberals under John Howard, a former leader, lost the 1996 general election over a VAT plan when the then Labour government waged a scare campaign against it.

Mr Howard hopes the timing

of the election will run his way. Australia's economy is buoyant, but the country is starting to feel the shockwaves from Asia's financial turmoil, where most Australian exports go. Another shock has come from the economic turmoil in Russia. As a big commodity-exporting country, Australia is badly placed to withstand a flood on to the world market of cheap commodities from Russia.

But Mr Howard is not a popular leader. The press have attacked him for failing to counter Ms Hanson's racial diatribes. Business leaders are disappointed he has not been more decisive in attacking unions.

Mr Hanson will loom over the entire campaign. The party stunned the establishment when it won 11 seats in a Queensland state election in June, and captured almost a quarter of the state's vote. The Hanson Queensland victory was seen mainly as a protest vote but it could cause havoc if it is repeated in the forthcoming federal poll. Some pollsters have predicted the Hanson party, with about 10 per cent of the vote, may end up holding the balance of power in Canberra.

## Thousands go on rampage in Java

THOUSANDS OF poor Indonesians ran riot in Java at the weekend, burning and looting property owned by the ethnic Chinese community, as President BJ Habibie sought to defuse the mounting economic and racial tension in the country.

In an alarming replay of events earlier in the year, mobs vandalised and burned Chinese-owned warehouses, boats, cars and homes in two days of disturbances in Cilacap, in central Java.

Indonesia's former president, Suharto, was pressured into resigning in May after two days of uncontrolled rioting in Jakarta, much of which was also directed at the country's small but wealthy Chinese population.

The latest turmoil came at the end of a week of violence in

Chinese-owned fishing boats from Sumatra.

"There are already 300 large fishing boats [from Sumatra] in Cilacap. I guess the rumour angered the fishermen, since they feared a threat to their livelihood," Colonel Noer Auis, Cilacap's military commander said.

Eight of the fishing boats were burned on Friday along with cars and buildings, and it was not until late at night that police and troops restored order.

On Saturday morning, rioters burned shrimp and jellyfish warehouses and looted ethnic Chinese homes. Several dozen people have been arrested.

There were conflicting reports from Cilacap of what triggered the riots on Friday and Saturday. The *Jakarta Post* cited anger over alleged extortion by government officials and low wages among fishing boat crews, who are paid about 12p a day. But local police blamed the chaos on rumours that the earlier wave of rioting in May had not been motivated by

racial hatred. "It is not based on ethnic values but injuries and frustration over the social gap," he told Hong Kong's *Sunday Morning Post*. "This could happen in Hong Kong or Peking. It is not ethnic outrage."

The government appears to be in denial about the event, when some 1,200 people died and more than 150 women, most of them ethnic Chinese, are believed to have been raped, often by gangs of men.

Non-governmental organisations and Indonesia's official National Commission on Human Rights have documented the rapes, and President Habibie himself offered an apology. Now, according to Indonesia's Minister for Women's Affairs, Tutty Alawiah, there is no evidence they took place.



Rescue workers, police and soldiers search for survivors among the debris of the Cubana airliner in Quito

AFP/Juan Zurita

## Sabotage fear as 80 die in crash



A survivor is comforted after the crash

BY PHIL DAVISON  
Latin America Correspondent  
who was identified as Susan Elizabeth Jackson.

Red Cross workers said 15

Kremlin crisis: Fragile agreement spreads control between the President, Prime Minister and parliament

# Russian power deal breaks impasse

By PHIL REEVES  
in Moscow

The Kremlin will keep control of the crucial "power" ministries - Foreign, Defence, and Interior - and the Federal Security Services. Mr Yeltsin and his camp well understand the importance of keeping control of the levers of the security apparatus, with their vast police forces, in this unstable land.

But the deal does allow parliament a say in how the cabinet is formed. And, theoretically, this leverage can be used by parliament's dominant

Communists to secure top cabinet jobs, forcing some form of coalition government.

Theoretically, power has thus shifted from the ruddy-walled Kremlin fortress to the State Duma nearby, creating a healthier balance between the legislature and executive.

Mr Chernomyrdin can, at least, hope that the lower house of parliament will now confirm his nomination as Prime Minister, possibly later today in time for the start of tomorrow's summit in Moscow between President Yeltsin and his American counterpart, Bill Clinton.

This could be the beginning of the end to the political limbo created when President Yeltsin fired his entire government more than a week ago.

But parliament's side of the deal looks far less secure, and may turn out to be wholly cosmetic. The most crucial part of the agreement, which has yet to be published, appears to be the transfer of the right to veto the Prime Minister's ministerial appointments away from Mr Yeltsin, placing it in their hands.



Russian miners sitting yesterday in Red Square, Moscow, chanting slogans demanding the resignation of President Boris Yeltsin

Shamil Zhumatov/Reuters

ON THE face of it, it looked historic. Boris Yeltsin has never parted with any of his vast presidential powers. The constitution which he struggled hard to introduce has never been amended. And Russia's generally weak Communist-dominated parliament has never scored a comparable triumph.

And yet the power-sharing agreement struck yesterday between the Kremlin, parliament and the acting prime minister, Viktor Chernomyrdin, is fragile. It could quickly fall victim to Russia's mushrooming economic catastrophe.

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To have any meaning, the agreement - hammered out after several days of intense talks - must be enshrined in the

constitution. If the deal is to be truly enforceable, this clause would have to be changed in favour of the legislature. Under the

constitution, such an amendment

would have to be approved by two-thirds of the electorate, in a referendum. It is possible to get round this by changing the rules for amending the constitution. But that would have to be approved by three-fifths of the upper and lower chambers of parliament, and would then either go before the Constitutional Assembly, where another three-fifths vote would be required, or be put to a public referendum. Weeks, if not months, of haggling seem inevitable.

Amending the constitution involves a highly complex legal procedure, and there is no certainty of success. At the moment, ministers are put forward by the Prime Minister, but the right to hire and fire rests with the President under chapter 4, article 83 of the constitution.

If the deal is to be truly enforceable, this clause would have to be changed in favour of the legislature. Under the

constitution, such an amendment

lasting meaning or not, there are far larger currents at work.

For all his blustering about not resigning, Kremlin aides, including Mr Yeltsin's daughter, Tatyana, and his chief of staff, Mr Yumashev, now seem to realise Mr Yeltsin is too isolated and too mentally enfeebled to chart a course through the current crisis, an economic crash which has shrivelled Russia's economy to less than the size of the Netherlands.

What follows is still uncertain. No one yet knows what path Mr Chernomyrdin will take in spite of his assurances that Russians are for market reform and democracy. Nor do we fully know how hard the crisis will hit most Russians. For the latter, who have seen the ruble melt in value by 40 per cent in recent days, the spectacle of the men at the top bickering over who has how much power will look much like the sight of fiddlers against a burning Roman landscape.

Whether the accord has any

## WHAT THE NEW DEAL DELIVERS

The main points of the proposed power-sharing deal:

■ Boris Yeltsin GETS to keep control of the crucial power ministries (Foreign, Interior, and Defence) and the Federal Security Services and secures the return of Viktor Chernomyrdin as premier, with his confirmation in post parliament next week

■ Parliament GETS the right to reject ministers proposed by the prime minister, giving them real political leverage. To have

any meaning, this must mean changing the constitution - a complex legal process. It also gets a promise that it will not be dissolved by Boris Yeltsin

until the end of its term late next year and unspecified controls over state-run television and radio station which, the Communists say, only represent the interests of "about seven per cent" of the Russian population

■ Viktor Chernomyrdin GETS the job. He also becomes more independent from Boris Yeltsin, as he will rely on parliament to approve most of his ministers. This distance from the Kremlin will help when he runs for president in two years time. He also gets an agreement from parliament that there will be no vote of "no confidence" in his government for a year.

# Bank Holiday Special

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# Communists clean up the 'Black Hole'

A FEW thousand kilometres to the north, in Moscow, the Communists were looking forward to getting their hands on power once again. But in Calcutta, where a four-day conference of the party culminated yesterday in a mass celebration of the old verities, the Communists never went away.

Communist-led governments have ruled the state of West Bengal almost continuously since 1967. And one extraordinary man has dominated the politics of the state for the whole of that period, and has been chief minister continuously for 21 years.

Jyoti Basu, 84 last month, is the longest serving chief minister in the country. Two years ago he nearly became Prime Minister of the country. He continues to dominate both his party and his state with little apparent effort.

Yesterday, 20,000 people braved monsoon showers to listen as Mr Basu urged the Congress Party to abandon its economic liberalisation policies and unite with the Communist Party to bring down the government, led by the Hindu nationalist Bharatiya Janata Party. He chided his party members for arrogance and urged them to "serve the people better". When he finished the crowd cheered and cheered.

Thanks to the Black Hole, the work of Mother Teresa among the dying, and horrifying anecdotes from returning travellers, Calcutta probably has a more terrible image than any other city. Kipling called it the City of Dreadful Night. A century later Dominique Lapierre tried on a new tag, "City of Joy", but it failed to stick. Calcutta was the modern urban nightmare at its most extreme: Victorian-style population density, pollution and callousness married to native ignorance and apathy, compounded by wave after wave of refugees from war, famine and flood.

In 1967 the British town planner, Colin Buchanan, re-

BY PETER POPHAM  
in Calcutta

ported that Calcutta was "a city in a state of crisis. We have not seen human degradation on a comparable scale in any other city in the world." The city, he went on, was "rapidly approaching the point of breakdown in its economy, housing, sanitation, transport and the essential humanities of life. If the final breakdown were to take place it would be a disaster for mankind."

Today Calcutta remains a formidable city, but the breakdown has not happened. In several respects, it is doing much better than India's other great cities. Power cuts are rare in India, that alone is practically a miracle. Calcutta used to be notorious for its crowds of beggars; today, even outside the smartest hotels, beggars are few and have the air of part-timers.

Delhi has been talking about building a mass transit system for as long as anyone can remember, without one sod of earth being lifted. Calcutta has India's only metro: one line, 16.5km in length, plain but reliable, flat fare about 5p. In the 1960s and 1970s Calcutta was notoriously lawless; today it is "quiet", according to my taxi driver. The high-rolling gangsters fled the city years ago when Draconian laws were imposed on them.

Much of the credit for this transformation must go to Mr Basu, the neat, unsmiling, uncharismatic, fastidious-looking doctor's son who converted to communism while a law student in London in the Thirties. "He is a fresh politician," one of his supporters told me at yesterday's rally - an odd word to use about someone who has been around so long. He clarified: "No allegation has been laid against him, no charge."

Mr Basu, beyond questions of ideology, is that most measurable figure in the Indian landscape: an apparently incorruptible politician. With his



Jyoti Basu: Incorruptible fighter for his city

thin, downturned lips, hooded eyes behind large spectacles, and prissily upturned chin, he looks practically Calvinistic.

In Howrah, across the

Hooghly River from Calcutta, Mr Basu's supporters were indulging in the old-time religion. Files of men marched in behind red-star flags, chanting "Inkalab Zindabad". "Long live the revolution". Thousands of hammer-and-sickle flags fluttered. Posters of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin were on sale. Revolutionary songs

crackled through the sound system. You could have mistaken it for one of those sad British May Day gatherings, the difference being that here the party was in power, having been democratically elected time after time.

"No other land and people can offer such difficult ground as this one, for anyone demanding unity and solidarity of effort from his supporters," wrote Geoffrey Moorhouse in his book, *Calcutta*. Yet that very diversity may be the key to communism's success here.

Better than any other creed on offer, certainly better than the divisive Hindu nationalism espoused by the BJP. Marxism offers a useful myth of common interest.

And in the hands of someone as wily as Mr Basu, who has lured more foreign investments than any other state except Maharashtra, while continuing to proclaim the gospel of revolution, it continues to persuade West Bengal's masses that they have something to believe in, while growing - very gradually - more prosperous.



Communist election graffiti in Calcutta lampooning the Congress Party

Kumar Madu Reuters

## Relax in muscle ladies' hands

CITY LIFE  
DELHI



Enjoying a vigorous massage Dieter Ludwig

LIFE IN Delhi knocks you sideways. Getting thumped on the head, kneaded in the small of the back, jabbed between the shoulder blades, or drummed on the soles is a weekly routine for millions of ordinary people.

To coax dutiful spouse, daughter, or servant into giving backrubs on a regular basis is not so easy these days, although a traditional daughter-in-law will still press her mother-in-law's feet on demand.

Most Delhi-ites - who start life with a full-body oil massage every day for their first year - expect a percussive tapping and firm tugs, while rhythmic fingers rub away the tension. They won't tolerate a desultory rub. So they hire wandering professional masseuses like Lado, Mooni, or Rupa, whose speciality is a vigorous oil massage lasting an hour. These *maalish-wali* or "muscle ladies" prefer private houses. A good *maalish-wali* can leave you feeling like a tabla drum after a classical raga.

"Lado knocked on my door when I was first expecting my son," Rohini Bhattacharyya told me. "She's also a *dai*, midwife, and I hired her to wash nappies when the baby came. She'd pick him up just above his ears, twist his legs, then give him a slap."

"This was alarming at first but very good for his spine. She taught me how to massage baby and it always calmed him." Rohini now uses the same technique on her arthritic dog. Male customers can get a passable massage on a street corner while sitting in a barber's chair.

No 10 rupee hair trim is complete without the "shampoo" - old-fashioned Hindi for a serious head rub. Evelyn Waugh, in a letter from India to his wife, wrote how "an aged *babu* ... took off nearly all the hair on my head and then took my skull in his hands and tried to crush it."

JAN MCGIRK

JOHN WALSH

'The Princess died all over again and all the amateur psychologists explained why you'd felt upset a year ago'

— THE MONDAY REVIEW, PAGE 5 →

## MASTERFUL



Congratulations Damon



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# BUSINESS

## BRIEFING

### BT to invest £300m in Korea

BRITISH TELECOM is to spend \$500m (£300m) on a 20 per cent stake in the South Korean cellular phone company, LG Telecom. Clearance from the South Korean Information and Communications Ministry is needed before BT can go ahead, and insiders expect a deal as early as October.

BT faces several competing offers for the stake in the mobile phone group. LG Telecom, set up in 1996, is a consortium led by the industrial conglomerate, LG Electronics. Until now BT's biggest investment in Asia has been in Japan.

### Racal to sell off telecoms arm

RACAL has put its telecoms arm up for sale once again after dropping plans for a flotation. A number of groups are understood to be interested, including Scottish Telecom and Energis.

Sources close to Racal say that the company is looking for up to £300 million for the subsidiary, way ahead of the £450m price tag it was looking for last year when it failed to clinch a deal.

Since then telecommunications companies have enjoyed a good run on the stock market.

Racal wanted to float the company, but now Sir Ernest Harrison, the company's chairman (above), is believed to be looking for a trade sale.

### French scent Yardley opportunity

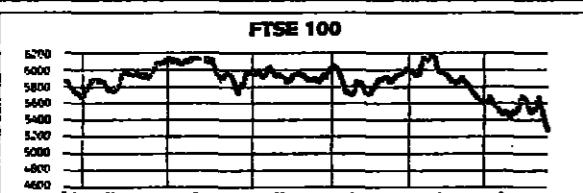
LVH, the French luxury goods group headed by Bernard Arnault, is one of nearly 70 parties who have expressed an interest in buying Yardley from the receivers, it emerged over the weekend.

The English perfume company with a 200-year history went bust last week with debts of £120m.

The joint receivers, Tony Thompson and Roger Oldfield of accountants KPMG, are searching for someone to buy Yardley as a going concern.

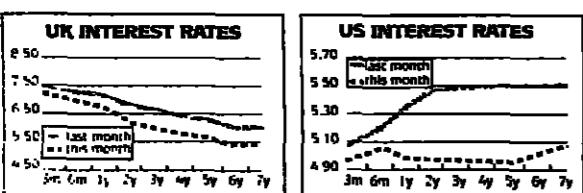
A spokesman for KPMG said yesterday: "We are unable to confirm individual names of people who have contacted us, but we can say that there has been very strong interest in Yardley so far, which is very encouraging as it is still early days."

## STOCK MARKETS



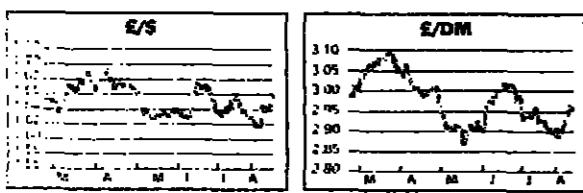
INDICES									
Index	Close	Wk's ch	Wk's ch(%)	32 wk high	32 wk low	Yester'd			
FTSE 100	5249.40	-227.60	-4.16	5183.7	4382.8	5.778			
FTSE 250	4786.20	-288.30	-5.68	5070.9	4428.3	4.21			
FTSE 350	2515.10	-116.70	-4.43	2968.1	2141.8	3.855			
FTSE All Share	2464.84	-117.83	-4.61	2886.52	2106.59	3.857			
FTSE SmallCap	2126.10	-172.50	-7.51	2793.8	2187.4	3.895			
FTSE Fledgling	1187.10	-88.36	-6.92	1517.1	1223.7	4.331			
FTSE AIM	888.60	-97.00	-9.29	1146.9	937.4	4.194			
FTSE EBLOC 100	909.44								
Dow Jones	8051.68	-481.97	-5.65	9267.94	6971.32	1.843			
Nikkei	13915.63	-182.57	-0.04	18775.08	14378.67	1.095			
Hang Seng	7829.74	-302.13	-4.01	15607.98	6547.79	5.205			
Dax	4993.54	-169.97	-3.39	6217.83	3497.32	3.317			

## INTEREST RATES



MONEY MARKET RATES									
Index	3 months	Yr chg	1 year	Yr chg					
UK	7.63	0.31	7.38	-0.25					
US	5.63	-0.11	5.53	-0.50					
Japan	0.63	0.06	0.64	-0.04					
Germany	3.48	0.18	3.64	-0.02					

## CURRENCIES



OTHER INDICATORS									
Index	Wk's ch	Yr ago							
Brent Oil (\$)	12.20	0.13	18.00						
Gold (\$)	274.35	-10.45	323.95						
Silver (\$)	4.79	-0.37	4.66						

[www.bloomberg.com/uk](http://www.bloomberg.com/uk)

SOURCE: BLOOMBERG

TOURIST RATES									
Australia (\$)	2.8731		Mexican (nuevo peso)	14.90					
Austria (schillings)	20.08		Netherlands (guilder)	3.2201					
Belgium (francs)	58.98		New Zealand (\$)	3.2380					
Canada (\$)	2.5213		Norway (krone)	12.83					
Cyprus (pounds)	0.8358		Portugal (escudos)	291.29					
Denmark (krone)	10.95		Saudi Arabia (rials)	6.0421					
Finland (markka)	8.7925		Singapore (\$)	2.8065					
France (francs)	9.5832		Spain (pesetas)	242.00					
Germany (marks)	2.8666		South Africa (rand)	10.33					
Greece (drachma)	482.16		Sweden (krone)	12.17					
Hong Kong (\$)	12.35		Switzerland (francs)	2.3556					
Ireland (pounds)	1.1359		Thailand (bahts)	63.83					
Indian (rupees)	64.52		Turkey (liras)	441.098					
Israel (shekels)	5.8972		USA (\$)	1.6053					
Italy (lira)	2835								
Japan (yen)	231.29								
Malaysia (ringgit)	6.6370								
Malta (lira)	0.6213								

Source: Thomas Cook

## Banker warns US off special Russian deal

By JOHN WILLCOCK

LEADERS of the top industrial nations gave a cautious thumbs up to yesterday's compromise political deal between the Duma, the Russian parliament and Viktor Chernomyrdin, the country's acting prime minister.

A key German banker, however, warned Americans that President Clinton's visit to Moscow this week should not be used as an excuse to argue for favourable terms for US lenders.

In Moscow, Mr Chernomyrdin reached agreement yesterday on a compromise with parliament and aides of Boris Yeltsin, aimed at halting Russia's crisis and preventing further economic turmoil. The deal was aimed at building a political consensus.

No proposals for dealing with the economic crisis have been discussed yet.

Observers were concerned, however, that the political deal appears to strip power away from Mr Yeltsin in favour of the Communist-dominated Duma, many of whose members favour "switching on the rouble printing presses." This could spark hyperinflation, analysts fear.

The Clinton administration said that continued financial support depends on actual reforms in Russia. Lawrence Summers, Deputy Treasury Secretary, said yesterday: "What is crucial is not words at this point, but the actions the Russians are able to take at what is a critical juncture for them and their management of the economy."

Mr Summers said that terms of the current IMF package would have to be renegotiated before any new IMF loans could be discussed.

Separately, in an interview with German Sunday newspaper *Welt am Sonntag*, Mr Chernomyrdin said President



A small boy out to buy bread in Moscow yesterday as Russia tries to sort out the rouble crisis Dima Korotayev

Yeltsin and the new Russian government "won't allow a roll back" to old Communist ways.

Mr Chernomyrdin's greatest problem was trying to regain the confidence of the Russian people in the administration and legislature, which has stumbled as a result of the non-payment of wages and pensions, as well as the rise in prices over the past six months.

"Above all, we now have to counterbalance this backlog and compensate the more vulnerable social groups for possible price increases, guarantee that savings in banks will remain untouched, and calm the exchange rate fluctuations of the national currency," he said.

He added that politics and economics "are too closely tied" in Russia; both the political and economic climate must

be stabilised, and mechanisms created so that Russia can pay its debts and "decisions of the past" particularly with regard to foreign investors, "considerably corrected."

Meanwhile, Martin Kohlhausen, president of the German banking federation, said he was concerned the US will seek preferential treatment in Russian debt restructuring when Mr Clinton visits Moscow this week.

"I don't think this is primarily about providing further money to clean up Russia's finances, but is a race by creditors and investors. The Americans want preferential treatment in debt adjustments," he said.

Mr Kohlhausen said that all Russia's international creditors should be treated equally. Germany is Russia's largest

foreign lender with an exposure of over \$25bn.

"If there is preferential treatment as a result of political pressure I would not be impressed," said Mr Kohlhausen, chief executive of Commerzbank. "That would promote the feared liquidation of the world financial system."

The weekend's events have not lifted analysts' gloom. Gerard Lyons, chief economist at the banking group DRB International, said: "Stock markets in the US, the UK and Europe have discounted too much good economic news. As the crisis intensifies, they continue to look vulnerable."

There have been continued calls for cuts in interest rates around the world to counter the crisis, but analysts said cuts could still be some way off. "Asset price inflation has been a central fear of central bankers this year; in other words stock markets have been seen as too high," he said.

In the study abstracts of which have been seen by *The Independent*, the two argue that the combination of phentermine, which is not sold in Britain, and Prozac could destroy the ability of the body to control serotonin in the blood.

Meanwhile in Japan the Economic Planning Agency Minister Taichi Sakalya expressed bitterness that Russia had failed to promote a Western-style market economy while lawlessness had gained force. "We hoped that Russia would achieve a market-oriented economy, but it didn't. In fact, it is a mafia economy."

SmithKline Beecham and Medeva, two of the UK's leading pharmaceutical groups, were locked in a bitter row last night with two US researchers who have alleged that one of their diet drugs could cause heart and lung problems.

The researchers from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology say that phentermine, a popular anti-obesity treatment, could damage patients' heart valves and lungs when taken with antidepressants such as Prozac. The two drugs are often prescribed together in the US to patients attempting to lose weight.

The two companies vigorously rejected the charges, saying that the MIT lecturers' findings were based on rat studies from the 1970s which, in

# SPORT

US Open: Men's and women's titles up for grabs as challengers, old and new, queue up to make an impression

## Hingis looking over her shoulder

By JOHN ROBERTS  
in New York

A WAXWORK of Martina Hingis was wheeled into the interview room at Flushing Meadow, and the world No 1 observed that the figure was "smiling and happy". Shortly afterwards it was taken apart and sent to Madame Tussauds's, the body by freight, the head as hand luggage.

Hingis's rivals have similar plans for the 17-year-old Swiss when she defends the women's singles title at the United States Open, which starts today. "This year the players became much stronger," Hingis said. "You have the younger players, who are now more experienced. And the older ones started practising again! They want [the success] back. Right now the competition is very big."

Since Hingis successfully defended the Australian Open title in January, defeating Conchita Martinez in the final, the old guard have staged a revival. Arantxa Sanchez-Vicario won the French Open and Jana Novotna finally fulfilled her ambitions at Wimbledon.

In tennis circles it is still possible to mention Monica without reference to Billie Jean. Seles defeated Hingis emphatically in the semi-finals in Paris. Steffi Graf is also looking fit and confident again, completing her US Open preparation with victories against Lindsay Davenport and Novotna and winning a tournament in New Haven.

"I think Monica especially is very dangerous," Hingis said. "She knows what she wants in life right now. Last year, or the year before, she would just play but she wasn't really 100 per cent into it. But right now she only focuses on that."

Davenport, the tall, powerful No 2 seed, also impresses Hingis. "She's very aggressive and this court is pretty good for her, not too fast, not too slow. She's improved her serve and lost so much weight, so she moves better. She lost to Steffi the other day. I can't imagine Lindsay losing to Steffi after what happened in their recent matches. Steffi can play very well still, and she seems to be in a good way. We'll see at this Grand Slam."

Hingis won the third of her Grand Slam titles here last year, out-classing the American Venus Williams, three months her senior, in the final. Williams' game has matured to the point where it is beginning to match her athleticism.

Not to be outshone by the Hingis waxwork, a huge Reebok poster of Williams' face covers the side of a building near the 59th Street Bridge. "It's a nice picture," Williams said. "I think I picked it out." She also helped design her latest line of tennis clothing. "I have seven different dresses," Williams said, adding pointedly, "that means I'll have to play seven matches." So she fancies her chances? "I think my chances are great." According to two *New York Times* writers, the most exciting moment of last year's US Open was the shoulder-to-shoulder confrontation between Williams and the Romanian Irina Spirlea during a change-over in their semi-final. The dust-up is recounted as a symbol of the feisty nature of the

women's game. "All the men did was hit rockets past each other," one writer said.

That hardly does justice to the efforts of Pat Rafter and Greg Rusedski, who battled through two weeks of difficult matches to contest the men's singles final. Rafter, by winning the title, restored Australia's prestige. Rusedski, the first British man to reach a singles final at the US Championships since Fred Perry in 1936, went on to be ranked No 4 in the world and won a variety of Sports Personality of the Year awards. None of that counted for much over here.

Rafter, whose recent form has placed him high among the favourites, again denied Rusedski when they met on Saturday in the semi-finals of the Hammett Cup, in Long Island.

Rusedski took heart from an encouraging build-up to the US Open in the two tournaments he has played following a lengthy spell on the sidelines nursing an ankle injury. The sixth seed will need to be confident for an opening match against the enigmatic South African Wayne Ferreira.

The Americans are hoping to cheer a revitalised Andre Agassi all the way to, and possibly beyond, a quarter-final meeting with Pete Sampras, the world No 1.

During the weekend Sampras practised with Petr Korda, the man who eliminated him in the fourth round last year. Watched by an enthusiastic gallery, they exchanged shots in the Louis Armstrong Stadium, which has been scaled-down since the Arthur Ashe Stadium took centre stage last year.

Sampras, who is trying to equal Roy Emerson's record of 12 Grand Slam singles championships, won his four US Open titles in the Louis Armstrong Stadium, the first as a 19-year-old in 1990.

That was the year which produced eight different Grand Slam singles champions for the first time since 1968 – Ivan Lendl and Graf (Australian Open), Andres Gomez and Seles (French Open), Stefan Edberg and Martina Navratilova (Wimbledon), Sampras and Gabriela Sabatini (US Open).

For that to happen this year, the following players must be defeated during the coming fortnight – Korda and Hingis, Carlos Moya and Sanchez-Vicario, Sampras and Novotna. Which leaves plenty of scope for contenders old and new.

In a year of tennis anniversaries, it is sad to learn that the graceful former home of the US Championships, Forest Hills, may be sold for building purposes.

Although nothing definite has been decided, the odour of commerce is unmistakably in the air. It was at Forest Hills 60 years ago that Don Budge completed the original Grand Slam, and 30 years since the US Championships went open, with victories for Ashe and Virginia Wade. The Championship moved to Flushing Meadow 20 years ago. But, as Billie Jean King said longingly of Forest Hills: "Sitting there and watching the sun go down behind the stadium – you'll never see another sight like that in tennis."

GREG RUSEDSKI goes into the US Open this week with his confidence boosted, despite losing in the semi-finals of the Hammett Cup in Comack, New York.

"It was satisfying to get seven matches in since my return," Rusedski, the 24-year-old Briton, said after losing 6-4, 7-5 to Patrick Rafter, the reigning US Open champion.

While 25-year-old Rafter, ranked No 3 on the ATP Tour, goes into the US Open in New York as probably the form player on the circuit, Rusedski, playing only his second tournament since a seven-week lay-off with an ankle injury, feels he may still need a few more matches to re-

turn to his best. "I didn't raise my intensity level high enough," he said. "I have to get into the match right from the start. Today I didn't. I didn't start serving very well. You can't do that against top 10 players. They pay you for it."

"Patrick's serve was definitely on. By far, he's the best player on the tour this summer," Rusedski, who faces South African Wayne Ferreira in a tricky first-round match, said.

Rusedski sprained his ankle at Queen's Club in London on June 12, an injury which saw him sidelined for seven weeks. Second-seeded Rafter was to meet No 8 Felix Mantilla of Spain in the final.

In Brookline, Massachusetts, the fourth-seed Michael Chang escaped several sticky situations to defeat the talented French qualifier Sebastien Grosjean 7-5, 4-6, 6-3 in the semi-finals of the MFS Pro Tennis Championships.

Chang's victory put him into the final against a wildcard entry, Paul Haarhuis of the Netherlands, who

defeated the third-seeded Frenchman Cedric Pioline by the same 7-5, 4-6, 6-3 scoreline.

Chang, who struggled with three-setters his previous three matches, took the first set with a break in the final game as Grosjean hit two unforced backhand errors. It was the

first set Grosjean had lost in four tournament matches.

The 20-year-old Grosjean, playing in only his second career semi-final, used his big forehand to get the vital break in the seventh game of the second set to even the match.

Chang, surviving an exchange of breaks early in the third set, used his patient and potent baseline strokes to get the clinching break at 5-3, then served out the final game.

"He played some tough tennis – he's definitely a talented, up-and-coming player," said Chang about his opponent. "He hit some unbelievable forehands. I'm glad to be in the final."

Haarhuis, making his first ATP

Tour final since 1996 and looking for his second career singles title, mastered Pioline with a superior service and a more effective all-round attack.

Meanwhile, Steffi Graf won her first tournament since May 1997 and the 104th title of her career, defeating Jana Novotna 6-4, 6-1 in the Pilot Pen International at New Haven, Connecticut.

The victory marked the first major stepping stone of the German's comeback from injury. She was out of the game from June 1997 after knee surgery, returning briefly in February. But it was not until June that she was able to compete regularly once again.

## Rusedski getting into the groove

### Early bath the secret of Whalley's success

#### BOOK OF THE WEEK

In a League of Their Own! The Dick Kerr Ladies Football Team By Gail J Newsham (Scarlett Press, £9.99)

WOMEN's football might be a backwater of British sport, and kept that way until recently by unreconstructed chauvinism, but it has produced more than its fair share of vivid characters.

That is one of the lessons of this history of what is still the most famous team of female footballers ever to lace a boot. Take Lily Parr, for example. A six-foot left-winger, she spanned the decades by playing for the club from 1919 to 1951, scoring over 1,000 goals and earning no end of grudging admissions

that, had she been a man, she would have played for England.

She certainly lacked nothing in the tricks of the trade, on and off the pitch as she was not above purloining and later selling the match ball – and, on one occasion, the knives and forks from a stately home where the team was getting changed.

In her retirement, Lily suffered from breast cancer and needed a double mastectomy. Her indomitable spirit is summed up in her comment: "It's taken me 62 years to

grow these, and now they've taken the bloody things off me!"

Joan Whalley, a school pal and kick-about partner of Tom Finney, played for almost as long before becoming a recluse and living "on top of a mountain" with her menagerie. Finding her and persuading her to talk about her experiences was a key to the success of this account, as with her recollection of going to Bolton for "a proper soda bath" – a mystical ritual that put her to sleep for five days but made her play like a demon the following Saturday.

Someone who will not be found in these pages is Dick Kerr. Any idea that he was some sort of impressario, like Busby Berkeley or

Paul Raymond, is well wide of the mark, as Messrs Dick and Kerr were merely the founders of the engineering works in Preston that employed the women and supported their fund-raising football activities during the First World War.

The svengali figure was neither Dick nor Kerr, but Alfred "Pop" Frankland, a Preston greengrocer who fought a losing battle to keep his girls out of the pub on their way back from matches.

Crowds as high as 53,000 watched Dick, Kerr during the 1920s, a decade that also saw them in play – and beat – men's teams in America. Even the Football Association's ban on them playing on the

grounds of affiliated clubs failed to stop them; they explored alternatives like rugby league grounds and still attracted big attendances.

It was not lack of support but a shortage of players that led to the club, by then known as Preston Ladies, folding in 1965. Gail Newsham's theory is that, if they had hung on for another year, they would have been revived by the upsurge of interest in all forms of football after the 1966 World Cup.

Even so, Dick, Kerr Ladies are the inspiration for the growth of women's football since then and this book is a timely tribute to genuine sporting pioneers.

DAVE HADFIELD

#### THIS WEEK'S TOP TEN SPORTS BOOKS

- 1 Rothmans Football Yearbook 1998-99, edited by Glenda Rollin (Headline, paperback, £17.99)
- 2 My World Cup Diary, Glenn Hoddle with David Davies (Andre Deutsch, hardback, £17.99)
- 3 Anything but... an Autobiography, Richie Benaud (Hodder & Stoughton, hardback, £17.99)
- 4 News of the World Football Annual 1998-99, edited by Eric Brown (Invincible, £5.99)
- 5 Kick off! – The Official Premier League Fans Guide 1998/99 (Sidan Press, £5.99)
- 6 Playfair Football Who's Who 1999, edited by Jack Rollin (Headline, paperback, £6.99)
- 7 Sunday Muddy Sunday – The Heart and Soul of Sunday League Football, Peter May (Virgin, paperback, £7.99)
- 8 Playfair Football Annual 1998-99, edited by Glenda Rollin (Headline, paperback, £4.99)
- 9 Left Foot in the Grave, Garry Nelson (Collins Willow, paperback, £6.99)
- 10 Life at the Top, Mark Hodgkinson (Queen Anne Press, paperback, £7.99)

Chart compiled by Sportspages, 94-95 Charing Cross Road, London (0171 240 9604) and St Ann's Square, Manchester (0161 832 8530)



Venus Williams, left, will provide a guiding hand to her sister, Serena, on her first appearance at the US Open, which starts today

Jeff Christensen/Reuters

# Smyth's error sinks London

## RUGBY LEAGUE

BY DAVE HADFIELD

Salford 23  
London Broncos 20

PAUL HIGHTON'S first try for a 12-man Salford three minutes from time dramatically lengthened the odds against the London Broncos making the Super League play-offs.

A blunder by their winger, Rob Smyth, means that London can now, in all probability, order the ice-cold cans for their end of season barbecue.

They clawed their way back

into the lead at the Willows yesterday only to see all their effort negated when Smyth dropped the ball in a tackle and Salford worked it to the right for Scott Naylor to provide the scoring pass for Highton.

Salford, with Steve Blakeley back in the side for the first time in two months, started impressively, with Darren Rogers' try from a cross-kick by their ex-Bronco Josh White and two goals from Blakeley giving them an eight-point lead.

London, with Shaun Edwards at the heart of everything, fought back with a try from John Timu but let it slip once more.

With 12 minutes to play,

Blakeley's boot regained the lead for Salford, only for Goodwin to snatched it back when Martin Crompton was sent off for a high tackle on Tollett.

Blakeley's high tackle on Edwards allowed Tollett to stretch that lead to three points, but London's chance of hanging on to that lead and moving level on points with Bradford were shattered when the ball escaped from Smyth's grasp in a two-man tackle.

Smyth was adamant that it had been stolen from him illegally. "There was definitely a hand on it, but that's the way it goes," he said. And, that, in all likelihood, is the way London's season goes as well.

Warrington completed a League double over Hull Sharks with a 24-10 win at Wilderspool to bring to an end their five-match losing run.

The Wolves were never be-

hind and led 18-0 at half-time.

They failed to score a try in the second half but Lee Briers

made sure of victory with two

penalties and two drop goals.

Wigan, the Super League

leaders, were given a fright by the bottom club Huddersfield before securing a victory that takes them two points clear of Leeds. The Warriors trailed 8-0 and were only 20-10 ahead with a little more than a quarter of the match to go, but class finally told as they ran in 18 points in 10 minutes against a brave but tired side.

Warrington completed a League double over Hull Sharks with a 24-10 win at Wilderspool to bring to an end their five-match losing run. The Wolves were never behind and led 18-0 at half-time. They failed to score a try in the second half but Lee Briers made sure of victory with two penalties and two drop goals.

Karle Hammond, making only his second start of the season in his favoured stand-off position, set up five of his side's tries and also landed two drop goals.

Out of contract at the end of the season, he looks set to join his coach, Sam McRae, and Brett Goldspink in leaving the club shortly - London are

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Wigan, the Super League



Halifax's Fereti Tuilagi is stopped by St Helens' Paul Davidson at Knowsley Road yesterday

Ben Duffy

## Hammond fires Saints

ST HELENS head into the play-offs in fine shape after disposing of one of their main rivals at Knowsley Road yesterday. The home side extended their winning run to five games with a comfortable 36-6 defeat of third-placed Halifax.

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## British selectors faced with Stark reality

### EQUESTRIANISM

BY GENEVIEVE MURPHY

IAN STARK has followed the rest of his victorious teammates in last year's European Open Championships, out of contention for the World Equestrian Games, that will be held in Italy in October.

Stark had looked certain to be chosen with Saucy Brown, who was fourth in Kentucky in April. But when the team vet, Andy Bathe, scanned the horse at Hembury on Friday (after he had performed a good dressage test), he found there was a problem resulting from a bump on his leg a few days earlier.

So Stark drove straight

home to the Scottish Borders, leaving the selectors to contemplate their seriously depleted short-list from which Christopher Bartle, on Word Perfect, and William Fox-Pitt, on Cosmopolitan, had been withdrawn earlier. Fortunately Karen Dixon, who has ridden in three Olympics and two World Games, seems back to her best

after breaking her leg just over a year ago.

Dixon was not in any great hurry when she rode Too Smart into third in the GE Capital Advanced Trial, that incorporated the final trial for those on the British short-list from which a squad of six will be named. The class was won by Merran Wallis from Australia.

It was Power's sixth successive triumph over Nicol and moved him above Pakistani's

## Win puts Power above Jansher

### SQUASH

JONATHON POWER maintained his domination of the Scottish World No 1, Peter Nicol, with a 15-14, 15-11, 15-14 victory in the Hong Kong Open final yesterday.

It was Power's sixth successive triumph over Nicol and moved him above Pakistani's

Jansher Khan to second in the rankings.

Power, whose disguise and deception consistently wrong-footed Nicol, gamblled successfully on his third match point after the Scotsman had pulled back to 14-14 from 14-12 down. As he had in the first game, Power opted to go for the single point to seal his victory

rather than the safer route of setting to three points.

Nicol, whose cool efficiency breaks down when he plays Power, said he would have to be more aggressive the next time they played. "He seems to win the crucial points against me - it is very important that the next time I play him that I take those points," he said.

At least it was not a one-sided affair and carpenter Hugh Leeks cannot have regretted being flown in from Kazakhstan, where he has been working on the construction of an airport. They gave a good account of themselves and did not leave Lord's in disgrace.

Gilston, who hit the only six of the match, and Rowse batted beautifully, pacing their innings perfectly. Gilston's 62 came off 75 balls, Rowse went on to reach 94 from 113 deliveries with 10 boundaries, and a place in the record books with the third highest individual score in a final. It has to be said that the odd dropped catch and occasional misfield did not help the Apperley cause.

When it came to their turn to bat, the early departures of Leeks and James Macpherson saw any realistic hopes disappearing as well. Methley seamer Lee Mills' decision to give up the captaincy midway through the season in order to concentrate on his bowling paid off as he finished with four for 34.

It was a shame that Methley's all-rounder Paul Rickers had to miss the event. He would have played but for the fact that he is also a professional footballer with Oldham and they were hauled in for extra training after losing 2-0 at Stoke. His brother John probably celebrated for the two of them.

## Hooper, Wells to the rescue

### ROUND-UP

THE WEST Indian all-rounder, Carl Hooper and Alan Wells got together with the bat to comfortably help Kent save their County Championship match against Northamptonshire at Northampton on Saturday.

Hooper weighed in with an unbeaten 157 as the pair put on 176 runs in a sixth-wicket stand. This came just when Kent had appeared in some trouble after losing Ben Phillips (5), Chris Walsh (8) and opener Ed Smith for 33. Then Wells (77) and Hooper cut loose.

Hooper's century came in 154 balls and he did most to take Kent to safety, the match finishing as a draw, with the visitors on 377 for 7 and 204 in front.

The match between Derbyshire and Durham at Derby was also drawn, after the hosts' former captain Kim Barnett dug in with a determined 98. Barnett was finally caught off Nicky Phillips (5) for 58 after helping Derbyshire from 66 for 2 to 187, in tandem with Robin Weston, as they pushed towards a target of 229 to reach parity with Durham. Phillips then dismissed Weston (45) on his way to a clutch of wickets that left Derbyshire on 239 for 8. But the hosts' Michael May (24) and Kevin Dean ensured their team reached 269 for 9 at the close, denying Durham a winning run-chase.

## Unlucky United now 11-1

### SPORTS BETTING

BY IAN DAVIES

MANCHESTER UNITED are 11-1 with William Hill after drawing Barcelona and Bayern Munich in Group "D" in the European Champions League. In the UEFA Cup, Liverpool are 12-1 (Coral), Blackburn and Leeds are generally available at 25-1. Aston Villa are 33-1 (Ladbrokes), Rangers are 40-1 (Toté) and Celtic are 100-1 (William Hill). The value might be Marseilles (20-1 with Ladbrokes), big spenders during the close season and second in the French League.

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### BASEBALL

BY IAN DAVIES

FRIDAYS PROMISING GRAND SLAM

BY IAN DAVIES

Test match: Series win over South Africa made to seem a long time ago as Sri Lanka put hosts under pressure

# England hopes take a bad turn

BY DEREK PRINGLE  
at The Oval

England 445 and 54-2  
Sri Lanka 591

CONFRONTED BY a first innings deficit and a pitch now taking spin, England are making a sorry mess of this Test. Indeed, so feeble has their cricket been since tea time on Friday that victory over South Africa now seems as fleeting and misleading as a desert mirage, a place that will seem welcoming in comparison to the cities of Australia, should their stale unimaginative cricket persist.

They still have a game to save here first, and can probably count themselves fortunate that Sri Lanka have only one Test bowler. If England do manage to save this match, it will be because the visitors have no one else with even half Muttiah Muralitharan's talent. With a day to go, England are two wickets down and 92 runs adrift, a shortfall that would seem far more daunting should the man from Kandy taste early success this morning.

It cannot be much fun to see an unassassable position usurped, and then made vulnerable by a country long deemed to be unworthy of a Test series. If the first five sessions of this match belonged to England, they have been choking on humble pie ever since.

As at Old Trafford, where

England spent two and a half

largely fruitless days watching

South Africa clock up 552 for 5,

the placid nature of the pitch re

laxed England's bowlers to

more run-providers as wickets

came as scarce to come by

as Sri Lanka bank managers.

In some ways the ECB

should thank Sri Lanka for

simulating conditions Down

Under and giving the selectors just enough time to reconsider one or two selections. One thing is certain, unless there is juice in the Aussie tracks this winter, England had better get used to long fallow periods in the field.

Facing a deficit of 146 runs, England began their second innings just before tea. Having progressed with few alarms against the seam bowlers, the introduction of Muralitharan soon scuttled the England's bowlers' claims that this was a lifeless pitch.

Batsmen tend to get twitchy when the ball is spun vast distances and it was not long before Mark Butcher, attempting to nullify the turn by using his feet, was hauled to his doom.

Graeme Hick is normally a fine player of spin, but facing his second ball from Muralitharan, he was beaten by an off-break that spun back at least twelve inches. Steve James, who had looked suspect against the turning ball, survived with his captain to the close, a partnership that will need to remain intact a while longer if England are to save this match.

The day began with England trailing by a run and badly in need of some urgent damage limitation. Teasingly, it was supplied by Gough who, in the third hour of the day, took two wickets in successive balls with virtually identical dismissals.

Swinging the ball conventionally, rather than reverse - fact that presumably persuaded Stewart to open the bowling with Butcher - Gough trapped Ranatunga with a full length ball that swung into Sri Lanka's left-handed captain.

Having seen how the scything Kaluwitharana played in the Emirates trophy, Stewart should have set two deep gullies. Without them, the wicket-keeper sliced and thrashed his way to 25 before Crawley,

rewards as Hashan Tillakaratne, another left-hander, fell across a swinging half-volley that would have plucked out middle stump had not been in the way.

After feeling the bat of Sanath Jayasuriya's bat for three and a half sessions on Saturday, time enough to score a masterful double century, England did not quite know whether to celebrate or commiserate. After all, Aravinda de Silva, a 17th Test century in the bag, was still there, and he was now joined by the dangerous Romesh Kaluwitharana.

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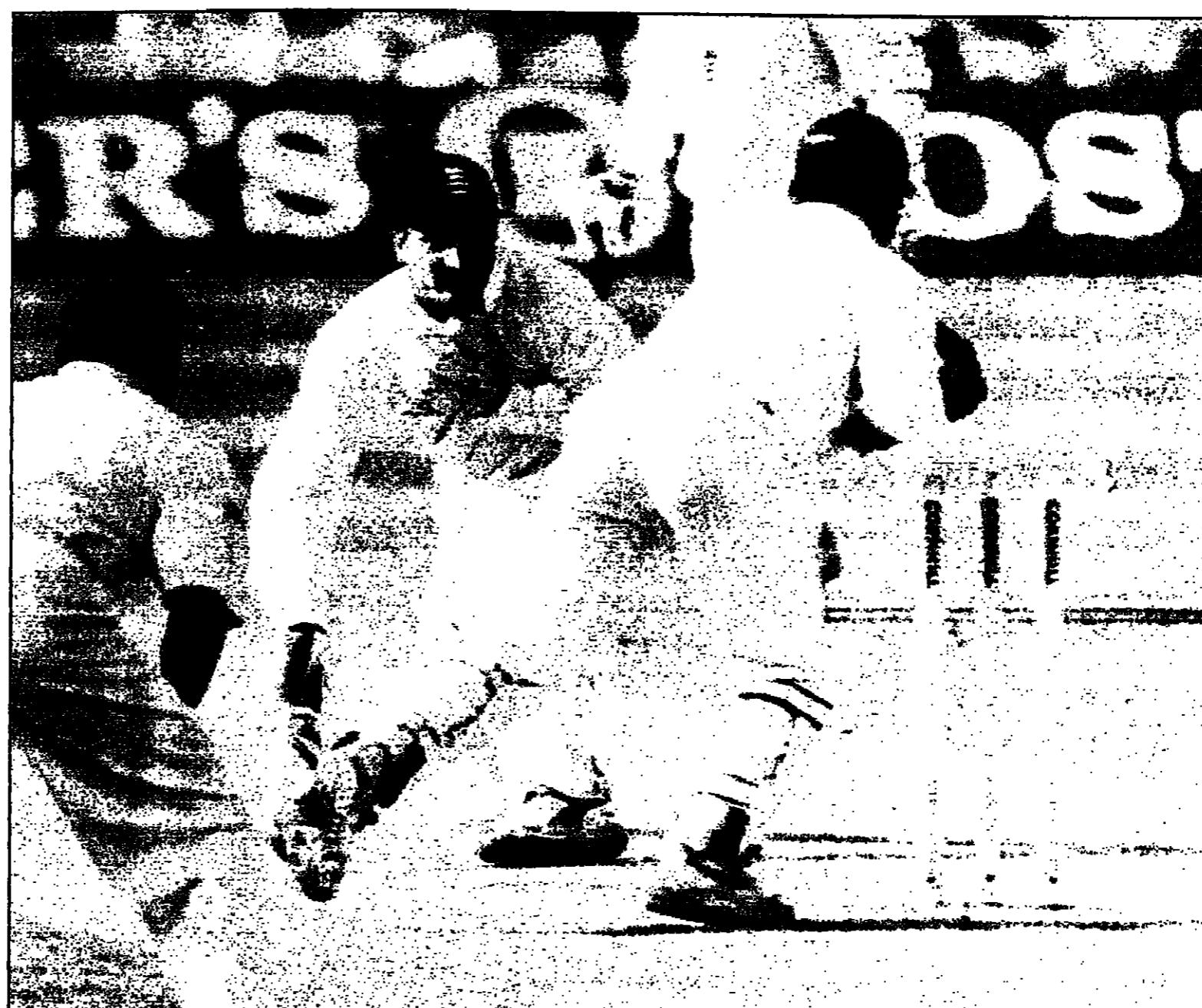
parrying a fierce drive at extra cover, recovered in time to catch the rebound.

England's fortunes took a further turn soon after when Ben Hollioake got one to hold up outside off-stump to De Silva. So, at 504 for 7, England could have claimed a decent time of it had Sri Lanka promptly folded. Like their own tail, however, Sri Lanka also indulged in some effective swishing with the last pair, Suresh Perera and Muralitharan, adding 59 runs.

Stewart eventually turned to Ian Salisbury, who was given his first bowl of the day. But if the move paid dividends when Muralitharan edged behind, the England captain's reticence to use him sooner was surely evidence that, come October, Salisbury's passport will not have

an Australian work visa in it.

Clearly pleased that something had worked, after his fruitless efforts of the previous day, Gough tried the same thing next ball and was similarly



England's Mark Butcher is stamped by the Sri Lanka wicketkeeper, Romesh Kaluwitharana, for 15 at The Oval yesterday David Ashdown

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SCOREBOARD FROM THE OVAL									
Sri Lanka won toss									
ENGLAND - First Innings: 445 D P Crowley 156, G A Hick 107, M R Rampalash 53; M Muralitharan 7-155.									
SRI LANKA - First Innings (Friday, 29 for 11):									
S T Jayasuriya c Stewart b Hollioake ..... 213									
D P Jayawardena c Hollioake ..... 9									
58 min, 40 balls									
P A de Silva c Stewart b Hollioake ..... 152									
462 min, 292 balls, 17 fours									
A Ranatunga bowled by Gough ..... 51									
17 min, 7 balls, 7 fours, 7 sixes									
H T Kaluwitharana bowled by Gough ..... 0									
1 min, 1 ball									
1R S Kaluwitharana c Crowley b Cork ..... 25									
59 min, 50 balls, 2 fours									
H D P K Dharmasena bowled by Fraser ..... 13									
62 min, 39 balls, 2 fours									
S A Perera not out ..... 43									
103 min, 77 balls, 6 fours, 1 st six									
S D Jayawardena bowled by Fraser ..... 0									
1 min, 7 balls									
M Muralitharan c Stewart b Salisbury ..... 30									
57 min, 36 balls, 5 fours									
Extras (61.1 min, 102.1 min, 161.1 min) ..... 40									
Total (681 min, 158.2 overs) ..... 591									
Tall (2-15, 4-17, 5-22, 6-23, 7-24, 8-25, 9-26, 10-27, 11-28, 12-29, 13-30, 14-31, 15-32, 16-33, 17-34, 18-35, 19-36, 20-37, 21-38, 22-39, 23-40, 24-41, 25-42, 26-43, 27-44, 28-45, 29-46, 30-47, 31-48, 32-49, 33-50, 34-51, 35-52, 36-53, 37-54, 38-55, 39-56, 40-57, 41-58, 42-59, 43-60, 44-61, 45-62, 46-63, 47-64, 48-65, 49-66, 50-67, 51-68, 52-69, 53-70, 54-71, 55-72, 56-73, 57-74, 58-75, 59-76, 60-77, 61-78, 62-79, 63-80, 64-81, 65-82, 66-83, 67-84, 68-85, 69-86, 70-87, 71-88, 72-89, 73-90, 74-91, 75-92, 76-93, 77-94, 78-95, 79-96, 80-97, 81-98, 82-99, 83-100, 84-101, 85-102, 86-103, 87-104, 88-105, 89-106, 90-107, 91-108, 92-109, 93-110, 94-111, 95-112, 96-113, 97-114, 98-115, 99-116, 100-117, 101-118, 102-119, 103-120, 104-121, 105-122, 106-123, 107-124, 108-125, 109-126, 110-127, 111-128, 112-129, 113-130, 114-131, 115-132, 116-133, 117-134, 118-135, 119-136, 120-137, 121-138, 122-139, 123-140, 124-141, 125-142, 126-143, 127-144,									

# Epistolaire fires Jarnet and France

BY SUE MONTGOMERY

AS ONE of the best horsemen in Britain is forced to give best to physical problems, one of France's finest bounces back. Walter Swinburn announced on Saturday that he has once again given up his battle with the scales pro tem, but yesterday Thierry Jarnet returned to the big-time in the Grand Prix de Deauville.

Jockeys have always been notorious for struggling off injury and privation in their efforts to stay in the saddle and Swinburn himself returned from what was almost the dead after a fall in Hong Kong two years ago.

Jarnet, 31, the habitual French champion until the coming of Olivier Peslier, was more or less squashed flat in an horrific accident at Saint-Cloud in April, when a horse flipped over and rolled on him in the paddock. He suffered eight different fractures, including ribs, three vertebrae and his left knee; a similar incident the previous summer cost him part of his spleen and a fifth jockey's title.

Yesterday's victory on the André Fabre-trained three-year-old Epistolaire was his first at Pattern level since his

return to action earlier in the month and was a vintage display. Jarnet, as cool and stylish as ever, kept the son of Alzao at the back before pouncing from last to first off a slow pace to score by a cosy half-length from the colt's year-old stablemate, Sibling Rival.

Epistolaire, owned by Edouard de Rothschild, is not likely to run in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, but his win did not

**RICHARD EDMONDSON**  
Nap: Makebelieve Island  
(Newcastle 3.15)  
NB: Mondschien  
(Newcastle 3.45)

diminish the stature of France's main hope for the big Paris race. Dream Well, whom he chased home at Longchamp in April, is clearly taking every opportunity to become acclimated as he indicated that the Prix Marcel Boussac was Karayem's next stop.

Kareyem, a daughter of Zafonic, made just about every yard in the seven-furlong Group Three contest and quickened well under Frankie Dettori to take her unbeaten run to three and give her trainer his second juvenile winner in France in 24 hours, after the colt Signee won at Saint-Cloud.

The Godolphin youth squad at Everts, too, is clearly taking every opportunity to become acclimated as he indicated that the Prix Marcel Boussac was Karayem's next stop.

Damon Hill fared better in his Grand Prix yesterday than his equine compatriots at Deauville. Best of the Brits in the Group Two contest was the 1996 winner Strategic Choice, an honest, if uppaced, three-quarter length third for Paul Cole, just in front of Dark Moon-dancer and Fruits Of Love.

But the seaside season has largely been a lean one for the home side, which took only five

of the 15 Group races on offer. The Rest Of The World scores read Japan 2, Ireland 2, Italy 1 and, as the buckets and spades were finally packed up yesterday, Britain 5 courtesy of the David Loder-trained two-year-old Karayem in the Prix du Calvados and Richard Hannan's sprinter Andreiev in the Prix de Meautry.

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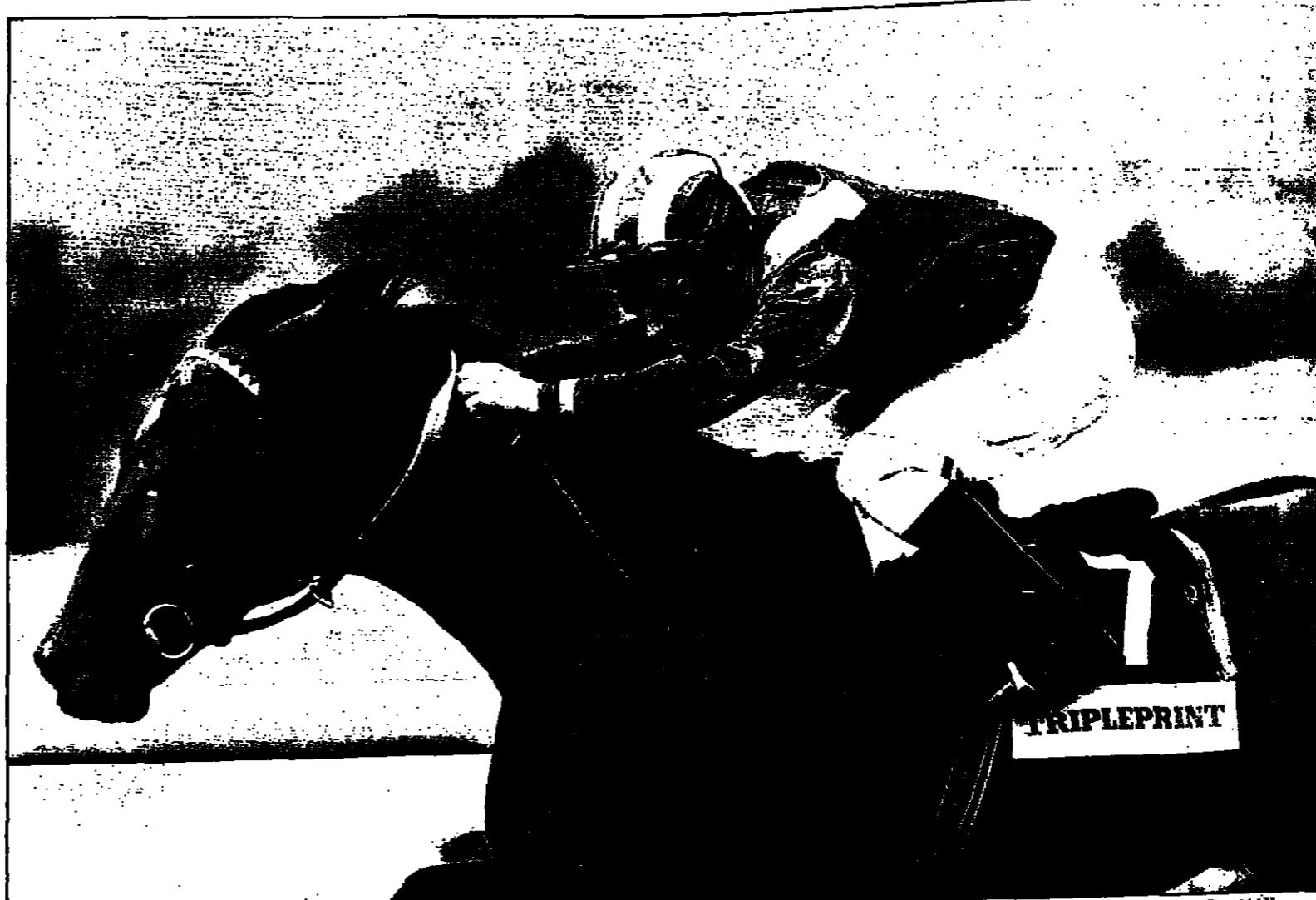
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Muhtathir is driven clear by Richard Hills to win the Celebration Mile at Goodwood on Saturday

Julian Herbert/Allsport

II Stakes at Ascot on 26 September

before he, too, heads back across the Channel in October for the Prix de l'Abbaye.

Another who is due to turn out again soon is Almusharraf, a gallant second to the impressive all-the-way winner Muhtathir in Saturday's Celebration Mile. The consistent two-year-old is set to take in next Sunday's Prix du Moulin at Longchamp en route to a rematch with his Goodwood conqueror in the Queen Elizabeth

II Stakes at Ascot on 26 September.

More immediately today's 10 Bank Holiday meetings include Europe's richest juvenile handicap, the £40,000 Newcastle Exhibition Ale Blaydon Nursery at Gosforth Park. The two that make most appeal in a strong field are the hat-trick seeking Hoh Steamer (3.15),

whose form has radically improved since he was gelded, and

the top weight, Red Delirium.

**EPSOM**  
2.05: Relative Shade may start favourite, though as her Lingfield win does not look anything special, MY EMILY could surprise in a trappy race. She was a close second at Bath in June and is well handicapped with two of today's rivals.

2.10: Rutherford Chantry has not proved himself over the trip or on the ground, so FAHES could be value in the hands of Andrew Balding. He is well treated on his Kempton third to Secret Spring.

2.15: Generous Libra and Supply And Demand finished behind SUPREME SOUND at York and it should not pay to make excuses for either of them. Supreme Sound put up a fast time and may still be improving.

## HYPERION'S TV TIPS

pace. MOON STRIKE, who has changed stables since last season, showed signs of a return to form at Haydock. He had only three outings this year and may be fresher than most of his opponents.

2.25: Afaan broke the Newmarket course record last month and is again likely to set a strong

pace.

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NEW FILMS

APRIL STORY/FRIED DRAGON FISH (NC)

Director: Shunji Iwai  
Starring: Takako Matsui, Kaori Fuji (April Story); Miyoko Yoshimoto (Fried Dragon Fish)

*April Story* is a wistful drama about love and friendship centred around a teenager beginning university. *Fried Dragon Fish* is a tongue-in-cheek caper thriller. Both demonstrate a lack of imagination and a tendency to fall back on the mannerisms of their respective genres. *West End: ICA Cinema*

THE HORSE WHISPERER (PG)

Director: Robert Redford  
Starring: Robert Redford, Kristin Scott Thomas

Robert Redford has never directed himself before, and we should be grateful - the love-affair on screen between Robert Redford and Robert Redford is one of the most intensely unsettling ever seen. He plays Tom Booker, a Montana farmer who specialises in equine psychology. A New York magazine editor (Kristin Scott Thomas) whose daughter has been traumatised in a riding accident brings her daughter and the girl's horse to Booker, hoping for them to be cured. The picture is efficiently acted, but it's despicably shallow. *West End: ABC Tottenham Court Road, Barbican Screen, Chelsea Cinema, Clapham Picture House, Hammersmith Virgin, Notting Hill Coronet, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Leicester Square, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Screen on Baker Street, Screen on the Hill, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Fulham Road*

LOCK, STOCK AND TWO SMOKING BARRELS (18)

Director: Guy Ritchie  
Starring: Dexter Fletcher, Vinnie Jones  
*While Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels* mixes deadpan humour with cold brutality à la Tarantino, the film's defining characteristic is its resilient morality.

Ritchie's direction is showy to the point of distraction, but, beneath the cruel violence and coarse humour, this is a nostalgic piece, as

hinted at by the closing nod to *The Italian Job*. *West End: ABC Tottenham Court Road, Elephant & Castle Coronet, Hammersmith Virgin, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Plaza, Ritzy Cinema, Screen on Baker Street, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End*

MIR NICE GUY (15)

Director: Samo Hung  
Starring: Jackie Chan, Richard Norton, Mike Lee

This largely disappointing addition to Jackie Chan's oeuvre does have its moments. But the combination of comedy and adventure doesn't gel.

*West End: Virgin Trocadero*

THE REAL HOWARD SPITZ (PG)

Director: Vadim Jean  
Starring: Kelsey Grammer, Amanda Donohoe

From the director of *Leon the Pig Farmer* comes this sunny little comedy starring Kelsey (Pras) Grammer as a grouchily kids' writer who hates children. Makes up in verve and wit what it lacks in originality. *West End: UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Trocadero*

THE PROPOSITION (15)

Director: Lesli Linka Glatter  
Starring: Kenneth Branagh, Madeleine Stowe

Historical drama unavailable for preview at time of going to press. *West End: ABC Panton Street*

THE SPANISH PRISONER (PG)

Director: David Mamet

Starring: Campbell Scott, Steve Martin

David Mamet's intricate little thriller is a playful exercise in twisting a plot until it locks; there is a scientific detachment about the way he explores every permutation of his *Kafkaesque* scenario, though the movie is also funny.

*West End: Gate Notting Hill, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Plaza, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End*

Ryan Gilbey

GENERAL RELEASE

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD (U)

A perfect antidote to the bombast of Armageddon can be found in Michael Curtiz's merry and inventive romp, one of the greatest swashbucklers ever made. *West End: Clapham Picture House*

ARMAGEDDON (12)

This deeply stupid film purports to be a tender love story, a meaty action adventure and a global disaster movie in which a meteor is on a collision course with Earth. Every moment is carefully engineered to something for all the family, yet its jungle of styles will end up pleasing no one. *West End: ABC Tottenham Court Road, Hammersmith Virgin, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Plaza, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End*

THE AVENGERS (12)

Ralph Fiennes dons the bowler hat and wields the cane as Steed, Una Thurman pours herself into a caustic as Emma Peel, while Sean Connery sausages around in a kit as August De Wynter. In most ways a disappointment - to both lovers of the original, and to fans of the main performers. *West End: Odeon Kensington, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Ritzy Cinema, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End*

BARNEY'S GREAT ADVENTURE (U)

Feature-length exploits for the big, jolly dinosaur whose blend of nursery rhymes, day-glo colours and moral lessons makes him ideal for the more undemanding pre-school viewer - but an endurance test for anyone else. *West End: UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Trocadero*

LE BOSSU (15)

Sumptuous swashbucklers are fast becoming French cinema's stock-in-trade. This effort doesn't break much new ground, but is acted and shot with such magnificent bravado that its lack of originality is never a problem. And it's great to see the superb Daniel Auteuil in an action role. *West End: Curzon Mayfair, Richmond Filmhouse*

THE CASTLE (15)

When his family home is threatened with demolition to make way for an airport, truck driver Darryl Kerrigan (Michael Caine), together with his family and friends, decides to fight back and stand up for his rights. A warm, enjoyable - and fuzzy - journey into the lives of a family of "Aussie battlers". *West End: Empire Leicester Square, Odeon Swiss Cottage*

THE DAYTRIPPERS (15)

Worried that her publisher husband (Stanley Tucci) may be having an affair, Eliza (Hope Davis) confides in her parents, only to find that the whole family insists on accompanying her to Manhattan for the day to confront him. Writer-director Molotov charts the tensions of the family car journey with unerring wit. *West End: Odeon Camden Town, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Haymarket*

DR DOLITTLE (PG)

Within the restrictions of a PG certificate, Eddie Murphy shows that his talents are more pliable than they might have first appeared. *West End: Elephant & Castle Coronet, Hammersmith Virgin, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End*

THE FIRELIGHT (15)

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## THAT WAS THE WEEKEND THAT WAS

EDITED BY JON CULLEY

### Ambitious Knighton about to call it a day

MICHAEL KNIGHTON is on the verge of declaring that his dream of turning Carlisle United into a Premiership force is finally over.

Even before Saturday's defeat at Exeter left the Cumbrians next to bottom of the Third Division, the controversial former Manchester United director confirmed he was ready to sell his club interest, reportedly for £1m.

He is said to blame abuse from supporters "affecting my family life and my children" for pushing him to the point of abandoning his once-grandiose ambitions. Knighton, who acquired notoriety from his attempt to buy out Martin Edwards at Man-

chester United, took over the then-siling club in 1992. He boldly proclaimed that Carlisle would be in the top flight "within 10 years", a prediction only reinforced when the team won the Third Division title in 1995, when he said that they "could be as big as Blackburn Rovers", that season's Premiership winners.

But Carlisle were relegated the following season. They again won promotion in 1997 but lasted a season. Among Knighton's other dreams was the establishment of a youth academy "rival Auxerre or Ajax", but serious questions about his mental state were asked when he disclosed a conversation with aliens after

spotting a UFO near the M62. Last season, he engaged in a furious battle with the local *News and Star* newspaper, accusing their reporters of inciting fans to boycott matches, stage sit-ins or walk-outs and chant vindictive abuse.

The paper responded by carrying the results of a poll that showed 81 per cent of supporters blame Knighton for Carlisle's predicament.

Even now, Knighton still

has not abandoned his ideas, revealing he was trying to assemble a "dream team" coaching partnership of Mick Wadsworth, the manager of Scarborough and Peter Beardsley. Now that idea looks set to go the way of all the others.

#### KEY NUMBERS

11	The number of goals scored by Tottenham's Les Ferdinand in his 12 matches against Everton.
11	The number of cautions received by Everton players in three Premiership games so far.
37	The number of yellow cards issued by the Premiership on Saturday.
300	The number of goals scored by Southampton in the Premiership following Matt Le Tissier's late penalty against Forest.
1	I TOLD YOU SO

"The secret is that we know a lot about them they know very little about us."

Charlton manager Alan Curbishley, before his team held Arsenal at Highbury to stay among the Premiership leaders.

Smith snapped up De Freitas as a free transfer from the Spanish club Osasuna as one of several interesting summer signings that could turn his team into Premiership contenders. He also recruited two Italians, Mario Bortolazzi and Enrico Maresca.

After taking 10 points from their opening four matches, Albion fans are beginning to wonder if the notion of a return to the top flight is gaining credibility, after 12 years in the wilderness.

Charlton manager

Alan Curbishley, before his team held Arsenal at Highbury to stay among the Premiership leaders.

### Rioch made to pay for his good advice

CO-OPERATION AMONG managers is all well and good, but Bruce Rioch had immediate cause for regretting one bit of advice dispensed to the West Bromwich Albion manager, Denis Smith, after Norwich beat him to a 2-0 defeat at The Hawthorns on Saturday.

Both goals came from the Dutch striker Fabian de Freitas – signed by Smith on the Norwich manager's recommendation after spending a season under Rioch at Bolton.

The 26-year-old, making his first appearance for Albion in the First Division, came off the bench after 59 minutes and had put Smith's side ahead within 60 seconds before adding the second goal 13 minutes later, sending Norwich to their first league loss

of the season. "Fabian certainly paid Bruce back well for his recommendation," Smith said. "When I was considering making a move for him I contacted Bruce and he told me I would be foolish not to take him on the books."

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B

# Striking problems confront Smith

IN EINDHOVEN last week the Dutch press were bemoaning Wim Jonk's departure from PSV a genuine European power; to Sheffield Wednesday, a moderate English club. That he was thought to be doubling his wages was obviously a factor but, they lamented: "He wants to play in the Premiership, you have such a good league".

This was not immediately apparent at Goodison Park on Saturday. In the same way as some films become celebrated for their ineptitude, Everton and Tottenham produced a match which was so awful it became entertaining. After watching PSV play sweet passing football with an emphasis on attacking wing play, returning to this third-and-blunder was like following *Casablanca* with *Two Girls - The Movie*.

While it had seemed premature to call this a relegation battle after just two matches the fare, and the raw approach of both players and supporters, suggested the billing was accurate. Already Tottenham fans are looking nervously at their end-of-season run-in (Liverpool, Chelsea and Manchester United are their closing opponents) while Everton's final day trip to Southampton has a "death or glory" look to it.

Everton, in particular, were dreadful and, while Christian Gross deserved this 1-0 win for his courage and decency, beating such a rabble hardly made a compelling argument for preserving his job. Jürgen Klinsmann is the latest to be linked with his position but Gross insisted: "I am convinced I will stay in charge. I have a positive mind and treat these stories as a challenge." If he does depart he will at least remember Everton with affection, having begun and ended his reign with Goodison victories.



GLENN MOORE  
COMMENTARY

"Everybody likes coming here," said Gross with a smile, but for Everton fans it is becoming a grisly ritual akin to that endured at Maine Road in recent years. As ever they greeted the team with a ferocious roar then, after the first wayward punt forward at Duncan Ferguson's head, fell silent with frustration, nerves and despair before, like the team, rousing themselves for a late, doomed, assault.

It seems that however many changes are made, to management or personnel, the team's pattern remains the same: "Hit it at Fergie's head and hope something happens." We are not yet out of August and the one-time School of Science has already reached the familiar stage where, admitted Walter Smith, "it's not about style, it's about results." Including last season's abysmal closing form Everton have now gone 355 minutes without a goal and have only scored three in the last 13 hours' play (during which they have taken four points from 24).

Smith now knows what he has let himself in for by moving south - though he might have guessed by being preceded to Everton by one of his Ibrox cast-offs, Alec Cleland, whose summe-



Everton's Nick Barmby dives into a strong challenge from Tottenham's Allen Nielsen at Goodison Park. Allsport

signing was indicative of Everton's falling standards. With Cleland and the composed but unadventurous Michael Ball flanking three ponderous central defenders, Everton found themselves playing five at the back at home. This left the team bereft of width which, in turn, meant the passing skills of John Collins were wasted. Thus, over and over again, it was left to Ball, David Unsworth or Cleland to hoof the ball at Ferguson from deep. After several years of this type of service Ferguson, once an accomplished player on the ground, has become a parody of an old-fashioned centre-forward as he waits on the edge of the D with his arm aloft calling for a hoof forward.

"Duncan is an option and a good one given his power in the air but it is used too many times," Smith said. The solution, if he cannot change the mindset of his players, is to sell Ferguson, whose Everton record of 33 goals in 106 league games is hardly prolific. Smith is urgently hunting a goalscorer - not to play off Ferguson but to provide an alternative option.

The admirable goalkeeper Thomas Mylne is one of Everton's few strengths. There was another assured Norwegian between the sticks at the other end, as Espen Baardsen rewarded Gross for dropping Ian Walker. With Sol Campbell commanding in defence, Colin Calderwood and Darren An-

derton industrious in midfield and Lee Ferdinand, as usual at Goodison, in the mood in attack, Spurs had a decent spine. Lifted by Ferdinand's early goal, scored after Craig Short allowed him a free run at David Ginola's corner, they matched Everton's unflagging effort and thus gained supremacy through their greater balance and cohesion.

Not that they were without their own frailties, and they needed some solid saves from Baardsen and a couple of helpful decisions to survive. One was the ruling out of a Ferguson "goal", apparently for offside, another the refusal to grant Marco Materazzi a penalty for falling over Anderston's leg.

Since Ginola might have won an earlier penalty when falling under Unsworth's challenge, this evened things up. Television evidence was inconclusive in both cases but if Peter Jones, inconsistent in other areas, was mistaken he was in good company. Few of the referee's charges performed any better.

Goal: Ferdinand 0-1 (5). Substitutes not used: Mylne, Cleland (Myers, 74); Baardsen (Spence, 74); Dacort, Collins, Ferguson, Cadamarteri. Substitutes used: Gerrard (gk), Allen, Clement, Walker (gk), Baardsen, Carr, Campbell, Vega, Tramezzani. For: Calderwood, Anderson, Nielsen, Ferdinand (Armstrong, 71), Ginola. Substitutes not used: Walker (gk), Allen, Clement, Walker (gk), Baardsen, Carr, Campbell, Vega, Tramezzani. Referee: P Jones (Loughborough). Bookings: Everton: Cleland, Ball, Ferguson, Tottenham: Vega, Ginola. Attendance: 39,378. Man of the match: Campbell.

At the Riverside Stadium on Saturday just past the burger van selling Emerson Hot Dogs (one bite and they're gone, presumably, and bursting with São Paulo pork, quite possibly), Smith watched his team take the lead with a goal scored by a Costa Rican and then lose it thanks to a header by a Colombian.

In the decade since Mirandinha reduced him to a state of pig-sickness, Smith has clearly revised his opinion on the foreign legionaries of football. His Derby are not so much a County as a world, with a German, a Croat, a Costa Rican, a Norwegian, a Dane and two Italians on the pitch on Saturday not to mention an Estonian and a Jamaican on the bench and an Argentinian waiting in the wings.

It was, however, the South American whom Middlesbrough's manager, Bryan Robson, introduced at half-time who held the key to a Premier League contest overflowing with internationals but with precious few goals of international class.

With Alan Armstrong and Marco Branca on the injured list, Middlesbrough need nothing more than a striking asset as they look to take some sort of foothold in the big league - other, perhaps, than Paul Gas-

coigne doing more than huff and puff his way through 90 minutes, which he did as a plodding passenger on Saturday.

Hamilton Ricard looked as aerobically challenged as Gascoigne in the handful of First Division games he played last season, after arriving at the Riverside for £2m from Deportivo Cali in March. Hamilton, it seemed, had great difficulty doing anything academical on the pitch.

"As far as I'm concerned he can rot on his pig farm in São Paulo," the blood-splitting Bald Eagle said of Mirandinha, having failed to swoop down from the directors' box in time to stop Newcastle's Brazilian sprinting off Ayresome Park as quickly as he had collapsed to the ground under the slightest hint of a challenge.

In 45 minutes on Saturday, however, the 24-year-old Colombian showed sufficient sharpness to reveal the international pedigree he has gained alongside Faustino Asprilla in his national team. Not that his influence alone was responsible for stirring Boro from their first-half stupor.

Giving Paul Merson licence to roam on the right was significant, too. Indeed, it was from Merson's right-wing cross that Ricard rose to head the 48th minute equaliser. "Hamilton is getting used to the English game, to the surroundings and to his team-mates now," said Robson.

As for Smith, he could be grateful for the uncharacteristic fumble by Mark Schwarzer that allowed Paul Wanchope to open Derby's seasonal goalscoring account - and that Gascoigne hit the bar (not after the game, but during it) with his one contribution of note, a curling 71st minute free-kick.

"I'm not exactly over the moon with the performance," Smith said. But the Bald Eagle was not exactly sick as a parrot either. His legionnaires, after all, remain unbeaten in the green and pleasant land of the Premiership.

Goals: Wanchope (31) 0-1; Ricard (48). Substitutes not used: Schwarzer, Stockdale, Festa, Cooper, Gordon; Gascoigne, Musto, Townsend (Kunder, 87); Scott, Goss, Dyer, Dyer (Holland, 89). Substitutes not used: Vickers (Boro). Referee: Beresford (gk).

Derby County (3-5-2): Howie, Lauren, Stivicic, Elliott, Erans, Canley, Bohren, Powell, Goss, Dyer, Townsend (Kunder, 87), Wanchope. Substitutes not used: Burton, Bridge, Willmott, Poern (gk). Referee: M Riley (Leeds). Bookings: Derby: Bohren, Stivicic, Erans, Wanchope. Substitutes not used: Powell. Attendance: 34,121.

# Ricard provides the spark

BY SIMON TURNBULL

Middlesbrough 1  
Derby County 1

IT WAS not very far from the maddening crowd at Middlesbrough on Saturday that Jim Smith, that hardy perennial of football management, once upon a time famously despaired of the foreign bodies despoiling into the English game.

"As far as I'm concerned he can rot on his pig farm in São Paulo," the blood-splitting Bald Eagle said of Mirandinha, having failed to swoop down from the directors' box in time to stop Newcastle's Brazilian sprinting off Ayresome Park as quickly as he had collapsed to the ground under the slightest hint of a challenge.

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# Hodgson warns of the perils of point pinching

BY GUY HODGSON

Blackburn Rovers 1  
Leicester City 0

WHILE KENNY DALGLISH'S leaving of St James' Park has caused few tears on Tyneside, the atmosphere it has created is not wholesome. The measurements of success and failure, the climate in which you keep or lose your job, have become harsher. Two matches are now the common currency.

Fear and caution were the powerful emotions in this match, crushing enterprise, straitjacketing the players, and affecting at least one manager. "In the past we were under pressure after 10 games," Roy Hodgson said. "Now it's after every single match."

The Blackburn manager had articulated his indignation at DalGLISH's sacking/resignation beforehand and maybe his despair took to the pitch with the teams, promoting the escalating risk of losing way above the possible pleasure of a victory. Even Uriah Rennie, a referee who has polished a bright reputation in just over a year in the

Premiership, seemed to lose his perspective.

It was the referee who had Hodgson cursing in an uncharacteristically tetchy appearance, so it was his principal striker, Chris Sutton, who gave a more objective overview.

"What worries me after two games at Ewood Park is how tight it's going to be this season," he said. "Most teams are under so much pressure because of all the money involved and they are fighting just to stay in the Premiership."

"It's understandable, but it isn't pretty to watch and I wonder how the fans will react as time goes on. Unfortunately, I can see only Manchester United, Liverpool and Arsenal coming here and having at go at us."

It means nine months of this sort of game, where point pinching is the rule, then we all ought to be worried. Leicester dozed for 25 minutes, allowed Kevin Gallacher to put Blackburn ahead, and when they did wake up they had little but the long ball as a tactical option.

Blackburn, who initially left the £2m pair, Kevin Davies and Christian Daily, on the bench,

had a winless start to the campaign prominent in their thoughts and were little better. Consequently the match was one of few opportunities.

Instead the attention drifted to Mr Remie, who gave an idiosyncratic performance with a 5-0 scoreline in terms of bookings until Leicester's Frank Sinclair and Emile Heskey were added in the latter stages.

Sumption was blown up almost every time he rose for a header and was booked for what

Hodgson said was taking the option of "either diving out of the way or getting a broken leg".

But while Blackburn's manager and players tempered their criticisms to avoid the wrath of the Football Association, Steve Walsh was not so circumspect.

The Leicester centre-back collapsed to the floor in the last second after a collision with Tim Sherwood and, when no penalty was forthcoming, had to be restrained by his teammates from doing something he might regret to Mr Remie.

Sumption, I got taken out in the box and the referee does not know what to do. No wonder I had to be held back.

"Because of the way he handled the game he had everybody at each other's throats.

His decisions were winding everyone up and causing needless problems. I'm not just talking about what happened to me, but his whole performance. He was getting so many things wrong. It's not good enough."

In a match where cynical trips went unpunished and petty indiscretions got the full treatment, he had a case no matter how you viewed the final moments. But in a world where speaking one's mind is a short cut to penury, the FA is unlikely to be as understanding.

Goals: Goss (12) 0-1, Dyer (14).

Blackburn: Remie (4-2); Flowers, Kenyon, Hinchey, Peacock, Dicks, Duff (Wilson, 71), Sutton, Gallacher (Davies, 43), McInnes, McInnes (Fitzpatrick, 49).

Leicester City (3-5-2): Keller, Sinclair, Elliott (Dagger, 66), Walsh, Savage, Zagorakis (Parke, 37), Letton (Carr, 54), Izquierdo, Goss, Dyer (Holland, 89). Substitutes not used: Kamara, Arshad (gk).

Bookings: Blackburn: Flowers, Peacock, Dicks, Sutton, Perez. Leicester: Sinclair, Izquierdo, Goss, Dyer (Holland, 89).

Referee: D Remie (Sheffield).

Man of the match: Izquierdo.

Attendance: 22,554.

# Saints back to bad old ways

BY NICK HARRIS

Southampton 1  
Nottingham Forest 2

SOUTHAMPTON's defeat by Nottingham Forest on Saturday showed just how capable both sides are of performing contrary to expectation.

The Saints - for probably the first time in a decade - started the season without being among the sides most pundits thought were destined for relegation. The summer addition of experienced and proven players (Mark Hughes, David Howells, Stuart Ripley) to a squad which produced some fine performances in the past year from unlikely sources (Paul Jones, Carlton Palmer) led many to think they could be

an exciting proposition and, if not actually become contenders for any honours, at least replicate the 12th place they achieved in the Premiership.

Saturday's result, the third defeat in three games this season, gave little credence to the theory. "We are not a team that is playing with confidence at the moment," Dave Jones, the Southampton manager, offered in explanation afterwards. "It is annoying and baffling after I have brought in so many quality players to the club. I can't put my finger on the problem but we just did not perform."

Although there were encouraging signs from some quarters - Matt Le Tissier played an assured 90 minutes of thoughtful football and

earned and scored a last-minute consolation penalty - the sum of Southampton's parts still added up to something less than a whole lot.

Forest, by contrast, seen as bankers by many to free-fall straight back to the Nationwide, produced a determined display - typified by the relentless effort of Steve Stone - that should postpone, if not stop, talk of relegation. Jean-Claude Darcheville, the speedy Frenchman, scored a composed goal to put Forest ahead in the 53rd minute after being set up by Stone, and then Stone himself made it two 16 minutes later.

"I am not convinced this was his (Darcheville's) best performance for us," said Dave Bassett, the visitor's manager. "Still, if he keeps scoring goals

when he is not at his best, I won't complain."

As for Southampton, perhaps time will help the mixture of old hands, new faces and youth to get better; but with Paul Jones, the goalkeeper, suspended for their next match, and three defeats behind them, it will take some motivating to help them live up to new - and offier than usual - expectations.

Goals: Darcheville (53) 0-1; Stone (69).

Southampton: Dicks (4-3-1-2); Jones, Dodd, McInnes, Dyer, Dicks, Parke, Duff, Ripley (Bridge, 66), Howells, Palmer, Izquierdo, Letton, Lumb, Green, Moss (69), Bonalair, Armstrong, Christie, Rogers, Stone, Johnson, Gemmill, Thomas, Hinchey, Arshad (Freedman, 73), Substitutes not used: Quashie, Lytle, Edwards, Crowley (gk).

Referee: D Gallagher (Barnbury).

Bookings: Southampton: Hughes, Ripley, Izquierdo, Stone.

Man of the match: Stone.

Attendance: 14,942.

OFF  
ELECTRICITY WITH  
BRITISH GAS

\*Based on taking gas as well as electricity (single rate credit meter) from us and competing our national average monthly direct debit tariff of each local electricity supplier as at 1st July 1998. Based on an annual consumption of 5,500 kWh.

British Gas  
Home Energy

Ricard  
provides  
the spark

# Super league claims to have fans' backing

BY NICK HARRIS

THE company behind a breakaway European super league will meet with Premier League clubs on Thursday to tell them football supporters support its plans.

An opinion poll commissioned by Media Partners – the company behind the league – suggests a majority of supporters would like to see an independent body overseeing

European club football. The poll, researched and analysed independently by MORI, shows 55 per cent of the 1,061 football fans canvassed favoured a switch from Uefa, European football's governing body, and 70 per cent said they approved of Media Partners plans when given details.

The survey will add weight to Media Partners plans, which currently involve dozens of Europe's

biggest clubs, including Manchester United, Arsenal and Liverpool, to also come at a time when a number of clubs are understood to have committed themselves to the super league to the extent they have already informally agreed to take

steps towards joining a breakaway, but he stopped short of saying it was definitely not under consideration. "Our prime objective is the Premier League," he said. "We will not do anything to disrupt that."

The news comes after a weekend when Uefa held an executive meeting in Monaco and firmly rejected the idea it would consider working with any outside body to change its tournaments.

"We think it [the Media Partners project] is not in the spirit we would like to see in European competitions and Uefa will not co-operate with any venture it can't identify with," Gerhard Aigner, Uefa's general secretary said.

Uefa will now develop changes of its own – to come into effect by the year 2000 – through a special task force which will include Peter Leaver, the chief executive of the

Premier League. The task force will work in close co-operation with five major clubs, all former European champions – Liverpool, Juventus, Bayern Munich, Ajax and Olympique Marseilles – to think of ways to thwart any renegade action.

The changes will include merging the Uefa Cup and the Cup-Winners' Cup, expanding the Champions' League, making competitions more lucrative, introduc-

ing professional referees and possibly introducing "wild card" entries to the Champions' League.

The last suggestion is surprising, not only because Uefa had previously ruled out any entry to its competitions not solely based on performance in the previous season, but because it – and the other proposals – almost exactly mirrors what Media Partners has put on the table.

## Wenger has Petit problem

BY PHIL SHAW

Arsenal 0  
Charlton Athletic 0

EVERYONE KNOWS what Arsène Wenger stands for, that fusion of English toughness and European technique which brought the Doubs back to London NS. We are still waiting to learn what the Arsenal manager will not stand for.

Much has changed since the George Graham era. Interviews with long-serving players invariably refer to how Wenger's advice on lifestyle has prolonged their careers. The diets and the drinking may be different, yet indiscipline on the pitch continues to cast a dark shadow in the marble halls.

Emmanuel Petit's dismissal against Charlton was the club's 16th since the Premier League started in 1992. Of the 14 clubs who have been in continuous membership, only Wimbledon have a worse record. Arsenal's total is double that of Liverpool and six more than Manchester United. Petit, a personable, even sensitive individual off the park, has evidently not learned from his sending-off for manhandling a referee in October. That was one of six red cards Arsenal were shown in all competitions last season, recipients ranging from the teenaged substitute, Jason Crowe (after 33 seconds), to the seasoned international, Dennis Bergkamp.

The flashpoint this time came 12 minutes into the second half, after Charlton had survived two penalty appeals in quick succession. Petit, cautioned for disputing the second decision, then showed a lack of self-control with a late lunge on Shaun Newton. He appeared at first to refuse to go – and also to take the standing ovation he was perverely given as vindication for his action.

Wenger stopped short of the public condemnation that might send the right signals to the dressing-room, though he must realise that Arsenal's Champions' League opponents now know that Petit, for one, is easily provoked. "Manu shouldn't have done it, though he didn't mean to injure their player" he said. "When he's frustrated he over-reacts. He shouldn't do it."

Asked about the culture of dissent and indiscipline which is totally at odds with his own urbanity, Wenger replied: "I'm not happy with it. It's a big concern."

Petit, meanwhile, maintained he had merely pressed Mr Poll for a penalty, when Patrick Vieira fell under Steve Brown's challenge, and did not use abusive language. He accepted that he deserved the second caution but his rush of blood (unjustified by television replays which showed that even if a foul should have been given, contact was outside the area) could have cost his side even more dearly if it had allowed Charlton to score.

His frustration was a tribute to Charlton. Lazily typecast as this year's Barnsley, Alan Curbishley's team are solid, where their promoted predecessors were slapdash. Exactly 900 minutes have now passed since they last conceded a League goal, reflecting much graft on the training ground. However, it should be noted that, even before Petit's exit, they matched the champions' chance for chance.

Charlton worked voraciously to deny Arsenal space in midfield, where their captain, Mark Kinsella, did not suffer by comparison with two World Cup winners. Although their next away fixtures take them to Manchester United and Liverpool, the organised manner in which they have already thwarted Newcastle with 10 men and deprived Arsenal of a 12th successive home win augurs well.

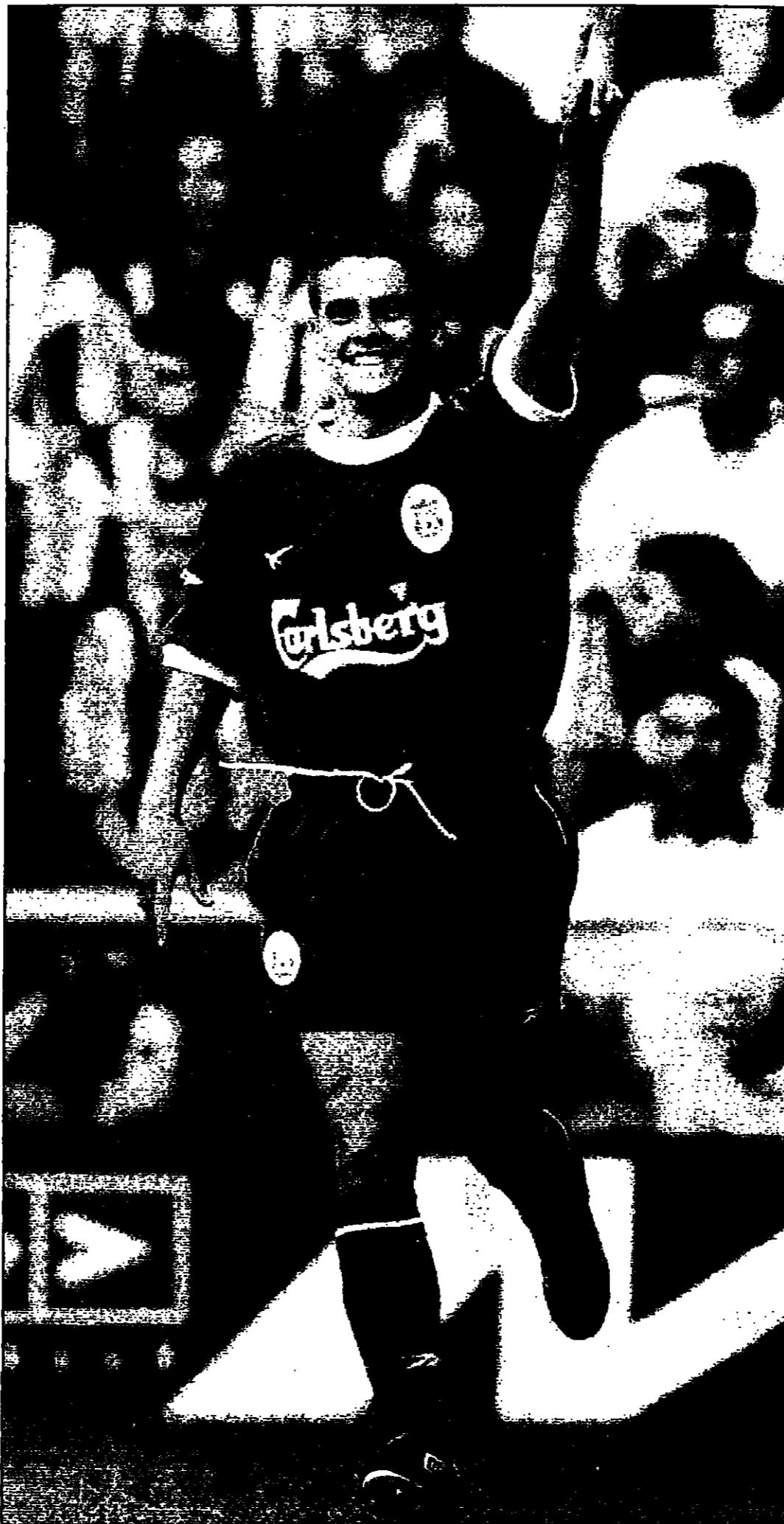
Whereas Kinsella cost Curbishley £150,000 from Colchester, Wenger may have to spend 50 to 100 times as much to secure the two players he admits he is seeking. Defenders, he said, are not a priority; a striker to relieve the burden on Bergkamp surely is, though Arsenal will not pay an "unreasonable" price like the £2.2m Milan asked for Patrick Kluivert.

The jaded form of their creative catalyst represents a real quandary. "Dennis isn't right yet because of the World Cup," Wenger sighed. "He went into it without proper preparation after getting injured in May and finished it exhausted. But we can't give him time to prepare properly because we have so many games."

Arsenal (4-4-2): Seaman; Dion (Mas, 66), Keown, Adams, Winterburn; Parker, Petit, Vieira (Hughes, 66), Owusu, Oviedo; Dennis, Bergkamp, Kluivert. Substitutes not used: Bould, Mannerup (gk). Charlton Athletic (4-4-2): Mc. Mills, Brown, Power, Newton, Kinsella, Redfearn, Robinson, Goss, Goss (gk). Substitutes not used: Balmer, K Jones, Patterson (gk). Referee: G Poll (Mulg). Attenders: 33,000. Attendance: 33,000.

Michael Owen celebrates the first goal of his hat-trick in Liverpool's 4-1 victory over Round Gullit's Newcastle United at St James' Park yesterday

Reuters



## Radebe style all smiles for Graham



KEN JONES  
ON MONDAY

IN CONVERSATION on the touchline at Selhurst Park, waiting after the match to perform for television, George Graham and Joe Kinnear agreed that not many players today are drawn to the responsibility of defending. "It isn't glamorous enough for them," Graham said.

Lucas Radebe is a notable exception. Almost every week Graham is asked "name your price" for Leeds United's athletic, leggy South African centre back, whose performance in Saturday's 1-1 draw against Wimbledon further justified the high rating he gets throughout the Premiership. "I could sell him tomorrow," Graham confided, "and I'm talking about the biggest clubs."

Radebe's attitude is precisely that of the legacy Graham left in place at Arsenal. "Lucas loves defending," the Leeds manager said. "I see in him what I saw in Tony Adams, Nigel Winterburn, Lee Dixon and Steve Bould. They go on and on at Highbury because they get great joy from what they do and have two terrific midfielders providing protection."

An outstanding full-back in his day, a Republic of Ireland international who shared in the latter phase of Tottenham's long ago glories, Kinnear is outstanding full-back in his day, a Republic of Ireland international who shared in the latter phase of Tottenham's long ago glories, Kinnear is

working a hard furrow, with five points from three games, the perky Wimbledon manager deserves better for his commitment. His is a poorly supported team, make do and mend, pick up what you can buy in cheap, mould and capitalise. By comparison, even cash-strapped Leeds are from a different world.

Kinnear's task is to squeeze every last drop from average players, while hoping his better men can make decisive contributions. The withdrawal of Efan Ekoku after 40 minutes, replacing him with the limited Carl Leaburn, was one towering figure for another, prompted by Ekoku's ineffectiveness.

It is the old story. Too laid back for his own good, Ekoku was on fire when scoring twice against Tottenham on the opening day of the season but here was the other side of him: ambition all too easily snuffed out by Radebe and Robert Molenar. Kinnear's public utterances – "They put everything into it and we deserved something for our efforts towards the end" – barely concealed his frustration. "We were second best," he admitted to Graham, grateful for the terrific strike that enabled Wimbledon to draw level in the 72nd minute.

For all that graft, Wimbledon are fortunate to achieve parity with a team that bears all Graham's trademarks: defensively sound, well organised, un-

stinting in application and so lively going forward that their goal attempts were in double figures before Lee Bowyer put them ahead with a stunning shot in the 61st minute.

There are few more inspired attackers in the Premiership than Harry Kewell. David Hopkin looks better for losing weight, and Jimmy Hasselbaink has come fully to terms with the physical demands of the Premiership.

Today attitude is all important. It stood out in the effort from Manchester United's Ryan Giggs and David Beckham in Poland last week. "We used to have midfield players to unlock defences," Graham added. "That's no longer enough. Everybody has to work."

When Kinnear saw things going wrong, he switched Hughes to the right side of midfield to help counter the threat that was coming from Kewell and Ian Harte. Bowyer's goal, coming after Neil Sullivan's goal-keeping had kept Wimbledon in the match, caused him to change again to three attackers with Hughes in close support from centre midfield. "We got caught out a little bit when Hughes scored," Graham said, "but I don't want to take anything away from the lad. To beat Nigel Martyn from that range (of 30 yards) the shot had to be a bit special."

Before inviting Graham for a drink in the small, stuffy staff quarters known as the "bunker", Kinnear looked at him quizzically. "The word is you could be going to Tottenham," he said. Graham back in north London trying to stuff his previous employers? "I've got enough on my plate," he smiled.

Goal: Bowyer (61). 0-1: Hughes (72). 1-1: Kinnear (88). Substitutes not used: Winterburn, Kennedy, Arley (gk), Roberts, Earle, Hughes, Ekoku (Leisure, 40), Efan Ekoku (not used); Head (gk), Kennedy, Peacock, Molenar, Radebe, Harte, Bowyer, Kinnear, Winterburn, Hasselbaink, Hopkin, Haxland, Bowyer, Kewell, Hasselbaink, Sharp, Ribeiro, Beever (gk), Hale (not used), McAllister, Pendleton, Perry, Roberts, Efan Ekoku (Leisure, 16). Attendance: 16,437.

## Villa accentuate the negative to go top

BY PHIL ANDREWS

Sheffield Wednesday 0  
Aston Villa 1

IF THE Australian goalkeeper Mark Bosnich is reluctant to extend his contract at Villa Park, it is not because he is unhappy about the quality of his fellow defenders.

His view after a victory, which took Villa to the top of the Premiership, was that this is the best defence he has ever played behind, so at least he has reached agreement with

his manager over something. John Gregory also put the extension of the purple patch with which his side ended last season down to his robust rearguard. "On the offensive side this was our least impressive display of the season, but on the defensive side we were quite outstanding. Wednesday pressed us hard all through the second half, but there was always someone putting a foot in or sticking his head in the way, and Bosnich had a clean pair of hands."

Indeed, despite an almost faultless defensive display in

which the centre-backs Gareth Southgate and Ugo Ehiogu remained calm at the eye of a gathering storm, Villa owe their victory to a couple of superb saves by Bosnich from Wednesday's striker Andy Booth in the last few minutes and another from Paolo di Canio.

It left Hillsborough still waiting to see a goal from the home side this season, and Wednesday's manager, Danny Wilson, frustrated by another home match lost through his side's inability to convert their chances.

"Our commitment and atti-

tude are not in question, but ruthlessness in front of goal is the difference between successful and unsuccessful teams," he said.

"If we continue to fail to score at home, finding another striker will become a priority."

The unfortunate Booth had the ball in the net after only four minutes but was marginally off-side, and he directed a header narrowly wide before Villa scored the only goal of the afternoon on 37 minutes.

Stan Collymore, back for the

first time this season, picked out

his striking partner, Julian Joachim, whose half-volley from the edge of the penalty area flew beyond Kevin Pressman's left hand.

It was the only moment of laxness from a Wednesday defence which looked almost as reliable as Villa's. The real difference between the sides was in midfield, where Wednesday's summer signing Wim Jonk was overshadowed by the burgeoning home-grown talent of Villa's Lee Hendrie.

But, for Gregory, the even larger shadow of the departed

Dwight Yorke still lingers. "The second half was made for him, when we needed someone to do it for us on the break," he said. "We are always going to miss a player of his quality."

Goal: Joachim (37). 0-1: Jonk (70). Substitutes not used: Winterburn, Kennedy, Arley (gk), Roberts, Earle, Hughes, Ekoku (Leisure, 40), Efan Ekoku (not used); Head (gk), Kennedy, Peacock, Molenar, Radebe, Harte, Bowyer, Kinnear, Winterburn, Hasselbaink, Hopkin, Haxland, Bowyer, Kewell, Hasselbaink, Sharp, Ribeiro, Beever (gk), Hale (not used), McAllister, Pendleton, Perry, Roberts, Efan Ekoku (Leisure, 16). Attendance: 25,999.



THIS SATURDAY THERE WERE 12 SCORE DRAWS:

MIDDLESBROUGH	V DERBY	TRANMERE	V BRISTOL C.
WIMBLEDON	V LEEDS	BLACKPOOL	V GILLINGHAM
COLTON	V SHEFF. UTD	Notts County	V MAN CITY
HUDSFIELD	V PORTSMOUTH	DUNDEE	V CELTIC
STOKEPORT	V CRYSTAL P.	DUNFERMLINE	V ABERDEEN
SMIENDON	V PORT VALE	G'ICK MORTON	V CLYDEBANK

PAYOUTS FOR 8, 7 & 6 SCORE DRAWS OVER 25,000 WINNERS THIS WEEK.

CATEGORY	NO. OF WINNERS	AMOUNT TO EACH WINNER
8 SCORE DRAWS	232	£8,651
7 SCORE DRAWS	2,820	£32
6 SCORE DRAWS	22,173	£8

VALUE OF TICKETS ENTERED THIS WEEK: £1,594,492.

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## Sure-footed Ferdinand is England doubt

BY JON CULLEY

Coventry City 0  
West Ham United 0

IT WAS almost an excellent day for the Ferdinands. First Lee scores the goal that grants Christian Gross a breathing space at Tottenham; then cousin Rio, watched by the England assistant manager, John Gorman, provides a timely exhibition of high-class defending ahead of next Saturday's European Championship qualifier in Sweden.

Perfect – except that Rio's reward for keeping Dion Dublin and Darren Huckerby in check at Highfield Road was a groin injury that threatens his availability for Stockholm.

West Ham's manager, Harry Redknapp, had to confess that his prospects were not bright. "He was really struggling for the last 10 to 15 minutes. We'll have to see how he is over 24 hours but it does not look good. It's a shame for him but there is no point in him going away if he is not right."

Indeed, despite an almost

turbid about missing an opportunity to further his international career, as Redknapp was quick to acknowledge, there will be plenty more.

People talk about Marcel Desailly but a couple of years down the line this lad will be the best defender in Europe," Redknapp enthused. "He's got so much quality, so much ability. Every time, with his problem, he was winning balls in the air off Dublin, bringing the ball off defence at his feet. He can do anything. He's got so much talent, he's like a Rolls-Royce."

Not that he need be too per-

This was West Ham's third clean sheet from three matches, which pleased Redknapp no end. No longer are they regarded as a soft touch away from home, as was once the case. He had Neil Ruddock alongside Ferdinand with the Chilean, Javier Margas, his £2m summer purchase from Universidad Católica. They looked solid. Ferdinand, for once, was rarely a problem, so frustrated he ended up diving in search of a penalty and picked up a yellow card for his troubles.

# SPORT

SRI LANKANS UPSTAGE ENGLAND P15 • CLAYDON'S BIG PAY DAY P18

Belgian Grand Prix: Schumacher confronts Coulthard in pits after collision that helped give Jordan their first win

## Hill triumphant amid mayhem

BY DERICK ALLSOP  
at Spa-Francorchamps

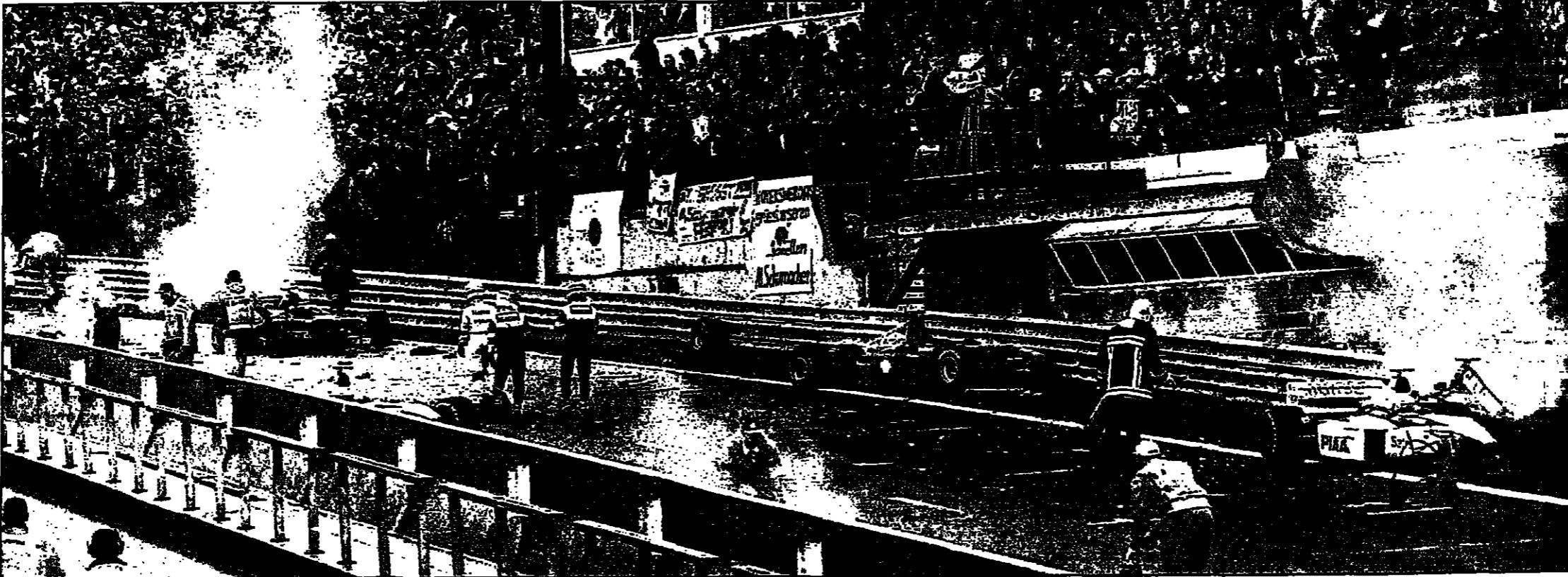
EVEN BY the standards of this imperious and pernicious circuit, yesterday's Belgian Grand Prix can only be classified as astonishing. A race which started with a massive pile-up ended with victory for Damon Hill and David Coulthard claiming he had been accused by Michael Schumacher of trying to kill him.

Coulthard vehemently defended himself against accusations of foul play after he was confronted by an irate Schumacher in the pits. Moments earlier, the German's Ferrari had ploughed into the back of the Scot's McLaren, tearing off Schumacher's right front wheel and destroying his chance of taking the lead in the world championship from the other McLaren driver, Mika Häkkinen.

That left the road open, if by no means clear, for Hill to claim his first win in almost two years, and the first success for Eddie Jordan's team in their eighth season at this level. To complete the picture of achievement and irony, Ralf Schumacher, younger brother of Michael, finished second, his best placing.

Hill and Eddie Jordan led the celebrations at the end of a summer that threatened to plunge them into eternal depression. Their form has gathered a remarkable momentum over the past few races.

Hill had been left in Schumacher's spray early in the race. The gap opened to half a minute when Schumacher lined up his attack to lap Coulthard. Instead of emerging from the spray en route to a



The clear-up begins after the carnage in which 13 cars were damaged at the start of the Belgian Grand Prix at Spa-Francorchamps yesterday

Robert Vanden Brugge/AFP

three-point advantage over Häkkinen, wheel and body work flew into the air. A disbelieving Schumacher was so incensed he drove his three-wheeler back to the pits at near racing speed and was accompanied by a reticent Coulthard, who needed repairs.

Schumacher knew his car was beyond repair, climbed out and shrugged off engineers who had tried to prevent him from marching towards the McLaren garage. There he angrily confronted Coulthard

before he was eventually hauled away.

Coulthard resumed his race to finish a distant seventh and then joined Schumacher in front of the stewards. Coulthard left the hearing to jeers and boos from a group of Schumacher's fans.

Coulthard said: "He came into the garage like an animal, saying I tried to kill him. I find his behaviour absolutely disgusting. If he wants to discuss it quietly man to man, then fine, but this attitude is totally unacceptable.

If he's accusing me of that, I've no interest in talking to him. Any allegations he's made are completely untrue and the video evidence will prove it."

Schumacher would only say: "He race-tested me. I've no further comment until we have the stewards' verdict." (The stewards later decided it was merely a "racing incident".)

Eddie Irvine, driver of the other Ferrari, was also summoned to the stewards over his collision with Coulthard which triggered the early mayhem.

Four drivers had no spare car to drive and soon Häkkinen, too, was a spectator. He spun under attack from Schumacher, and was hit by Johnny Herbert's Sauber. Schumacher wriggled free to chase Hill.

For almost eight laps the

thirteen cars failed to make it back to the grid for the restart and many of them were destroyed. Amazingly no driver was hurt, although Irvine limped away from the scene and had an ice-pack applied to his knee before they resumed business.

Englishman resisted but as the rain fell harder the Ferrari went past. In one lap Schumacher opened a five-second lead and by the middle of the race had a half-minute advantage.

It appeared he got unnece-

sarily close to Coulthard when he knew he was under no pressure to take risks. So now, he still trails Häkkinen by seven points rather than leading by one.

Hill had maintained his consistent form and his 22nd grand-prix win and the first since

winning the 1996 Cham-

ampionship, beckoned.

The safety car was sent out as wreckage was cleared from the track, allowing Ralf Schumacher to close up behind his team-mate.

Schumacher was ordered to hold station but Jordan's

strategy was complicated by the advance of Jean Alesi in third place. Eventually, Hill saw off the threat and claimed a memorable triumph. Hill took the flag less than a second ahead of Schumacher.

Hill said: "I'm incredibly happy for Jordan because they try and try. I've won 22 races now and I know what it's like. They're all special wins but this is today and this is a special one now. It shows I can be competitive in another car apart from Williams."

In the Jordan compound, the party was soon underway. Eddie Jordan said: "I knew this would come but I thought we would have to wait longer. You need a bit of luck but I think we were due this."

### Drivers' championship

	Australian GP	Austrian GP	Brussels GP	Canadian GP	French GP	British GP	German GP	Hungarian GP	Italian GP	Luxembourg GP	Japanese GP	Portuguese GP	Spanish GP	Swiss GP	United States GP
1 M Häkkinen (Fin)	10	10	6	-	10	10	-	6	10	10	1	-	-	-	77
2 M Schumacher (Ger)	-	4	10	6	4	-	10	10	10	4	2	10	-	-	70
3 D Coulthard (GB)	6	6	1	10	6	-	-	1	-	6	6	6	-	-	48
4 E Irvine (GB)	3	-	4	4	4	4	6	4	3	-	-	-	13	-	32
5 J Villeneuve (Can)	2	-	3	1	2	-	3	-	1	4	4	-	13	-	20
6 A Wurz (Aust)	-	3	3	-	3	2	3	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	17
7 G Fisichella (It)	-	1	-	-	6	6	-	2	-	-	-	-	-	-	15
8 D Hill (GB)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3	3	10	-	-	-	16
9 H-H Frentzen (Ger)	4	2	2	-	-	-	-	-	2	3	-	-	-	-	13
10 R Schumacher (Ger)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	2	1	6	-	-	-	10
11 J Alesi (Fr)	-	-	2	1	-	-	-	-	-	-	4	-	-	-	7
12 R Barrichello (Br)	-	-	-	-	2	2	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	4
13 M Salo (Fin)	-	-	-	-	3	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3
14 P Dirizzi (Bra)	-	-	-	-	-	1	-	-	-	-	2	-	-	-	3
15 J Herbert (GB)	1	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
16 J Magnussen (Den)	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
17 J Trulli (It)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1



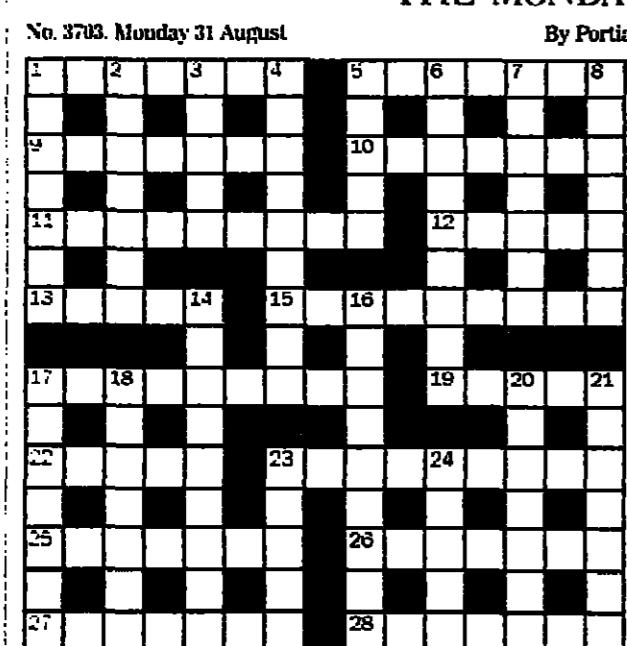
A grim-faced Michael Schumacher (right) walks away from the McLaren garage after an angry confrontation with David Coulthard



Damon Hill celebrates the 22nd victory of his Grand Prix career

### THE MONDAY CROSSWORD

By Portia



ACROSS  
 1 Get rid of high charge (3)  
 5 Headquarters accept Spanish agreement for downpayment (7)  
 9 Bonus from before one's saying nothing about (7)  
 10 Order club to admit Conservative Greek character (7)  
 11 Scrap standard productivity pay (5-4)  
 12 Saucy escapade? (5)

13 Soundly built but is completely demolished (5)  
 15 Fully opened new road set-up (9)  
 17 Restaurant fish Rex tucked into by the lake (9)  
 19 City in Nepal has ancient ruins (6)  
 21 Arrive to catch batwing (3,2)  
 22 Broker's occupied with concealing information (5)  
 24 Academy's mean about

26 present inside school (7)  
 27 Dutch confederate took one's time (7)  
 28 Dreamt about consuming Oriental food (3,4)  
 29 Immediately at this point is out of the running (7)  
 DOWN  
 1 In theory, is operating daily (2,5)  
 2 They are put out to test the water (7)  
 3 Girl's not entirely musical (5)  
 4 European base is beset by gloomy air (9)  
 5 Buzzer that doesn't work? (5)  
 6 Major fundamental truth's expressed (9)  
 7 Run in to check chap's final verse? (7)  
 8 Norman's becoming Royal Navy cadet (7)  
 14 Five hundred is interest free (9)  
 16 Novel article in combat study (3,6)  
 17 Suffer after micro-organism becomes an irritant (7)  
 18 Knock out a heavyweight entering ring (7)  
 20 A walk over (7)  
 21 Reduce a ship's depth inside by a quarter (7)  
 23 Broker's occupied with concealing information (5)  
 24 Academy's mean about

## Owen defines Gullit's task with hat-trick

BY GLENN MOORE

Newcastle United  
Liverpool

JACKIE MILBURN'S statue was bewigged within hours of Ruud Gullit's appointment, but the Angel of the North remained undafted when the Dutchman's second coming kicked off yesterday afternoon.

Judging by what followed, its skull could be exposed to the elements for a while yet. It took just 45 minutes for the rapturous reception accorded Gullit to be turned to boos for the team. In that time, memories had been revived of the downside of the cavalier Keegan days with a shocking defensive performance. Though things improved in the second half, Gullit having abandoned his seat in the stand to take over the team, it was still a crushing disappointment after the heady anticipation of the past few days.

"It was very interesting," said Gullit, who will at least no longer have to deal with inflated expectation. "The first half was not very good and I couldn't resist

doing something about it. In the second half at least we created some chances. I saw some good things and we'll work on them. It will be a hard job."

Liverpool, who top of the table, will not be unhappy that the after-match focus was on Newcastle's failings rather than their own qualities. This is because the attention would have fallen upon the remarkable Michael Owen, whose 15-minute first-half hat-trick punctured the Newcastle hype. The clinical nature of Owen's finishing augurs well for England's trip to Sweden this week as does the form of Paul Ince.

Patrik Berger scored Liverpool's fourth in first-half in-and-white statues. He drew Ince and slipped the ball between his legs. The home crowd fell silent. The sound of the joyous away support singing "sack the board" was greeted with nods of assent.

Liverpool relaxed and Phil Babb, short of passing options, was caught in possession by Rob Lee. He passed to Stéphane Guivarc'h, who proved, contrary to popular opinion, that he could put the ball in an empty net

from eight yards. Mind, it only went in off the post.

Newcastle briefly revived but then Karlheinz Riedle caught Laurent Charvet dwelling on the ball, it ran to Owen and he was off, spearing the ball over Given. Owen, and Liverpool, could have had more but they settled for Berger's goal, after he had run through the defence. In the second period Newcastle reverted to 4-4-2 and at least stemmed the flow of goals, even if they never threatened a recovery.

All but one of Newcastle's support went home in shock. The other was already in hospital after his girlfriend went into labour. It is to be hoped this birth was less painful than that of his club's new era.

Goals: Owen (15) 1-1; Owen (17) 2-2; Berger (27) 1-2; Owen (22) 1-3; Berger (45) 1-4. Newcastle United (4-3-3): Green; Charvet, Riedle, Charvet, Olofsson (77), Lee, Hammar (Gard), 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251

# MONDAY REVIEW

COMMENT • FEATURES • ARTS • LISTINGS • TELEVISION



## That sinking feeling

Two years ago a storm broke through this shingle ridge and a village was cut off for six weeks. In eastern England's battle with the sea these defences need constant reinforcement. So why have our MPs now decided to surrender?

**I**van Large takes a drag on his fag and peers from under the peak of his denim cap at the grey North Sea which is disgorging white, foaming breakers on to the beach below us. "This is all we've got between us and the North Pole," he says with a wry grin, digging his heel into the shingle ridge on which we are standing.

The ridge is about four miles long and 15ft high. It is the only major deviation from the horizontal in the 1,000 yards of marsh land that separates the sea from the village of Salthouse in north-west Norfolk. Every winter since the terrible floods of 1953, bulldozers have arrived to shore up the shingle. Forty-five years on, the locals shake their heads and wonder how long it can last. The sea, they say, sucks

back more and more of the beach before renewing its assault on this eroding coastal defence.

Twice it has broken through in recent years – in 1993 and in 1996, when the A149 through Salthouse was cut off for more than six weeks. "If the sea were allowed to get in regularly, it could go six miles inland, come round the back of us and cut us off like an island," says Large, who is chairman of the parish council, and has lived along this vulnerable coastline for more than 60 years.

Like many another fisherman in these parts, he simply refuses to believe that higher tides are caused by global warming. "It's just that we're in the lap of the gods with the weather," he says. "Every now and then we get big tides coupled with fierce north-westerly winds."

**BY CHRIS ARNOT**

Nor does he accept the view of the MPs on the House of Commons agriculture committee that building ever higher defences to keep out the sea is ultimately a waste of time and money.

"If the Dutch didn't look after their sea defences, there wouldn't be no Holland," he says.

On the face of it, the Environment Agency's proposal to spend more than £3m on a secondary defence at Salthouse – a bank built of clay from the marshes and standing more than 12ft high – would seem to go against the committee's recommendations. But the 1994 European Union Habitats Directive commits the British government to pro-

tect important wildlife sites. North Norfolk is well blessed with them, and the bird sanctuary at Cley-next-the-Sea (and next to Salthouse) is the jewel in the crown.

The Countryside Minister, Elliot Morley, has already indicated that the needs of internationally important habitats will override the Government's spending formula. "If they look after the birds, they'll have to look after people as well," says Large with another wry grin. "If we get the bank, it'll be Cley bird sanctuary that gets us the money. There's little doubt about that."

There's little doubt, either, that Salthouse is seen as one of the test cases for the implications of the Habitat Directive in a coastal environment. Brancaster, 20 miles along the coast, is another. More

of that later. Suffice it to say that the Environment Agency's proposals for Brancaster are very different: "managed retreat" from the sea, as opposed to "managed realignment". As a result, almost the entire local community is united against them. In Salthouse, the community is more split, even between families. As much of the indigenous population seems to be related, perhaps that is not too surprising.

We climb into Large's battered estate car and set off to see his brother-in-law George Cooke, who is in favour of the clay bank, and George's niece (and Ivan's cousin) Suzanne, who has raised a petition against it. "Mostly signed by holiday-makers and

*Continued on page 8*

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**Russian extremes**  
Sir: The IMF warns Russia not to go back to communism, otherwise there will be a return to hyperinflation and economic chaos. Am I missing something?

Few people would advocate a return to the oppressive command and control economy of the former Soviet Union. On the other hand, would someone please tell me why the Russian people should be asked to embrace a system which defies greed and the individual and, in so doing, encourages the lawlessness, inequality and insecurity now widespread in that country?

Too many people, pundits and politicians, keep telling us that the only alternative to the unfettered free market is old-fashioned socialism. Fortunately, the world is not black and white. There are many attractive permutations between these extremes, and none of them need be predicated on the myth that reliance on the invisible hand of the market is the best way of conducting human affairs.

It might be helpful to consider giving social policy higher priority than economic policy. Rather than working for money alone, we would be working for a better world. Imagine a government in which the pre-eminence of the Treasury and the Budget was replaced by their social policy equivalents.

Globalisation died this week somewhere in Russia, but I suspect that all of us will have to endure its death throes for some time until we decide to behave as if we really were the most intelligent species on the planet.

CHRISTOPHER THOMSON

London SW1

Sir: The last six years of "Western-style reforms" in Russia have been a failure, and in some ways worse than useless. The shock therapy monetarist policies of the IMF and, ironically, the previous Chernomyrdin regime, have pushed 70 per cent of the population onto or below the poverty line. Twenty-year qualified doctors and university lecturers earn \$100 a month in a country where, even before devaluation, imported food was dearer than in the UK. GDP in Russia has dropped by 50 per cent since 1991.

Is it enough to blame the Russian government for not implementing IMF conditions, such as improved tax collection, public spending cuts and legal reform? Clearly most of the blame must lie with an inherently rotten elite who have profited handsomely in personal terms from the privatisations of recent years while doing little to stimulate genuine reform. But the IMF and Western governments cannot escape culpability.

Their insistence on almost overnight privatisations of a lumbering command economy as a condition for loans has created the monster of the oligarchs, and the austerity measures of the shock therapy have crippled ordinary people. Small wonder that only 3 million Russians pay their taxes when even the middle classes (if we can use such a word) can barely afford to buy fruit or normal quality meat. Billions of dollars of loans have continued to pour into a black hole of corruption, mismanagement and Swiss bank accounts.

Even if Chernomyrdin gets his coalition, come winter and hyperinflation, even the stoical and resilient Russian people may snap. The spectre of a hard man such as Lebed or even a military coup is a very real one.

EDWARD COOKE

Chichester, West Sussex

#### Sanctions on Iraq

Sir: The fact that Saddam Hussein is using the sanctions against Iraq cynically to put pressure on the West (letter, 29 August) does not allow us to wash our hands of the deaths of children that are the result.

Even if we failed to predict that he would twist sanctions to harm his own people, we can now see what he is doing, so we should stop giving him the means. If I push a child into the cage of a man-eating tiger I cannot then claim: "It was



In the first of our series of pictures about tourism in London, a Japanese family hurry down The Mall to see the Changing of the Guard

John Voos

the tiger that killed him – nothing to do with me." Still less if I push not one but half a million.

BILL LINTON

London N13

#### Driven to Rome

Sir: Something puzzles me about Anglican conversions to Rome over the ordination of female priests ("Ordained wife drives Anglican vicar to Rome", 28 August).

I thought that other major differences between the two religions also exist. Do these suddenly become unimportant?

M F BYRNE

Canterbury

Sir: Following the Rev Fred Bonham's argument against the ordination of women – that Jesus chose only men to be his disciples – perhaps only Jewish men should be ordained in the Christian Church.

KAREN ABBOTT

Somerset, USA

#### Blankett reprimand

Sir: I'd just like to express my frustration with the sequence of soundbite sentences, clichés and bullet points that passed for an essay by David Blankett on why educational standards should be forever improved ("We cannot afford to educate only a small elite", 27 August).

While his thrust is generally acceptable, he did little to explain exactly why qualifications for all matter when there are only so many jobs to go round, of which only so many require educational achievement. We could all have several GCSEs, but this would not obviate the need for someone to sweep the streets.

But what demonstrated more the vacuity of this piece was that the most significant observation of all, that of motivating second or third generation unemployed young people to actually want to be educated, was not addressed at all. The situation was described at the end of one paragraph, grabbing me with its importance, only to be ignored in the next.

This collection of words seemed

to simply be the speaker's notes for some feel-good presentation of how important the government thinks education is.

PAUL FREEMAN

Wotton-under-Edge

Gloucestershire

#### Schools defended

Sir: Inured as I am (like most teachers) to constant criticism, I was incensed by the content and tone of Bidisha's article ("The beasts of the blackboard jungle", Review, 27 August). On the basis of her own private education this young woman makes a series of ill-founded, offensive and inaccurate statements which serve to condemn almost every school in this country as uncaring and brutal.

She tells us that "the vast majority of schools... are run like high security prisons", that "all that ultimately matters to headteachers are the pass-fail figures", that "there is no attempt to incorporate... student respect into school life", that "even

bullying... is brushed aside", and that, in short, "teachers hate kids".

As she would know had she passed time in any average state school, counselling, anti-bullying policy and practice, systems to uphold respect for students and pastoral care are integral aspects of school management. Most teachers are committed to these principles and, even if they weren't, the unrelenting scrutiny to which we are exposed ensures their implementation. Headteachers, and indeed all teachers, have to prioritise exam results but to infer from this that they don't care about pupils is individuals is wilful and perverse.

Most teachers in most schools on most days accept a gamut of treatment which, in any other circumstances, would be entirely unacceptable. This ranges from deliberate abuse to unconscious bad manners to casual indifference. Most do so with good grace and good humour, not for the financial rewards or enviable status conferred by the profession but because they enjoy the warmth, the response and the

humour which young people show in measures equal to their defects.

Bidisha's article may reflect her own unhappy education and the failings of the private sector. To parade her ignorance of the state system (imperfect as it is) and to present this as if it were reasonable analysis is inexcusable.

GILLIAN BARGERY

St Leonards on Sea, East Sussex

#### Softening" Shell

Sir: I was intrigued to read that Shell hired a Buddhist monk to lead 550 senior managers in meditation ("Buddhist monk hired to re-energise Shell", 29 August).

Although Shell chairman Mark

Moody-Stuart has taken a few small steps in the right direction, such as instigating annual audits of the group's economic, environmental and social performance, it is not enough. We can afford to burn no more than one quarter of the known reserves of fossil fuels without risking dangerous climate change. And yet senior Shell executives

continue to maintain that "the importance of oil and gas is likely to increase rather than diminish as we enter the 21st century".

Shell, together with governments and the other fossil fuel dinosaurs, should be doing much more to transfer investment from fossil fuels to renewable energy sources such as wind, wave and solar.

Shell's flirtation with Buddhism may lead to a softer company image. However, what we need from this oil company giant is a fundamental transformation to an ecological outlook and practice.

D CROMWELL

Southampton

The writer was a Shell International geophysicist from 1989 to 1993

#### In Diana's memory

Sir: The day after the Princess of Wales died school started in Russia. For thousands of seven-year-old children, it was their first day and, by tradition, they visit the war memorial in their town or village and lay flowers. In my town, Korolyov, the memorial was decked out with flowers by a line of little children.

It was a beautiful, warm, Russian summer morning, and for a moment it seemed that it was Russia that, for once, was living in reality and Britain that had gone completely mad. There seemed so much dignity and gravity in the way that children remembered the sacrifice of 26 million of their countrymen in the war, and it seemed so hysterical to bring Britain to the edge of its senses over the death of one woman, who, after all, had done nothing to affect my life. War memorials in Russia are always looked after, especially on special days like Victory Day (9 May) and 1 September.

When I got the train and started reading, a man opposite realised I was foreign and started talking. "So, what a tragedy about her death, eh?" he said. I don't think he was impressed by my use of the Russian word *skazka*, meaning fairytale, to describe what I thought about the whole business. It reminded me of nothing as much as Stalin's death. I told him, with all the ridiculous hysteria that this had entailed.

It even got to Russia, with lots of young people signing the book of condolence at the embassy for a woman they had never seen and knew little about beyond the soap opera foisted on us every week.

I hope that in 10 years the kids will still lay flowers on war memorials in Russia and the death of the Princess of Wales will be left for her family and friends to remember in peace instead of being turned into cheap gimmick.

HOWARD GETHIN

Bristol

Sir: I am sick of Princess Diana.

I am a paperboy for my local paper shop and of late my paper bag has become substantially heavier as a result of all the newspaper supplements of "exclusive photos" that I have to deliver. On Sundays the load is worse! As well as all of the normal magazines there are tribute edition specials that you have to wrestle with for about five minutes before you get them through the letterbox.

Diana may have been the People's Princess but she also did pretty well for *The People on Sunday, The Sun, The Mirror and The Guardian*, to name but a few.

SAM BAYNHAM

Crudle Heath, West Midlands

#### Farmers' support

Sir: The article by Christopher Brocklebank Fowler ("Act now to save our hedges" (26 August) could have been written by a townie anywhere in Britain.

In a year when grain prices have been the lowest since 1976, one in four pig farmers are facing bankruptcy each month and BSE has devastated the British beef and dairy industry, what next? Let's complain about modern farm methods that destroy ancient hedgerows.

These hedgerows were only created in the first place by farming methods.

My husband and I farm in the North-east of England. Over the past decade we have established four large ponds, planted 10 acres of woodland in small blocks and replanted our hedgerows.

We are not unusual in our area in doing this and can point out many farms who are committed to wildlife conservation. We do this not for profit but because we like to see deer in the woods, an abundant display of birds, and pheasant and partridge, strutting through the undergrowth.

However, keeping our current hedgerows cannot remain a financial burden on the farmers alone. It is about time the public supported them.

GAIL VERNON

Dartington, Co Durham

## Why Bridget Jones didn't need to write a diary at all

ONE OF the most fruitful sources of material for any kind of comedian or humorist is his or her own inadequacies, and when you have exhausted those you can always turn the pocket torch of your wit on the stupid things done by your nearest and dearest. Maybe you even end up writing pieces about "her indoors", which is the lowest form of humour known to woman, or maybe you spread it around the whole family, as Thurber sometimes did and Hunter Davies did with his Father's Day column in *Punch* and Dave Barry did with his syndicated column in *America...*

Oddly enough, both Davies's and Barry's columns were made into TV programmes, called respectively *Father's Day* and *Dave's World*. Oddly enough, neither hit the

jackpot. Oddly enough, I can tell you why. It was because both columns depended almost entirely on tone of voice, on Hunter Davies's and Dave Barry's idiosyncratic view of the world, and an internal tone of voice that you can't very well reproduce on television, where you have to show people doing the things without the description.

*Bridget Jones's Diary* runs all the same risks. Its success depends almost entirely on the clever tone of voice with which Helen Fielding describes fairly ordinary events – the sound of someone who is a woman but still a girl, perpetually teetering on the verge of growing up, someone who has huge hopes that always crash in flames and are immediately rebuilt, etc – and I fear that the plans to turn it

into a film, TV series, etc, etc may be made by people who think that the things that happen in *Bridget Jones's Diary* are funny in themselves.

But not a lot of things are funny in themselves. It is only the perception of them that is funny. As with Flashman, and Adrian Mole, and *The Diary of a Nobody* and *Three Men in a Boat* and Conan Doyle's *Brigadier Gerard* stories and hundreds of other comic best-sellers, the events are not funny until they have been fed through the narrator's mind; until, in fact, we hear how he or she sees them, which is why you don't hear of any TV or film versions of such things, or at least any that work.

So if you are setting out, as Helen Fielding did, probably un-

wittingly, to write a best-seller column that encapsulates the mood and life and times of a certain age

group, and get it turned into a film or TV programme, I would advise you strongly not to write it as a diary. Diaries are the hardest thing in the world to transform for screen purposes. I would advise you to bypass the diary format altogether and write this best-selling column as a ready-made film script.

You will be the first ever to do it. Let us say, for example, that you are going to make a fortune by writing the episodic diary of a thirty-something male journalist who is trying to make his fortune by emulating Bridget Jones. Your very first column might start like this:

*Scene: a bedroom. Curtains fluttering in wind. Pan round to a motionless form in the bed. It is snoring slightly, to reveal that it is a man. Suddenly the phone rings.*

*Close up the phone. Cut to the man, who slowly wakes up, glances at the clock, fumbles for the phone.*

*Man: (into phone) Whoever you are, why are you phoning me at 3am? Put me three o'clock in the afternoon? Jumping Jehoshaphat! I don't believe it! Yes, you'll have it within the hour...*

*We see him put the phone down. Pan round to the bathroom door, where a girl is standing.*

*Girl: Who was that?*

*Man: Features Editor. They want a piece within the hour.*

*Man: The one and I are in right now. It's the first of a new series about a thirty-something male journalist doing a column about a male journalist doing a column.*

*Girl: Are you talking about you?*

*Man: Yes.*

*Girl: You look more fortysome-thing.*

*Man: Oh, thanks.*

*Girl: And by the way, who am I?*

*Man: You're my partner.*

*Girl: Good God. Partner in what?*

*Man: Well, conversations mostly.*

*You see, if I'm a male journalist struggling with a column, I've got to have someone to talk to about it, especially in the screen version.*

*Girl: I see... Do I have to go to bed with you?*

*Man: No, I'm gay.*

*Girl: You're GAY?*

*Man: Or maybe I'm not. I haven't decided that yet...*

*Must stop there. I've just had a phone call. Offering to buy the film rights. Already! See you in Hollywood!*

**MILES KINGTON**

*Not a lot of things are funny in themselves. It is only the perception of them that is funny*

*John Miles Kington*

# THE INDEPENDENT

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## Coming clean is not the same as being in the clear

THE LABOUR Party is again to be congratulated on publishing the list of donors giving more than £5,000, but its virtue a little like that of the criminal who pleads guilty rather than pretending to be innocent. The whole point of publishing the names of donors is so that everyone can be satisfied that there is no connection between money and political reward. There is something faintly comic in publishing only to be damned: 28 of the 97 donors on yesterday's list have been given peerages, advisory posts or even, as the case of Lord Sainsbury, a ministerial job. At least we admit that we are a bunch of venal influence-peddlers, seems to be the Labour line, whereas the Tories tried to cover up their similar crimes.

Indeed, the Labour position is definitely preferable to Conservative secrecy. But publication is not enough. The Prime Minister tried to argue in his televised apology for his conduct over Bernie Ecclestone's £1m that transparency was all that mattered. Leave aside the small fact that, if he had had his way, we would have found out only yesterday that Mr Ecclestone was a donor, and then only that he had given more than £5,000 to the Labour Party.

But the point about openness is that everyone can see and judge for themselves whether an appointment or policy change has been bought; mere disclosure does not make the selling of influence right. "In fact," in Mr Ecclestone's case, "it was wrong," as President Clinton put it in another televised apology – and Mr Blair admitted as much at the time by handing the £1m back.

The various sinecures handed out to other donors are more difficult to assess. Who is to say that Lord Sainsbury is not the best person to be a junior minister at the Department of Trade and Industry – other than Labour backbenchers with electoral mandates to grind, and carpers who point out that in his final few years in charge of the shop he was outflanked by Tesco? Of Mr Ecclestone, the Prime Minister said that it would be wrong to discriminate against him simply because he had given the party lots of money. What is the poor Labour Party to do, Mr Blair implied, if a rich person who wants to donate to the cause of building a new, young country turns out – quite independently – to be supremely well qualified for the job of advising the Government on millennium bugs or domes?

Well, the first thing it could do is to recognise the danger of conflicts of interest and do its utmost to avoid the



appearance thereof. That requires an element of sacrifice. Certainly, it would have been more in keeping with Mr Blair's claim to be "purer than pure" if he had simply declared: people can give money to the party or they can work for the Government, but they cannot do both. Instead he was reduced to pleading that fighting election campaigns is dead expensive, and that the Tories have more money. To which the answer is that the Conservatives will be under the same restrictions.

Any free society has to balance the right to free expression with curbing the prerogatives of wealth. The more rigid ideas of imposing cash limits on either the amount that parties can spend, or the amount that individuals

can donate, are not likely to prove both workable and consistent with the European Convention on Human Rights. But we are confident that the increased transparency promised by Lord Neill's committee, when it reports in October, will mark a further big step forward. It is likely to propose the immediate declaration of amounts greater than £1,000.

The committee could seat itself up as a permanent watchdog to advise on individual awkward cases, but in general the ethical initiative should come from the politicians themselves. The better we can see what they are up to, the more they need to do more, to make sure that the committee is purer than pure.

## Legislation is no way to tackle stress

EVERYONE IS in favour of minimum standards of protection for people at work: the argument is always over the definition of the minimum. That is why "health and safety" has always been such a battlefield in the politics of the labour market. The last government objected to the European Commission trying to limit the working week under this heading.

Now the British Health and Safety Executive is trying to extend its remit, by equating employers' responsibility for the physical well-being of their workers with a duty to avoid subjecting them to "unsafe" levels of stress. This is going too far. There are many things wrong with the modern work culture – long hours, stress, and incompatibility with family life being three of them. Bad employers are beginning to lose compensation cases fought with stressed-out employees in the courts. Good employers are gradually changing their attitudes for the better. And it is valuable that some of the HSE's research points out that many employees do not like working in teams, or in open-plan offices, or from home. The search for better ways of working needs to look beyond the conventional wisdoms.

But attitudes and working methods cannot and should not be changed by regulation. What the flexible, family-friendly labour market of the future does not need is yet another pile of well-intended guidelines, from yet another taxpayer-funded quango, which are designed to go straight into the bin of some over-stretched and harassed "human resources" executive.

## Up, up and far away

SO NOW we know the secret weapon that can change again the whole face of global power. Stalin said that it was Russia's development of the bomb. President Reagan declared that it was the development of Star Wars technology that had finally driven the Soviet Union to admit to defeat. But the Canadian air force has shown that there is something that can defeat all the best of technology and its finest pilots (Top Guns in the US competitions indeed) – the humble weather balloon.

Instead of worrying about Boris Yeltsin's nervy finger on the trigger, or Saddam Hussein's efforts to build a long-range biological missile, what we have to worry about is hordes of impoverished Russians drifting into Alaska from the air, and the Gypsies of central Europe landing on the Downs in baskets. And what more appropriate weapon than that symbol of life at the end of the 20th century: hot air?

# Who needs who as Mr Blair and the Queen get together

TONY AND Cherie Blair, arriving back from spending the bank holiday in Balmoral, will not have the depressing prospect of dirty shirts and crumpled evening dresses to worry about. In these straitened times for the nation's aristocracy, the Queen's Scottish retreat remains one of the few stately homes where even the guests' underwear is laundered and tissue-packed by staff ready for the journey home.

For Queen Victoria, Balmoral was "this dear paradise", a rave which moved Lytton Strachey, the Ben Elton of his day, to debunk the place for its tartan cosiness and excess of stags' heads. It struck him as "depressingly German", a kitsch-romantic rendition of Scottish country life, and thus it has remained ever since – the ideal backdrop to the BBC's Sixties documentary which gave the British public its first glimpse of the family.

But Balmoral is now more of an illusion than ever. It suggests ease and permanence at a time when the Royal Family is anxious and in flux. Forbidding grey-stone walls set among the lusciously tended acres of hunting land repel prying eyes. It is in Scotland, but hardly of it. Dinner is always at 8.15 prompt, in full evening dress.

How much the relationship between the Queen and her Prime Minister (even that possessive pronoun is starting to

look archaic) has changed in the past year is betrayed by the fact that Mr Blair felt able to insist on changing the usual date for Downing Street's call on Balmoral to the anniversary weekend of the death of Diana, Princess of Wales. The Queen obviously felt unable to deny him his request, although subsequent leaks from the palace to the effect that he was asked to stay away from yesterday's post-church walkabout indicate that Her Majesty is well capable of fighting spin with spin when she feels that the head of government might be straying onto her patch.

But the balance of influence over the Royal Family has shifted quite clearly away from the palace advisers towards the extensive and interconnected cast of New Labour image makers. From the moment Mr Blair crowned Diana as the "People's Princess", it was clear that his government saw the future of the Crown as his business and that he intended to have a strong guiding hand in it. The Royal Family's script this last year has been written by New Labour, the style of rap-prochement with a suspicious public modelled on the Labour Party's journey back from the wilderness to a position of near unassailability at Westminster.

Inheriting New Labour's public relations strategies means that the Royal Family runs the danger of aping its weaknesses. A lurking threat to

so concerned with the future survival of the monarchy that he is prepared to bail out the family from its self-made misery.

The cynical answer is that he has fallen thrall to the strange, abiding glamour of royalty and sacrificed his radical reforming instincts to the tinently conservative task of preserving the monarchy. But it is unlikely that Mr Blair's cool head has been turned by his contacts with royalty.

Ask not what Mr Blair can do for the monarchy, but what the monarchy can do for Mr Blair. Before he arrived in Balmoral, the Prime Minister was attending to his last favourite, but increasingly urgent business of shoring up support for the Union in Scotland in the face of a hungry Scottish National Party. He is keenly aware that having presided over Scottish devolution, he could well end up as the first name in the history books under United Kingdom, breaking up of. It is not an epithet that he wishes to court.

It is precisely at times of change and reshuffling of powers that a single, uniting, non-political symbol is needed: one able to rise above spats over fiscal transfers and inevitable rows about the powers of the Scottish assembly versus the power of Westminster.

The Royal Family is being steadily recast in this role and will be glad to accept it if it guarantees its survival into the millennium.

Indeed, the Buckingham Palace website already embraces this fate with its mission statement: "The monarchy is a focus for national unity symbolising the permanence of the nation."

The Crown can only be sustained if it is seen to respond to the changes brought about by devolution and to represent the continuation of a single United Kingdom identity, whose variety is to be expressed by greater self-government of its parts. Next week's publication of the pamphlet by the think-tank Demos on the future of the Royal Family will conclude that merely continuing the public relations revamp of the last year will not make its future more secure and that its constitutional functions should be reassessed. That is probably right.

Yet another, more pressing change is called for – an end to the principle that the monarch rules until death. The most effective modernisation the Queen could make would be to accept that the end of the century should see the crown pass to her eldest son while he is still young enough to be a bold and imaginative sovereign.

In a modernised monarchy, there should be no shame in retirement. That is not a suggestion likely to have been voiced by Mr Blair to his royal host as at Balmoral. But it must have crossed both their minds.

### QUOTE OF THE DAY

"I have always been proud to be British but these degenerates are dragging us through the mud." Michael Birkett, quitting his job as UK Vice-Consul on the island of Ibiza

### THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

"Power is not revealed by striking hard or often, but by striking true." Honore de Balzac, French author

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THERE CAN be little doubt that the mob hysteria shipped up, in the main, by tabloid newspapers and their partners in crime in TV and radio, left a distinctly sour taste in the mouth. This was nowhere more the case than in the hounding of the Queen. What is heartening now is that, instead of demanding that the Queen be made to dance to the tune of the mob, the country appears

to be taking its lead from her and her family. Scotland on Sunday

FOR 12 MONTHS we have learned the lessons of grief. The princess who would not go quietly has humbled an arrogant, remote dynasty. Now the time for mourning is at an end. But those in high places should never forget – the time for learning goes on.

News of the World

IN A more mystical sense, she restored to royal life the quasi-religious ideal of the exalted coming down among the mere. Without knowing it, Diana revived

and modified the medieval tradition of the "royal touch", bringing hope if not healing to the suffering and the dying. The monarchy has

emerged strengthened and more popular. Last week, the Queen signalled, with characteristic modesty, that the Royal Family still had lessons to learn from Diana's life and achievement. The Prince of Wales has evidently learnt many of them already.

The Sunday Telegraph

MR BLAIR is the least deferential of the Queen's prime ministers so far in her reign, but she has cause to be grateful to him, a little wary. Opinion polls show the monarchy is riding high again. Gordon Brown's evocation of Diana's memory in Songs of Praise on BBC1 is another matter. The Chancellor runs the risk of appearing to exploit a sad event. He should have followed Mr Blair's example, and left well alone.

The Sunday Times

## PANDORA

AT LONG last Bill Clinton has appointed his new ambassador to the Irish Republic. As predicted by Pandora (3 June), the new Dublin envoy is to be Mike Sullivan, the obscure former Governor of Wyoming, to whom the President owed a political favour or two. Indications are that Sullivan, who served for two full terms and was chairman of the Western Governor's Association, may be a shrewder political operator than Clinton's other envoy to these islands, US Ambassador to the Court of St James, Phillip Lader. The latter recently outraged the Scots with his undiplomatic suggestions about US reaction to an independent Scotland.

**PANDORA SALUTES** Gus Macdonald who, in a matter of weeks, has made a very suspicious impression as Minister for Business and Industry at the Scottish Office. The former chairman of Scottish Media has many friends north of the border, of course. They are now crowing that Macdonald has achieved more in one month than his predecessor, Brian Wilson, achieved over a year. Wilson, you will recall, has gone to work under Peter Mandelson at the DTI where, as Pandora noted (3 August), conditions are highly favourable for party fundraising. Meanwhile, Macdonald's only mistake to date came when he scoffed at the SNP's proposal to use Ireland as a model for Scottish development. "Dublin is a great place to go for a stag night – but not for an economic policy," he said. The remark offended many on both sides of the Irish Sea. One economist said, "He is talking rubbish and it doesn't look good to talk rubbish to people you are trying to attract to Scotland."

**SPECIAL ADVISERS** at the Department of Health no doubt felt they were more than earning their salary when they had to sell Gordon Brown's two-stage pay increases to unhappy health service workers. Now that Government special advisers have learned about their own salary arrangements, the DOH advisers have been "thanked" with a pay boost that comes in two stages, as well. Their reaction

to this "what's good for the goose is good for the gander" scenario is, apparently, one of ironic amusement.

**ALAN BORG**, director of the Victoria and Albert Museum, wants to change the institution's name to reflect "every facet of the museum's attractions". Keen to win the prize bottle of champagne that Borg is offering for the winning suggestion, Pandora has been brainstorming. One possibility: a name seen on a roadside sign in rural America recently: "Gobs o' Antiques". Or, if Borg is looking for trendy street cred, how about just the name "Stuff".

**ALWAYS AHEAD** of the news, Pandora wants to be the first on this summer bank holiday to offer readers a Christmas shopping tip. A London company named Pinecove International is offering, via the Internet, an "International Press ID Card" for the bargain price of £239 (£150). With this in hand, claims the company, anyone can gain discounts, free tickets, invitations to premieres, access to movie stars and "protection from callous government thugs at home or abroad". Best of all, according to the sales pitch, is that you don't have to do any reporting or writing. "All you have to do is state on your application form that you are pursuing journalistic interests." Completely sold, Pandora immediately tried to telephone Pinecove International to place a rush order. Sadly, the firm's number was unobtainable.

**THE LATEST**, post-cigar Zippergate joke has just reached our shores. Apparently, Washington insiders are now referring to Clinton as the second president in US history to have had a Cuban missile crisis. Meanwhile, one joke circulating in the British Embassy at the moment goes, "Tony Blair has done more favours for Bill Clinton than Monica Lewinsky, so when is he going to appear before the grand jury?"

**MERYL STREEP** (pictured), the actress with a 1,000 accents, all of them annoying, has recently replaced Madonna in a film called 50 Violets. Now Streep seems to be chiding the blonde bombshell about recent photographs she's posed with her daughter Lourdes. "If you have your picture taken with your baby," Streep told the US magazine Good Housekeeping, "You have put your child under the umbrella of fame." Pandora suggests that Streep take care or tough Madonna may decide to rain on her parade.

## No cure for the summertime news



CHRISTOPHER MATTHEWS

*The moment we arrive all the big issues of the day become a distant memory*

IN THE 20 summers that we have spent up here on the Suffolk coast, I have never once slipped out of the bathing-wrap and hobbled into the murky chill without wondering whether this is the day when, against all the odds, I shall become the victim of the first ever great white shark in the North Sea.

The fact that there has never been a recorded sighting of anything larger than a family-size cod has done nothing to allay this strange, irrational fear. Now another, even more sinister threat has materialised, in the shape of a giant tidal wave that lashes the coastline whenever the giant Seas supererry leaves Harwich and sets course for the Hook of Holland.

The worst-affected town to date is Felixstowe. Only the other day, five-foot-high waves came roaring up the beach, knocking holiday-makers off their feet, pinning them up against the sea wall, washing away pushchairs, handbags, radios, car keys, bikini tops and goodness knows what else, leaving them shocked, soaked and feeling glad to be still alive.

For some, the incident brought

only slightly smaller than the Canary Wharf tower and makes several crossings a day in each direction. I have yet to see it for myself, or suffer from its backwash.

However, there are many here in Thorpeness and Aldeburgh who claim to have felt its effects. The Senn people say they are looking into the incident, but that's what the mayor said in Josses.

The awful thing is that, although we own a house here, and spend a fair amount of time in it during the year, until we arrived here at the end of July we were quite unaware of this latest threat to the well-being of the locality. Small wonder the locals and full-timers look askance at us part-time countryfolk.

For most of the year, we are completely preoccupied with typical townie problems – the traffic congestion, the paucity of parking spaces, the pros and cons of various mayoral candidates, the latest offerings at the Almeida. Yet, with moments of taking up residence in Thorpeness, all the big issues of the day become a distant memory and we are up in arms over local dramas that we never hitherto knew

existed. Not least the great Bentwaters Debate.

It is five years since the Americans left, and the last of the sinister A10 fighter bombers came booming in over the marshes at the end of yet another training mission.

For a long time, the place was deserted. The windows of the residential blocks looked blankly out over the runway, the miles of taxi tracks and the ugly clumps of HAS (Hardened Aircraft Shelters). There was talk of the flats being filled with the poor and needy, then, of some kind of industrial estate. The latest plan is that it should become an international air park (airport, in other words) with, eventually 80,000 scheduled, charter, freight and private flights a year – that's to say, one every three minutes.

And guess where the flight path will be. Slap over our house. Admittedly, at that stage they'll still be a few thousand feet up, and maybe property values will not have plummeted quite as dramatically as many fear; but, by the time they get to the Snape Maltings, five miles from the runway, they'll be on their final approach and rattling the

ear drums of birds, concert-goers and anyone else unlucky enough to be in the area at the time. When the Americans were here, they came to an agreement with the Aldeburgh Festival people that they wouldn't fly over during concerts or recordings. To date no such undertaking has been received, and consequently this area is at war with Bentwaters.

Most of the letters received by the Suffolk Coastal District Council are against, but a recent telephone poll resulted in a shock 60-40 vote in favour. Some are convinced it will never happen; others that any public enquiry will be a whitewash job and it will all go ahead willy-nilly like Sizewell B. The debate rages on.

Then there's the long-running hoo-ha about the location of the dog exclusion zone on the beach outside our gate, and the future of the Playing Fields in Aldeburgh; and the lack of rain along the coastal strip. Never mind, though. Any day now, the hounds will be over, there'll be black plastic bags outside every gate, and we'll all be back to real life in London, and not have to think about low-flying 767s or giant waves again until – well – next summer.

## Love's been free for ages. Now it's a public free-for-all



TREVOR PHILLIPS

*Sex has been detached from the emotion. It is no more significant than an aerobic step class*

A WORD of warning to parents of rebellious teenagers. Do not laugh when they threaten to go to Ibiza, or simply tut-tut when you read that the British vice-consul on the island has resigned in disgust at the behaviour of British youth. Aware parents will know that resorts such as Ibiza sell themselves as dance capitals of the world, where young people go to dance the night away, a few even throw decorum to the winds, take their clothes off and jump into the nearest pool for a dare. Who knows, there may be some illicit substances passing from hand to hand, some pills being popped. But these are hardly life-threatening, as children of the Sixties and Seventies well know. A sneeze may curl the parental lip, prefacing your reply: so what are you going to do – dance yourself to death? Drink yourself sick? Been there, done that, and survived.

You would, however, be missing the point: the teenage and twenty-something holiday-makers have discovered the Sodom and Gomorrah of our times, with a dash of the decline of the Roman Empire thrown in for spice. At the centre of it all is not drugs, or lager-lout violence; rather, it is a vulgar desire for exhibitionist sex, and a bizarre competition to out-shag and out-drink everyone else. Picture this: a group of young people sitting around in the sun, laughing and drinking, throwing each other into the pool, daring each other to ever more outrageous acts. One boy dares a girl to take off all her clothes (all? we are talking about a bikini that conceals less than a postage stamp), and sit on the face of another young man. Without a moment's hesitation she whips off her bikini and obliges, in front of all and sundry – including a nearby television camera, which has been observing the group. It is shocking but passes in a gale of laughter. Else-

where, a group of young men are chatting up two bored women. It takes a few moments to register that one man has his hand under the skirt of the woman whom he hardly knows; yet she can barely summon up the interest in the invasion of her own body to tell him to stop.

Had I not seen this on camera, I would hardly have believed it. However, the producers of the *Uncovered* series say that none of this is unusual, and that there is virtually no playing to the camera. On the face of it, having filmed many hundreds of people doing all sorts of things in all sorts of places, I would say that this is genuine – it does not look like a set-up to me. What is more, the programme makers say that holiday-makers' behaviour is growing so wild that they are beginning to wonder whether they will be able to show it without censorship.

There is something going on here that I find hard to understand. It is, apparently, a peculiarly British pattern; in Jamaica, the locals refer to the principal resort where this kind of thing goes on as "the monkey

house", and though some older Americans play their part, young Brits take the lead.

Second, my queasiness is not about promiscuity, but about public display. I do not think that I am especially prudish, having gone through my twenties in the pre-Aids, post-pill student movement; any lefie could trot out Alexandra Kollontai's defence of free love as a defence of sleeping with anyone in sight. But three things distinguish them from now. In general we did not do it in the streets, or in front of people who were not involved. Second, we tended to have at least a nodding acquaintance with the people with whom we went to bed. And, whatever the reality, we paid lip-service to the idea that sex had some emotional content. None of these conditions seem to apply any longer. It is no more significant than an aerobic step class.

Yesterday at the Edinburgh Television Festival, delegates were still debating the call by the independent producer Peter Bazalgette for a drastically reducing the regulation of such scenes on television. The sort of scenes shown in the *Uncovered* series are precisely the kind of thing that those who want more regulation worry about – it is evidence of an increasingly voracious appetite for sensational and humiliating behaviour by so-called "ordinary people". They are wrong. There could not be a clearer case of shooting the messenger. In fact, we should be grateful to the producers for revealing a new truth about what is going on, however unpleasant; any kind of censorship would simply have kept it hidden.

The regulators of the Independent Television Commission have a sensitive touch here. Their agreement to the showing of another pro-

gramme about what young people get up to on Friday nights has added another dimension to the story. The kind of behaviour we see abroad doesn't stay on foreign shores. A girl's night out, with a male stripper is now, after *The Full Monty*, commonplace. What the film did not show, however, was what happens after the last frame in the film the uncovering of the strippers' tackle.

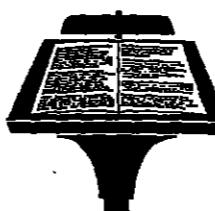
Let's leave aside the fact that the penis is one of God's uglier creations, designed specifically to be hidden. I would not condemn these mass displays of sexual behaviour purely on aesthetic or moral grounds. However, privacy has a social purpose. It prevents our bodies from becoming public property available for invasion by others. I don't think that feminists fought for women's sexual freedom in order to be subjected to humiliation in public.

Most alarming of all is the way in which sexual display is compromising individual privacy. Already this year we have seen a birth on the Internet, and we were promised one young couple's joint loss of vir-

ginity via the Net, though this never reached our screens. The exposure of Britain's second most expensive footballer – young bachelor; I should stress – for secretly filming a sex session with two male friends and four women, suggests that it's not just football which is coming home. But in a culture where most people seem unconcerned about who sees them doing what, is it surprising that such things will happen? Or that we seem to be experiencing a minor epidemic of gang rape in some big cities? The value of privacy seems to be dropping faster than the rouble. Had I known it would end up with crude sexual antics on TV – or "beavers on the box" as one colleague eloquently put it – I might have thought twice about campaigns for sexual freedom in the Seventies. There is a limit to what we should reveal of ourselves in public. A line should be drawn in the sands of Ibiza, Jamaica and Greece, and the authorities there should clamp down hard. And we at home should think again about what public sex is doing to debase us and our society.

*The Full Monty* – but they stopped short of full nudity

Nobody wants to buy British TV



PODIUM

PETER BAZALGETTE  
*A short extract from the James MacTaggart Memorial Lecture, given in Edinburgh*

otherwise was watching telly.

When you have a scarce number of channels, you need to regulate content as well as competition issues. When you have plenty of channels regulation of content quality – particularly the sort of snooty regulation we've had in Britain – is simply not possible. Viewers choose what they want to see; it's not chosen for them.

We need the Government to clear away all this under-

growth because from now on the audiences will decide what's quality and what isn't. We will police ourselves.

Change is inevitable, as the audience takes the whip hand. Change earlier rather than later will benefit viewers. It will also benefit people as subscribing members of a rapidly growing, creative economy. Let me repeat some modest proposals to further the process:

1. abolish the Broadcasting Standards Commission and curtail the ITC's responsibility for content.

2. Remove the public service remit of most of the commercial terrestrial channels.

3. Phase out ITV companies' licence bid payments and divest the ITV licensees of their production arms (with the exception of news).

4. Create a real market in distribution by giving creators control over their product.

5. Define the BBC's public service role. Establish a long-term policy to preserve and strengthen it.

6. Privatise BBC world-wide.

None of these proposals is intended to second-guess exactly how or whether convergence will take place. They're

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say

# I say there, are you absolved?

OUTER SPACE and religion make odd bedfellows. Though they're technically incompatible—one is explored through arcane systems of physics, the other through foggy clouds of metaphysics—they sometimes get on remarkably well.

Both require from their students and disciples an imaginative leap beyond the mundane and the known. Occasionally some boffin will shyly concede that the "big bang" theory of the universe's origins is cognate with a moment of "creation" by an unknown force. A surprising number of cosmologists believe in a divine overseer of the universe, witness the fuss when Stephen Hawking—a man far too brainy to be anything but an atheist—ended his *Brief History of Time* by saying that if we comprehended all of quantum mechanics, "we might... understand the mind of God".

The supposed site of heaven has always been up in the sky, where we also imaginatively locate other galactic civilisations with "Green Ray Guns and Black Clouds of destructive learning. Army padres get familiarly called "sky pilots". Publishing Houses, called things like Screw Loose Books, bring out speculative works called *Was God An Astronaut?* And so on. But while scientists have occasionally flirted with intimations of divinity, the process has always been one-way. Organised religions have always had better things to do than wonder about how Venusians and Alpha Centaurians would respond to their sacramental rituals and benign homilies.

Until now that is. One of the Pope's inner sanctum of thinkers, Fr Corrado Baldacci, of the Congregation for the Evangelisation of Peoples, has gone on the record. The existence of UFOs and extraterrestrials can't be denied any longer, he says. They obviously exist, you gotta believe all those stories of alien abduction, they're just more evolved versions of human beings, the truth is out there, etc. So far, so modern. But when asked what the Church would do about an alien race (and, of course, a new influx of potential converts), Fr Baldacci reverted spectacularly to historical missionary type. Since they're part of the universe, he said, they come under the jurisdiction of Christ in his role as King of the universe. So there. Back in London, a Catholic spin doctor spelt it out for hapless, trans-galactic, ectoplasmic nomads everywhere: "If aliens were shown to exist," he said, "We would have to ask whether the Christian atonement was applicable to them."

Don't you love it? You're a genetically enhanced Zorg from the planet Chumba12. You've crossed gigasquillions of light years from a dying civilisation to fetch up, sweaty and exhausted (and extremely old), in our solar system. Your descending pheelies are killing you. And when the undercarriage locates Tarmac and asphalt, and the pod doors creak artifically open, what



**JOHN WALSH**  
*'If aliens exist,' he said, 'we would ask whether Christian atonement was applicable to them'*

are you faced with in the de-briefing room? A blithe from the Vatican saying, "Hello. Do you believe in God?" He is your master. Er, no, I can't in fact take you to him," while another shakes his head with civil servant stubbornness and says: "Salvation? Redemption? Sorry mate, no can do. It's just not applicable for sinners living outside the borough." This cannot be the way to build tentacles of understanding across the firmament.

"IT IS not the job of the state, and it is certainly not the job of the school, to tell parents when to put their children to bed," declared David Hart of the National Association of Head Teachers, responding to David Blunkett's idea that parents and teachers should draw up "contracts" (which you could be fined for breaching) about their children's behaviour: time-keeping, homework and bedtime. Teachers are apparently concerned that their five-to-eight-year-old charges are staying up too late and becoming listless truants next day.

While I sympathise with Mr Hart's concern about this neo-Stalinist nannying, I wonder whether it goes far enough. Is it not high time that such concepts as Bathime, Storytime and Drunks of Water were subject to regulation as well? I for one would value some governmental guidance as to the number of humorous swimming toys (especially Hungry Hippo) allowable per gallon of water. Adopting silly voices while reading Spot's *Birthday* or *Little Rabbit Foo-Foo* aloud is something crying out for regulatory guidelines, while the rights of children to demand and receive wholly unnecessary glasses of liquid after lights-out needs a Statutory Minimum Allowance.

LOVELY BANK Holiday weekend, thanks very much. Everywhere you went, it was retro, retro, retro. The Princess died all over again (you couldn't help noticing) and all the amateur psychologists came barging into your living room to explain why you'd felt upset a year ago.

The choice of an evening out in the West End is now between *Showboat* and *Oklahoma!*, and *Whistle*



If alien life forms are also convinced they were made in God's image, we could be in for a few awkward moments

*Down the Wind*, based on the 1961 Hayley Mills movie. The most popular children's toy under £100 this year is apparently the yo-yo, that complicated piece of Nineties' hi-tech equipment. Margaret Thatcher

is once more campaigning energetically on the stump (though admitted only in Iowa, in support of Steve Forbes of *Forbes* magazine).

On the car radio, I became resigned to hearing old Beach Boys and Jackson Five hits being warbled all over again by a new generation of castrati and tiny black girls, but when some plagiaristic bunch called Sweetbox started playing Bach's "Air on a G-String" to the strains of "Everything's gonna be

all right", a line patented by Bob Marley (shameless musical pinching is called "sampling", I'm told) well, I started to wonder—if I may sample F Scott Fitzgerald—why we are being borne back quite so ceaselessly into the past.

But as I raved and smote my brow about the recycling of culture, I suddenly encountered the most Proustian of memory-triggers. It was an item of clothing. They had a pair on the shelves of Gap Kids. The windows of Miss Selfridge were full of them. It was a pair of flared blue jeans with a dozen flowers embroidered on the legs. Instantly, I was hurried back to (can I date it precisely?) the summer of 1971. It was

the post-Woodstock, late-hippie, pre-glitter period. *Exile on Main Street* by the Stones was steaming out of every open window as you walked around London. It was a pre-university bliss-in-that-dawn time.

I was working in a hospital as a porter, enjoying a chaste but intense union with a blonde radiographer called Linda. She took a pair of my jeans (28-inch waist in those days, when I could still see my knees if I looked down) and spent weeks sewing flowers round the hem, sewing to keep faith with our relationship, like Penelope in *The Odyssey*. I wore them proudly in the street, got jeered at by Battersea touts, and tut-tutted at by old

men on the bus (it's the price you pay for being a crazed Bohemian, I'm afraid). Then, two weeks later, they were everywhere, and jeans manufacturers were churning out "loin pants" with embroidered butterflies flapping from ankle to knee. For one moment, I believed, I'd started a fashion (though it was, of course, just Linda reading the right magazines).

There I stood, rooted to the spot outside Miss Selfridge, drowned in memories of being a groovy bastard. "You know, children," I told the sneering offspring. "There was a time when..." "Dad," they replied in three-part chorus. "You are so sad..."

## RIGHT OF REPLY

**RICHARD AYRE**



The Deputy Chief Executive of BBC News defends the Corporation against charges of recent technical problems

WE ARE two thirds of the way through the move of the best part of 1,000 journalists, and scores of programmes, into the BBC New Centre in West London. It's been described by outside advisors as the most complex technical move of a civilian operation in Britain, more difficult by far than shifting London's air traffic control. In doing it, we will have had to keep three continuous news networks on the air and provide an uninterrupted service of bulletins to six others.

Since the first programme moved in about two months ago, we have had a handful of occasions when listeners would have been briefly aware that something wasn't working as it should. One edition of the *Six O'Clock News* on Radio 4 was interrupted because an outside contractor inadvertently disconnected a line. I very much regret each of these problems, but for every on-air glitch there have been more than 100 hours of uninterrupted broadcasting.

Last week's celebrated moment, when Tony Benn was replaced with a Mongolian throat singer on the *Today* programme, was one of those slips that has happened since broadcasting began, and without which life would be duller. But it has nothing to do with our new home.

The technology we are now using is leading edge. BBC News 24 is now using automation, and almost the whole of BBC News has a computerised production system which broadcasters around the world are queuing up to buy. We can only do that if we set the world's standard; not just for the quality of our programmes, but for the speed and efficiency with which we make them.

## A lover of books and men

### MONDAY BOOK

#### THE WARDEN: A PORTRAIT OF JOHN SPARROW

BY JOHN LOWE, HARPERCOLLINS, £19.99

Press. "Sparrow was, first and last, a great, even a very great, collector of precocious gifts which he spoilt by self-absorption. Born into a family of Midlands iron-founders, he was striking even in infancy. "He seems to look right through you," his nurse told his mother when he was six weeks old. "You must make a judge of this child."

As a Winchester schoolboy, Sparrow became an avid book-collector. At the age of 17 he edited a reprint of John Donne's *Devotions* which was praised by Edmund Gosse for its "ripeness and elegance". By the time of his Oxford graduation, he had edited Abraham Cowley's works for the Nonesuch

At the age of 23, Sparrow was elected to a fellowship at All Souls, but two years later, in 1931, he moved to London to practise as a barrister in the Chancery division. His chambers earned such large fees that its clerk owned a Rolls-Royce and a house in the south of France. Although Sparrow liked the discipline of mastering briefs, he had too much to voice to be a great advocate and his application for silk was rejected.

As an undergraduate, Sparrow told Kenneth (Civitatis) Clark that he preferred to have "few but important friendships" because he found "practically everyone... hateful, and very few people perfectly nice". As Lowe demonstrates, his friends and Oxford tutors were more influential with him than his family. Many of his friends were bisexual—Maurice Bowra, Roy Harrod, Bob Boothby, Harold Nicolson, John Betjeman. Having accepted his own homosexuality in boyhood, he had a happy, amorous life after reaching London in the Thirties.

The deception and discretion required by a criminalised sexuality were fun for him. When he joined the Army on the outbreak of war in 1939, he initially refused a commission because he relished the barracks-room life of a private. "I almost loved my platoon (I mean, some of the men in it), and always liked most those who craved help." Nor surprisingly for someone with such sympathy for soldiers, Sparrow wrote with superb precision and clarity about A E Housman.

Lowe traces in tedious detail the convoluted machinations whereby



John Sparrow, painted by Derek Hill

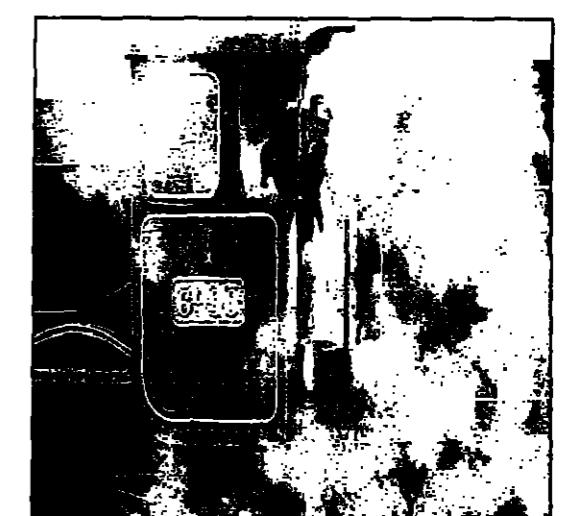
Sparrow in 1952 was elected Warden of All Souls, the undergraduate-free Oxford college. Shortly after this success, the philosopher Stuart Hampshire warned him that All Souls was "half dining-club and half borough council", and that without a commitment to scholarship "Oxford is trivial and insipid, a great Gothic nursery where everybody seems to fidget".

Though Sparrow wrote some polemical essays during his wardenship, he gave his energies to preserving the college as a sort of Beefsteak Club among the dreaming-spires. He preferred clever worldly conversationalists to specialist scholars.

Disregarding Hampshire's advice, he acted the part of a cultivated man of letters, performing his ceremonial duties with dignity, and the social side with brio. But he was a calamitously weak administrator. He prevaricated over decisions, became entangled in intricate consultative rituals, and wearied colleagues with exasperatingly conspiratorial letters and phrases.

RICHARD DAVENPORT-HINES

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### MONDAY POEM

#### A LULLABY

BY RANDALL JARRELL

For wars his life and half a world away  
The soldier sells his family and days.  
He learns to fight for freedom and the State;  
He sleeps with seven men within six feet.

He picks up matches and he cleans out plates;  
Is lied to like a child, cursed like a beast.  
They crop his head, his dog tags ring like sheep  
As his stiff limbs shift wearily to sleep.

Recalled in dreams or letters, else forgot,  
His life is smothered like a grave, with dirt;  
And his dull torment mottles like a fly's  
The lying amber of the histories.

Our poems this week come from *Poetry of the Second World War: an International Anthology*, edited by Desmond Graham (Pimlico, £10).

# The Rev Donald English

DONALD ENGLISH was a Methodist minister of exceptional gifts. Several good careers were open to him as a young man, but he knew in his heart that his life's work was to follow in the true succession of John Wesley's preachers.

His name became known well beyond the bounds of Methodism. Through his broadcasts and particularly his *Thought for the Day* on Radio 4, he spoke to a huge number of people. Many of them were helped by his Christian comment on a news item. There was always a passage from the Bible which placed that news item into an appropriate context.

When he was Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council, in 1986-87, he was seen on television on important state occasions. He took part in the wedding service for the Duke and Duchess of York in Westminster Abbey. He shared in the service for the Festival of Remembrance in the Royal Albert Hall. He led *Studies for members of the Houses of Parliament*. He lunched with the Queen at Buckingham Palace.

I imagine that Donald English would sometimes wake up and pinch himself to make sure it wasn't all a dream. His parents, Robert and Ena English, gave him a Methodist home. He attended the local High Westwood chapel in Consett. He joined the Boys' Brigade, only because they had a football team.

In his early years at school, he gave little indication of his true ability. Jack Gair was the one who at Junior School taught Donald to believe in himself and enabled him to enter the Consett Grammar School. From then on, his academic progress was sure. He proceeded to the University College of Leicester (then part of London University) to read History. After taking his London BA degree, he studied for a Teaching Diploma. Then came National Service in which he became an Education Officer in the Royal Air Force. It seemed that his future was as a history teacher - or perhaps it was as a professional footballer for he played for the English Universities team, and both Leicester and Sunderland were interested in signing him. But God had other plans.

A very important period of his life was now to begin. He returned to Leicester to serve as a travelling secretary of the Inter-Varsity Fellowship and was involved in training and evangelism in 11 universities in the North and Midlands. This was when he received his grounding in Bible study, prayer and Christian witness. More important, it was at this time that he felt God was calling him to be a candidate for the Methodist ministry. After acceptance, he was sent for training to Wesley House, Cambridge, and graduated, choos-

ing the Greek New Testament as one of his options. He was inspired by teachers such as W.F. Flemington, Philip Watson, Michael Skinner and Professor Owen Chadwick.

After Wesley House, he served as Assistant Tutor at Wesley College, Leeds. An academic career in New Testament studies was now open to him, but this was not the way he believed God was pointing him.

In 1962, he was ordained into the Methodist ministry, married Bertha Ludlow and went overseas to Nigeria under the Methodist Missionary Society. He first met Bertha at a Brains Trust organised by the Christian Union in Leicester. Bertha herself had seemed destined for a distinguished career in education, but resigned as Lady Warden at Methodist College, Belfast, to go with Donald to Nigeria where he was to teach New Testament and Methodist Studies at the Ecumenical Training College, Umuahia. Among his students was the Rev Sunday Mbeng who later became the Patriarch of the Nigerian Methodist Church and also several other archbishops and bishops. So English became familiar with the World Church.

Next came six years as minister of the Broadway Methodist Church in the North Shields and Whitley Bay circuit. His preaching, teaching and pastoral gifts attracted a large congregation. English related easily to everyone, from children to pensioners. All felt he understood their needs and were led to a deeper faith.

He was then appointed to teach New Testament Studies at Hartley Victoria Methodist College in Manchester. For the first time, evangelical students felt they had a tutor who really understood them. When Hartley Victoria closed, Donald English was transferred to Wesley

College, Bristol, to continue his work. He was there when at the age of 47, he was called by the Methodist Conference to be its President.

Scholar, preacher, author, evangelist, church statesman and later broadcaster, English was a man of many parts. But his real concern was for the mission of the Church. He was the natural leader for the Methodist Home Mission Division in 1982 and he immediately set about making his distinctive contribution to its life.

"Sharing in God's Mission" is a classic statement of his position, with



biblical, theological, historical, and strategic insights and a commitment to evangelism, service and the struggle for justice. He was as comfortable advocating the Mission alongside the Poor Programme as he was leading the Bible studies at the Keswick Convention.

He was committed to working with other churches, including the black churches. He related naturally to people of other faiths. He was appointed chairman of the executive committee of the Nationwide Initiative in Evangelism, and later chaired the British Council of Churches Evangelism Committee

Hale, Secretary of the Council, said that English gave it outstanding leadership. His Bible studies and keynote addresses were so powerful that Methodists from every part of the world wanted him to visit them.

Back in England, he led important evangelistic campaigns in York and Plymouth. He spoke about faith to large numbers of students at universities in Britain and Ireland. His stature was such that, in 1990, the Methodist Conference appointed him its President for a second term - the only person to serve twice since Methodist Union in 1932. Honours came his way: doctorates from uni-

1997. Donald struggled on, but his heart gave more problems. His last major public appearance was at York Minster in early July where he preached at an ordination service. Soon afterwards he was told he needed heart bypass surgery.

The wonderful quality of Donald English's life was that, although he walked in high places, he never lost the common touch. He was a deeply caring pastor to colleagues and their families, and to former students and friends. Thousands of people across the world will give thanks to God for him.

JEFFREY HARRIS

**Donald English, minister of the church; born Consett, Co Durham 20 July 1930; Travelling Secretary, Inter-Varsity Fellowship 1955-58; Assistant Tutor, Wesley College, Headington 1960-62; ordained 1962; New Testament Tutor, Trinity College, Umuahia, Eastern Nigeria 1962-66; Circuit Minister, Cullercoats, Northumberland 1966-72; Tutor in Historical Theology, Hartley Victoria College, Manchester (Lord Rank Chair) 1972-73; Tutor in Practical Theology and Methodism, Wesley College, Bristol (Lord Rank Chair) 1973-82; President of the Methodist Conference 1978-79, 1990-91; General Secretary, Division of Home Mission, Methodist Church 1982-95; Moderator, Free Church Federal Council 1986-87; Chairman, World Methodist Council 1991-96; CBE 1996; married 1962 Bertha Ludlow (died 1997; two sons); died Oxford 28 August 1998.**

*It seemed his future was as a history teacher - or perhaps a professional footballer: both Leicester and Sunderland were interested in signing him. But God had other plans*

and the Churches Together Coordinating Group in Evangelism.

The World Methodist Council had now recognised that Donald English was a man of exceptional ability. He served on both its evangelism and executive committees. In 1991, he was appointed for a five-year term as chairperson of the World Methodist Council. At the Singapore Conference in that year English was visibly moved to tears as he expressed penitence for the racist and imperialist attitudes of white, Western people like himself. Joe

versities in America and Britain. In 1996, he was appointed CBE for his services to world Methodism.

He retired from the active work of the Methodist ministry in 1995, but the demands on his time did not cease. It was while leading a campaign at Royal Holloway College that he had the first indication of a heart problem. He was fitted with a pacemaker. But now his wife was diagnosed with terminal cancer. Donald and Bertha went to the Methodist Covenant Service to put their future into God's hands. Bertha died in July 1997. Donald struggled on, but his heart gave more problems. His last major public appearance was at York Minster in early July where he preached at an ordination service. Soon afterwards he was told he needed heart bypass surgery.

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# Gabriel Delaunay

IT WAS one of the boasts of the Third Republic in France that it was possible for a man of humble origins to rise in society. The route was there, those with ability had only to take it. Gabriel Delaunay was an example of how it could be done. Some 12 years ago he published a novel, *Le Petit Chouan*, in which he described the life that he succeeded in leaving behind him.

He was born in 1907, in the small village of Sainte-Christine in the Vendée. His parents were very poor, working on land that was owned by a rich man. As soon as he was old enough, he worked alongside them and he always remembered how hard and difficult life was. He particularly remembered each 29 September, the cruellest day of the year, when the rent had to be paid to the landowner. This was the anonymous life that he was meant to lead, but he was ambitious and he had the good fortune to have a devoted village schoolteacher.

He won a scholarship to the primary school in Fontenay-le-Comte, and then to the secondary school in Fontenay-le-Comte. He won admission to a teacher's training college. And then he prepared for university degrees on his own, qualifying in history and geography, and eventually succeeding in the competitive examination of the agrégation. Delaunay was surely entitled to boast: he did this without accounts to settle.

All these details emerged at the trial of Maurice Papon earlier this year, when the former secretary-general of the Gironde department during the occupation was tried for crimes against humanity. Papon endeavoured to prove that he had supported the resistance, and claimed to possess proof that he had been associated with the Jade-Anicet group, although other groups regarded the organisation as not representative of the Resistance. An attempt was made to elect a Senator Caille as President of the Departmental Committee of the Liberation, although he had voted in favour of Pétain in 1940 and was never "très résistant" as Delaunay put it. It was Delaunay who was made president instead.

When General de Gaulle's representative Gaston Cusin arrived in Bordeaux in May 1944, relations between him and Delaunay became difficult on the subject of Papon. Delaunay wanted him to be dismissed as someone who had collaborated with Vichy Cusin, faced with the confusion amongst the resistance and possibly influenced by claims that Papon had helped the Resistance. He returned, after demobilisation, to the Lycée Montaigne in Bordeaux. But both he and his wife, Alice, who was the only woman inspector of education in the region, listened to de Gaulle speaking from London, and determined to resist. In October 1944 Delaunay set up a group, calling itself "Liberation". But their numbers remained very small.

The history of the resistance in Bordeaux is complex. The commissaire de police, Pierre-Napoléon Poinsot, worked very closely with the Gestapo (he was shot at the Liberation) and he employed a number of double agents, one of whom, Geneviève Sauvain, gave away a whole resistance cell organised by two doctors. Another resistance network was established by Claude Arnould, who went to London in the summer of 1940, but refused to serve under de Gaulle. With the help of Sir Stewart Menzies of MI6 he set up a large Catholic, and some said Pétainist organisation, called Jade-Anicet. The Communist Pierre Rebière, in his violent activities against the Germans, found support from the Spanish refugees present in Bordeaux.

Delaunay protested in 1944. And in February 1998 he wanted to testify against Papon. Pierre-Napoléon Poinsot, who had worked very closely with the Gestapo (he was shot at the Liberation) and he employed a number of double agents, one of whom, Geneviève Sauvain, gave away a whole resistance cell organised by two doctors. Another resistance network was established by Claude Arnould, who went to London in the summer of 1940, but refused to serve under de Gaulle. With the help of Sir Stewart Menzies of MI6 he set up a large Catholic, and some said Pétainist organisation, called Jade-Anicet. The Communist Pierre Rebière, in his violent activities against the Germans, found support from the Spanish refugees present in Bordeaux.

DOUGLAS JOHNSON

**Gabriel Delaunay, teacher, resistance leader and administrator; born Sainte-Christine, France 30 April 1907; married (two children); died Bordeaux, France 5 August 1998.**

## Phil Leeds

"I AM the guy about whom people say 'Here comes what's-his-face,'" said the comedy actor Phil Leeds just three years ago, after he had spent more than 50 years in show business as a stand-up comic and as an actor in films, theatre and television.

His face, if not his name, was particularly familiar to television viewers. He is currently to be seen on Channel 4 in the popular series *Ally McBeal* (as Judge Boyle), and last May in the United States he appeared in episodes of four different series on the same night: *Ally McBeal*, *Murphy Brown*, *Everybody Loves Raymond* and the final episode of *Ellen*. "Casting agents always call me when they want a funny old man," he said. "I'm not pretty, but I'm warm and feisty."

Born and educated in the Bronx, in New York City, Leeds had no theatrical background - his father was a post office clerk - but was stage-struck from an early age. He developed an act as a stand-up comic, breaking it at summer camps, while supporting himself as a peanut vendor at the Yankee Stadium and Polo Ground.

*Casting agents always call me when they want a funny old man. I'm not pretty, but I'm warm and feisty'*

child star Mitzi Green and the future film star Betty Garrett (who did a duet with Leeds entitled "Johnny is a Hoarder").

Atkinson described Leeds as "a cadaverous, loose-jointed noody", while the critic Howard Barnes wrote that "Leeds is fine when he isn't remembering Bert Lahr". The small comic with a ruffled face would frequently be compared to

ie Gleason and Jimmy Durante. Leeds did his solo stand-up act at such clubs as the Blue Angel and Village Vanguard, and later won parts in Broadway shows. In Cole Porter's *Can Can* (1953), as the artist Theophile, he took part in the numbers "If You Loved Me Truly" and "Never Be an Artist" and understudied Hans Conried in the featured role, a sculptor called Boris. He was

the First Soldier in Peter Ustinov's *Romanoff and Juliet* (1957), was standby for both Bert Lahr and Shelley Berman in the revue *The Girls Against the Boys* (1959) and had the feature role of Victor in Ronald Alexander's hit play *Nobody Loves an Albatross* (1963).

In 1973 he starred with José Ferrer in an acclaimed production of Nell Simon's *The Sunshine Boys* in San Francisco. The same year he played in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* in Los Angeles and decided to settle in that city, where he obtained steady work in film and television.

He was in such television shows as *All in the Family*, *Golden Girls*, *Roseanne* and the *Larry Sanders Show*, and notable films included Roman Polanski's *Rosemary's Baby* (1968), as Doctor Shand, a role Leeds himself described as "the mute, mean wizard", and *Ghost* (1990), in which he was the literally cadaverous emergency-room ghost.

TOM VALLANCE

**Philip Leeds, actor; born New York 1916; married Toby Brandt (died 1987); died Los Angeles 16 August 1998.**



Leeds, left, with Robert Preston, centre, and Leon Janney in Ronald Alexander's play *Nobody Loves an Albatross*, 1963. Photo: Photofest

## Benny Waters

IN HIS obituary of Benny Waters (14 August), Steve Vose offers the surprising opinion that Waters was not a great alto player, writes Barry Fantoni.

Undeniably he was not as influ-

ential as his pupil Johnny Hodges, or as innovative as Ornette Coleman, but clearly greatness is measured in many different ways. I can see that there is a problem of assessing Waters and it applies to any artist who

works on through their nineties. In jazz, veterans are a rare breed and Waters emerges as almost unique.

So how do we judge him? I would

say that his playing in the last decade of his life more resembles a late painting by Titian, who was so hard of seeing towards the end that he dispensed with brushes and worked with the tips of his fingers. The result was a series of sparse and understated works that left more

than a little to the spectator's imagination. In the case of Benny Waters, no matter what time he played, he always treated it with respect, always trying to present it to the listener as an individual work. His

phrasing, like that of the young Miles Davis, was sparse yet full of meaning, again leaving the listener to fill in the gaps.

It is true that, in his last period,

Waters could be heard to wobble a

bit on long notes, but his was forever the essence of warmth and latterly gilded with the wistfulness of an old man looking back to happy days. In this, even his blues had a smile - a sign of true greatness.

JP/110/30



Barriteau, left, with clarinet, and the West Indian Swing Band: (clockwise) Tommy Wilson, Dave Wilkins, Ken 'Snake Hips' Johnson and Leslie 'Jiver' Hutchinson Max Jones Files / Redferns

## Carl Barriteau

DURING THE years of the Swing Era, most European clarinet players tried to model their playing on that of Benny Goodman. Carl Barriteau, who had come to Britain from Trinidad in 1937, based his style instead on that of Goodman's perceived rival Artie Shaw. With hindsight it is obvious that Shaw's playing was more sophisticated and harmonically more adventurous than Goodman's.

It's a fair reflection of Barriteau's outstanding ability that he was able to cope convincingly with his idol's style. Barriteau led the band of stars that recorded the famous *First English Public Jam Session* in London in November 1941. Sure enough, the Shaw influence is very obvious, but close listening reveals that where Shaw was precise and immaculate in some of his uniquely complex runs on the instrument, Barriteau cleverly skidded over the points where such ambitious work was required.

None the less it was he and the newly emerged trumpet star Kenny Baker who dominated the concert and, like the trombonist George Chisholm, each easily dominated the English scene on his instrument.

Barriteau spent his early years in Maracaibo, Venezuela, before being taught to play the tenor horn at the Belmont Orphanage in Trinidad. He played in the Trinidad Constabulary Band for

some years and during this time switched to clarinet, showing his outstanding skills on the instrument when he worked with Bert McLean's Jazz Hounds and with another of the island's leading jazz groups, the Williams Brothers' Blue Rhythm Band.

In 1937 Barriteau moved to Britain and joined the West Indian Swing Band

band led by Ken 'Snake Hips' Johnson, who had come to Britain at the beginning of this century – at the high noon of empire, when whites ruled the world – included people in every social group, but the black middle class has been largely overlooked. Despite Coleridge-Taylor's father's being a London-trained doctor born in Sierra Leone, few have investigated the trail of evidence that is left by a property-owning, privately educated, servant-employing, professionally qualified person.

Thus these black doctors, lawyers,

businessmen, dentists, authors, local councillors and civil servants have disappeared from history. What can explain this?

There has been a grand deception: the emphasis is that black people in Britain are migrants – an emphasis that the *Windrush* celebrations have not diminished.

A second, more insidious, deception is that black people are manual workers, people with few skills that fit a modern economy, who could find employment in labour-intensive industries such as public transport, factories, sewing, cleaning, catering. As the British economy changes these newcomers have to adapt or return. They are temporary and do not belong.

Any evidence of positive contributions to British society would challenge that view: as would evidence of an earlier and stable presence.

Well-intentioned historians have added to the blacks-are-migrants stereotype when detailing the leaders of many anti-imperial movements in Africa and the Caribbean.

For the independence movements were often led by individuals who had studied in Britain. Their years in Britain are presented as a prelude to the years of struggle. Who

## HISTORICAL NOTES

JEFFREY GREEN

### The black middle class has a history



Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1875-1912)

THIS SUMMER's celebrations of the arrival of the *Empire Windrush* in 1948 honoured the Jamaican settlers it carried to Britain, but how many people know that there has been a black presence in Britain for centuries?

They appear sometimes indistinct, in major aspects of Britain's history – Samuel Johnson's friend Francis Barber, sailors on the *Victory* with Nelson, Charles Darwin's teacher of taxidermy in 1820s Edinburgh, the Crimean War nurse Mary Seacole, the composer Samuel Coleridge-Taylor are some examples.

The men, women and children of African birth or descent who lived in Britain at the beginning of this century – at the high noon of empire, when whites ruled the world – included people in every social group, but the black middle class has been largely overlooked. Despite Coleridge-Taylor's father's being a London-trained doctor born in Sierra Leone, few have investigated the trail of evidence that is left by a property-owning, privately educated, servant-employing, professionally qualified person.

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Well-intentioned historians have added to the blacks-are-migrants stereotype when detailing the leaders of many anti-imperial movements in Africa and the Caribbean.

For the independence movements were often led by individuals who had studied in Britain. Their years in Britain are presented as a prelude to the years of struggle. Who

recalls Hastings Banda of Malawi as a middle-class Londoner? He was a doctor in London for over a decade. Others traced include James Jackson Brown, a Jamaican, who settled in London to study medicine and work at the London Hospital. He organised a cricket team, was host to younger students, and developed a thriving practice in Hackney where he was recalled with great respect decades after he died.

The ambitions of Britain's black middle class encompassed all those of the larger society. They were active in voluntary work and attended meetings of societies both professional and relating to their hobbies. They won elections and served on councils, attended church and taught at Sunday schools, sent their children to private schools and applauded their success on the sports field. Their children had music lessons and acquired other refinements.

Does it matter that the doctor son of the Jamaican-born Dr Goffe was a friend of the writers A.A. Milne and E.V. Lucas, that Henry Downing wrote plays or that Dr Alcindor was deeply interested in tuberculosis? Yes, yes – indeed. Such is the deeply racist nature of Britain today that those involvements would be seen as positive aspects of black people in 1998.

It is necessary to remind ourselves that there was – and is – a black middle class. We should consider why such an ambitious and successful section of British society has been forgotten.

Jeffrey Green is the author of *Black Edwardians: black people in Britain 1901-1914* (Frank Cass, £15.50).

## 'Legitimate self-defence' means death to burglars

THE INDEPENDENT ARCHIVE

31 AUGUST 1988

Patrick Marnham  
reports on the successes,  
and failures, of recent  
amateur security  
measures in France

tried by a jury. Mr Legras denied that he had ever intended to kill with his lethal little radio. "I just wanted to mark them so that the gendarmes would recognise them," he said. The jury found him "not guilty".

The man who does a mischief to his neighbour's dog, even if it does bark all night, can be sent to prison. But the man who kills in defence of his laying hens can sometimes get away with it. Far from being whittled down with the passage of time his defence has been revived in recent years, and there is a "Legitimate Self-Defence Association" which advises its members how to set their traps legally.

It all began with the case of

Lionel Legras, a garage owner who bought a little cottage near

Troyes only to see it burgled

again and again. After the 12th

burglary, Mr Legras decided to

spring a surprise on his next visitors.

He took an old transistor

radio and with an explosive

powder and an electric battery

transformed it into a bomb and

left it on the kitchen table. Then

he nailed up a sign outside his

isolated cottage: "Keep Out,

Danger of Death". Then he

went back to his garage. That

night two men ignored his no-

notice, broke down the front door

of the cottage and went in. One

of them picked up the radio and

went off with it.

Charged with manslaughter,

Mr Legras was tried by three

magistrates who found him

guilty, gave him an eight-month

suspended sentence and fined him 600 francs (£50). His lawyer

was not satisfied with this and

demanded that his client be re-

arrive regularly, but using a washing machine once

every thousand years

hardly qualifies as moderate use. This falls into the

same trap as those railway

stations that offer a regular

service to London. Once

every alternate Thursday

regular would be regular. A frequent but irregular service

would be far better.

## WORDS

WILLIAM HARTSTON

regular, adj.

occasionally, regularly, or  
every day?

But regular is not the  
same as frequent. Sun-

days, Father Christmas

and new millennia all

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS

### DEATHS

SAMUELSON: Michael, CBE, peacefully in his sleep on 25 August 1998. Funeral service at the London Crematorium, Kensal Green, at 2.15pm on Thursday 3 September. No flowers please, but donations could be given to the Michael Samuelson Memorial Fund, 200 Coates & Co, 20 Strand, London WC2R 0QS. A Memorial Service will be held in the autumn.

ANNOUNCEMENTS are charged at £1.50 a line (VAT extra).

### ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS

The Princess Royal attends the International Festival of the Sea at Portsmouth Harbour, Hampshire.

### CHANGING OF THE GUARD

The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am; F Company Scots Guards mounts the Queen's Guard, St. Buckingham Palace, 11.30am, band provided by the Irish Guards.

### BIRTHDAYS

Major Michael Argyle QC, former circuit judge, 83; Mr Martin Bell MP, 60; Admiral Sir Brian Brown, Chairman, King George's Fund for Sailors, 64; Professor Robert Hanbury Brown, astronomer, 82; Sir James Clemenson, former chairman, British Overseas Trade Board, 77; Mr James Coburn, actor, 70; Miss Anne Coffey MP, 52; Lt-Gen Sir Napier Crookenden, 83; Mr Alan de Piro QC, former circuit judge, 78; Miss Liz Forgan, former managing director, Network Radio BBC, 54; Mr Richard Gere, actor; Sir Marshal Sir Edward Gordon Jones, 84; Mr Buddy Hackett, actor and comedian, 74; Mr Charles Kay, actor, 68; Professor Christine King, Vice-Chancellor, Staffordshire University, 54; Mr Clive Lloyd, cricketer, 54; Professor Sir Bernard Lovell, former Director, Jodrell Bank Station, 85; Mr Van Morrison, rock vocalist, 53; Mr Edwin Moses, athlete, 43; Mr Bryan Organ, painter, 63; Mr Itzhak Perlman, violinist, 53; Sir Barry Sheen, former High Court judge, 80.

### ANNIVERSARIES

Births: Caligula, Roman emperor, 12; Jahangir, Mogul emperor, 1569; Charles Turner, engraver, 1774; Pierre-

Jules Theophile Gautier, novelist and poet, 1811; Hermann Ludwig Ferdinand von Helmholtz, physicist, 1821; Charles James Lever, novelist, 1868; Elizabeth Mary Russell (Benchamp), Countess Russell ("Elizabeth"), novelist, 1866; Maria Montessori, educationist, 1870; Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands, 1880; Edwin DuBose Heyward, novelist and playwright, 1888;

Shaw's *Concerto for Clarinet* that displayed his great agility on the instrument. His playing here came closer to Shaw's than anyone else's had.

Barriteau spent the rest of the war years touring with the band and recording for the Decca label. As the war ended he took the band on a tour to play for British forces in Europe. He took the band into the Embassy Club in London. He was the star of the *Melody Maker*'s 1947 "Jazz Rally" and the 78rpm records of the concerts outsold any other British jazz records of the time.

In 1949 he began a two-year residency at the Eldorado Ballroom in Leith, Scotland. This may not have been financially rewarding: a visitor to Barriteau's flat in the town remembers that he was loath to leave it as he benefited from a free gas supply. He had modified the gas meter so that he could put a shilling in the slot and then, when it had been credited, could persuade the meter to regurgitate the coin.

Returning south in 1951 he joined Cyril Stapleton's band for a year. He worked as a soloist and with his own band, which he re-formed as needed, and again toured Europe, North Africa and South East Asia, entertaining American troops there between 1953 and 1966. During this time he worked as a double act with the singer Mae Cooper and also led his band for a tour with the Platters vocal group.

He emigrated to Australia in 1970, became an Australian citizen and settled in Sydney, using this as a base for widespread touring throughout Australasia and the Orient.

STEVE VOCE

Carl Barriteau, clarinet and saxophone player and bandleader: born Trinidad, 7 February 1914; died Sydney, Australia 24 August 1998.

### CHURCH APPOINTMENTS

The following appointments have been announced by the Church:

The Rev Peter Abel, Chaplain to the Forces; to be Rector, Killington with St. John's, Derby.

The Rev Kevin Bell, Vicar, Darwen St Peter with Hoddesdon St Paul (Blackburn); to be Rural Dean of Blackburn in Darwen.

The Rev Dr Michael Bryant, Vicar, Bexhill St Augustine (Chichester); to be Rural Dean of Bexhill and Rother (same diocese).

The Rev Mark Codd, Chaplain, Palliative Care and Health Care, Derby Royal Infirmary (Derby); to be Chaplaincy Manager, Central Sheffield University Hospital (NHS Trust) (Sheffield).

The Rev David Gaze, Vicar, St. Edmund, St. Edmunds and St. Edmund's (Swindon).

The Rev Raymond Harro, Curate, Newcastle upon Tyne Holy Cross (Newcastle); to be Vicar, Newcastle upon Tyne St Francis High Street (same diocese).

The Rev David Williams, Curate, London St. Mary (Blackburn); to be Chaplain, RHP, Lister Castle (same diocese).

### LECTURES

Victoria and Albert Museum: Dinah Winch, "Mermaids and Sea Creatures in European Art 1500-1700", 2pm.

THAMES WATER recently wrote to me with some helpful hints on how I could increase their profits. First, I had to determine whether I was a low, moderate or high water-user, and one of the items in the inventory was use of a washing machine or dishwasher. Did my household utilise such devices only

arrive regularly, but using a washing machine once every thousand years hardly qualifies as moderate use. This falls into the same trap as those railway stations that offer a regular service to London. Once every alternate Thursday regular would be regular. A frequent but irregular service would be far better.



## The chicken lorry had the best career

IN THE STICKS

STEVIE MORGAN

I KEEP seeing the names of people I was at university with popping up in prominent positions. People who didn't have a brain cell at 19 have blossomed into geniuses by 40, with words before their names like Professor and Dame. All I have to offer where it says "title" on forms is "Miss", and even that's a terrible mistake.

I envy their status, but the thought of what they do to get it makes me feel faint. They have workloads that would make an elephant stagger, and internal organs adapted to bathe in a constant wash of adrenaline. My own achievements consist of removing sources of stress from my working life. The only commuting I do is the 30 feet from the Aga to my desk. As a consequence, of course, there is one question that I do face with boring regularity: "Where is the next mortgage payment coming from?" In an effort to find an answer that my bank manager may find more acceptable than "The fairies will bring it", some stress has to be put back into my schedule.

So last Monday was a Big Day. An opportunity to sell my wares to a market so vast that the mortgage may never be an issue again. My preparations were meticulous. I bought a new pair of tights and hit the second-hand clothes shop in Scunthorpe.

Luckily there's a local gal who buys Armani and is the same size as me. Sadly for her she has some sort of pen fetish so her kit ends up in "Second Time Around" with little marks on the skirt where she sat on a ballpoint. Good news for my Big Day: 500 quid's worth of power-dressing for the price of a month's supply of chook feed.

On Monday at 8am I was

ready. At first it all went well. I washed my hair and put my underwear on without a hitch. Even the blue pen on the suit didn't seem to show. Doug was quietly supportive. He didn't even say what he usually does when I'm dressed up and on my way out: "Don't pull, will you?"

But what I hadn't allowed for was Offa, the driver of the big truck that every Monday delivers feed to the 7,000 broiler chickens up the road. Hot for his rashes and eggs in the next village, he drove straight into the front of our car as Doug drove me to the station to get the 8.31 for Paddington. Offa's truck was barely creased but the front of the car looked like a left over from a giant's origami course.

So it was that in spite of all my best efforts for my Big Day I fell out of a taxi at the venue only just in time to scramble on to the stage. I stood behind the rostrum my hands shaking like the star turn at an AA meeting. All the clever little witticisms had gone from my head. All I could think of was Offa's truck whacking the car like the big fat hand of retribution, serving me right for my shameful years of avoiding a real career.

I can't really remember what it was I did manage to say. All I am sure about is that as I tottered back to the slough of anonymity at the back of the hall my audience were showing signs of the worst of all possible responses. I would disappear from their memories faster than the numbers on their cloakroom tickets.

So when the bank manager rings, he'll find the phone unplugged. It's OK to do that, because when the fairies ring in with a job offer they can do it on an unconnected line.

To my knowledge, there isn't, but

At Diana's death, many discovered the secret thrill of breaking bad news. By Gilbert Adair

I FIRST heard of the Princess of Wales's death in a way that was likely to have been repeated up and down the country. On the Sunday morning in question, while I was running a bath, an acquaintance rang me up. His voice sounded bizarrely guttural.

"Well," he said, without any of the expected early-morning pleasantries and preliminaries. "And what do you think of the news?"

"News? What news?" "You mean you haven't heard?" he exclaimed with feigned incredulity. (Feigned because, given my "What news?", he couldn't have been in any doubt that I hadn't heard.)

It all came out in a firework display of exclamation marks: "Diana's dead! Dod's dead! They were being chased by paparazzi! Their limo crashed in a tunnel in Paris! The paparazzi have been arrested! Switch on TV! It's on every channel!"

Like everyone else, I was caught off guard. What was so shocking wasn't only the fact of Diana's death, but how completely out of the blue it had come. Even that early on, though, I was aware of a jarring note. My acquaintance was genuinely distraught - as I was later to discover, he spent the rest of that same Sunday in front of his television set. Nevertheless, during his initial phone call, I could detect in his voice what I can only call a terrible elation - the elation of someone who knows himself to be the bearer, not just of bad news, but of thrillingly bad news. He was horrified, but he was also audibly exhilarated. And, no matter that he himself would indignantly deny such an allegation, I'm certain he would have been obscurely frustrated, even downright disappointed, had I replied to his opening question by saying, "Yes, it's dreadful, isn't it?"

Everyone knows what I mean - the excitement we feel when communicating to someone who hasn't yet been apprised of it, devastatingly bad news about mutual friends, colleagues and, of course, household-name celebrities. It's a species of excitement that has nothing to do with *Schadenfreude*, the gleefully perverse satisfaction that we (or some of us) take in the reversals suffered by our friends. It can perfectly well co-exist with authentic grief. But if anything can be safely filed away under the rosy rubric of "human nature", it's surely that half-suppressed tingling that we experience when imparting red-hot information about an acquaintance's sacking, divorce, accident, arrest, suicide or terminal cancer.

It wasn't as though anyone wished



The death of the Princess of Wales: Shaking a sluggish world out of the torpor of eternal sameness

Brian Harris

there should be, a word for it. Especially now, when it has definitively gravitated on to the world stage. For take the case, precisely, of Diana.

Whatever else there was to say about it, the international reaction to the circumstances of her death was a vindication of Marshall McLuhan's theory of the modern world as a global village, one in which, by virtue of the ubiquitous electronic media, anything that happens somewhere will happen everywhere else as well at the same time. And just as a real village would be abuzz for days with the sudden, violent death of its most glamorous and stylish inhabitant, so the entire country was engulfed by the frenzy surrounding Diana's. Just as would be true, too, of a small village, the advent of her death had the result that, for a few brief, but equally endless-seeming days, we found ourselves living together for once, as a real human collective, with an eerily intensified sense that each and every one of us was part of the national scheme of things.

for that death to happen. Even I, acutely hostile as I am to the current brainless culture of celebrity, found myself saddened that someone so young, so beautiful, someone moreover who appeared truly not to want to fritter her life away, had met with such a horrible end. But there was no getting away from it. Diana's death - tragic, pointless, ironic or iconic, call it what you will - was also a phenomenon. It was tremendously interesting.

And it was just one of the more recent in a series of sensational news-worthy disasters that had the effect of shaking a sluggish world out of a torpor of eternal sameness. For many of us, Gianni Versace was no more than a name, a relatively remote and irrelevant one at that, until he was slain in a Miami street. Fascination with Michael Jackson had been reduced to the decreasing circle of his teenybopper admirers until rumours of paedophilia hit the fan. The coverage of Woody Allen's custody trial was devoured by people who cared little for his films. As for OJ Simpson, there

was, world-wide, an explosion of outrage at his acquittal, but there was also (who would deny it?) a wonderfully galvanising undercurrent of relief in that outrage of ours, a relish of which we would all have been deprived had he been sent to prison.

On a different scale, an old friend of mine, a lifelong Conservative voter, confessed to me that, the morning after the last general election, she realised she was actually, secretly glad that Labour had won, simply because its victory

made the future look suddenly

troubling. Having droned on for years about Major, Howard, Battenley and Co, her daily newspaper was readable again, *Newsnight* was unmissable. It was not that she had any confidence whatever in the new government - she simply hoped that, for a while at least, the coverage of the Titanic didn't sink. For, as I wrote in my recent book, *Surfing the Zeitgeist*: "The death of the Titanic is precisely what has kept it alive, what has kept it from sinking out of sight." Perhaps Diana's death, so terrible, yet also so terribly thrilling, is what will ultimately keep her alive too.

likely to feel any elation, for example, terrible or otherwise, if forced to reveal to friends the death of a spouse, or a lover, or an intimate friend. Similarly, it's impossible to believe that anyone felt it on breaking the news of Dunblane or Jamie Bulger.

Yet, every so often, there occurs an event that makes boring, humdrum life seem almost as exciting and as gripping as a movie, and it would be foolish to deny that, at some maybe only half-conscious level of our psyche, and even as our hearts go out to the unfortunate caught up in it, we revel in its every detail just as we would at the movies. I can even think of a model for all such events - the night the *Titanic* sank. Or, should I say, the night the *Titanic* didn't sink.

For, as I wrote in my recent book,

*Surfing the Zeitgeist*: "The death of the *Titanic* is precisely what has kept it alive, what has kept it from sinking out of sight." Perhaps Diana's death, so terrible, yet also so terribly thrilling, is what will ultimately keep her alive too.

## That sinking feeling

Continued from page 1

twitches," says Ivan contemptuously, as we drive back through the marsh. The clay bank is scheduled to cut across it, roughly 400 yards inland from the shingle ridge. As we pass the spot where work should start next summer, a flock of the aforesaid "twitches" are standing by the side of the road, with their binoculars and cameras poking through the reeds at whatever bird life lurks within.

"There'll be hundreds of them this afternoon," Large goes on. "There's some kind of rare life in there."

Surely, I suggest, the birdwatchers are good for the local economy. "Not really," he says. "They're mainly day trippers. Some people come here and buy holiday homes. That's why the prices are going way out of the reach of the working man. Just after the '53 floods, you could have bought half of Salthouse for £1,000."

His brother-in-law George, now 78 and retired from fishing, had to leave his sea-front home in a hurry in 1953. "We moved the furniture upstairs, but that got flooded as well," he recalls, as a hen and several chickens scurry into the hallway and begin pecking at a dog bowl. "We've been lucky since then. The downstairs carpet got soaked a couple of years ago, but that didn't bother me much."

All the same, George Cooke has had good reason to respect the power of the sea. "This is such a small island," he says, "and you can't let the sea take too much of it. If you get a really rough 'un, I don't know what'll stop the bugger. But this bank should take the stink out of it."

His niece, Suzanne, who runs Cooke's Crab Shop just down the road, will have none of it. "How would you like to have a 12-ft high wall not far from your front window?" she asks, brandishing a sheaf of signatures at me. She doesn't believe the global warming theory, either, but adds: "If it does get worse, I can't see a wall stopping a really severe flood."

As if to emphasise her confidence, she and her partner, Peter, are moving from their home a little way up the hill into the premises behind the shop which her father bought at a knock-down price in 1956. But they have installed an easy-to-swab floor of quarry tiles and have fitted electric sockets 2ft above it.

A wise precaution in the circumstances. The North Sea has been a fierce and unpredictable foe to the east coast. More than 300 people died in the floods of '53, one of them in Salthouse. Out beyond the shingle ridge and under the waves is one of the buildings that didn't survive. Many more perished before it. Indeed, Salthouse was a thriving port 200 years ago. Just as what is now the tiny Suffolk hamlet of Dunwich

was a once a great medieval town. Back in Norfolk, Cromer once stood two miles inland from the busy seaside village of Sheringham which now lies at the bottom of the sea.

Stride out from Cromer over the cliffs towards Overstrand today, and you will find signs warning you to "proceed at your own risk." Just down the coast at Happisburgh, meanwhile, local councillors are warning that the Norfolk Broads will be in danger if nothing is done to shore up the cliffs.

There are no cliffs in Brancaster. Just dunes. Like Salthouse, the beach is almost perfectly flat. Unlike Salthouse, there is no shingle to push up into a defensive ridge. Just soft sand, which looks as though it's lying there waiting to be pounded twice-daily by the incoming rollers.

In fact, it doesn't just lie there. It moves about with every wind and tide. They are quickly covered by the incoming tide.

This is easy to believe. The edge of the sea is frothing angrily in the middle-distance. But the stiff northerly breeze coming directly inland suggests that when it makes a move, it will be with some force. "By five o'clock you'd be up to your waist if you stayed where we are," says Cyril Sutherland, a fisherman for over 35 years, as we stand at the foot of the sand dunes below the Royal West Norfolk Golf Club.

Three years ago, the sea came close to breaking through the dune and flooding the first fairway. Already the road leading from the village to the golf course can be flooded for anything up to three hours at high tide. Time and tide wait for no man. Book a round at the wrong time and you could be stranded in the 18th hole for longer than expected.

Faced with a tidal assault on the course itself, the club brought in outside experts who suggested piling up sand to protect the vulnerable sand. Sutherland and other locals knew better. Eventually, 20 of them were commissioned by the club to experiment with geo-textile mesh, a metre high along the base of the dune. They topped it with brushwood to catch the windblown sand. "See how it's building up into a nice, gentle slope," says Sutherland.

"It's better to take the power out of the sea rather than let it smash into a 90-degree wall. Otherwise the top will eventually cave in. This brushwood method is how we fore-

fathers did it, two or three hundred years ago, when they reclaimed grazing land from the sea. It's a matter of working with nature. A little bit of maintenance could hold this lot together. But the Environment Agency take no notice of outside boffins than of people on the ground."

The Agency is planning a 60-metre (just over 200-ft) breach in the sea defences on the west side of the clubhouse to take the pressure off the dunes. Managed retreat, in other words. Most villagers would much prefer managed realignment, in the form of a secondary buffer bank.

"You can't predict the sea," says Alan Townsend, secretary of the Brancaster Village Gold Club whose members have ancient rights to play on the Royal West Norfolk's course (but not to use the clubhouse). "These boffins come in and think of this and think of that, but the older people here have seen it all before. The defences at Titchwell were breached by 30 yards in '53. Now the the gap's three-quarters of a mile."

But Steve Hayman, a senior engineer at the Environment Agency, insists: "A managed retreat is better than waiting for nature to take its course. We've been struggling in an unequal battle to sustain that short length of dunes. If we get a serious storm, the sea will break through. As for building a secondary defence, it would involve quite an investment. Looking at the area that is protected, it's difficult to see where the benefits are coming from to justify the cost."

The Agency has priced the secondary bank at £339,000, a figure which Janice Howell, chair of the parish council, considers a substantial over-estimate. "We're not convinced by the sums," she says. Nor by the figure put on replacing the freshwater marsh which will be flooded when the sea is let through the breach. "Under the Habitats Directive, they're bound by law to replace that marsh with 80 acres of comparable land, and they think they can do it for £160,000. Well, dream on, chaps. Agricultural land round here is going for £3,000 and £4,000 an acre."

There is also a compensation bill to be worked out in an area where land ownership is a matter of Byzantine complexity. Steve Hayman concedes: "When the EU directive on habitats was drafted, it's questionable whether enough consideration was given to dynamic coastlines that have been changing for thousands of years."

The experiences of these two towns, separated by 20 miles, also suggests that the Commons agriculture committee may also have been a little optimistic in trying to frame a blanket policy on sea defences for the entire British coastline.

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# Menace, molestation and murder

Best-selling novelist Joyce Carol Oates writes about people behaving savagely, whether in the boxing ring or in the world of Dog Girl, anti-heroine of her latest novel *Man Crazy*. Why do it? Because, she says, these are her people. By Marianne Brace

**A** young girl brought up by a single parent drifts towards promiscuity and drugs and ends up in a cult where she is sexually abused, tortured and made to drink the blood of a murdered man. It may sound like a horror flick, but Joyce Carol Oates's novel *Man Crazy* is serious. It takes a long, hard look at what happens when we go beyond society's perimeters.

Gothic short stories, campus novels, detective stories, lyrical novellas, multigenerational family sagas – Joyce Carol Oates has tackled them all. Since first being published in 1963, the award-winning author has written 27 novels and countless short stories, many of which have never been published here. Now Virago is bringing out *Man Crazy* and adding *Solstice* and *Expensive People* to its classic paperback list.

If Oates has experimented with genre, there's been a consistent element to her work – violence. Menace, molestation and murder are staples in her stories. A man smashes in the head of a boy he is supposed to be rescuing (*Upon the Sweeping Flood*), a child pushes a bully to her death (*In the Workhouse*); twins are sexually assaulted and killed by a retarded adult (*Heath*). Even in less extreme work such as *Solstice*, a sexual encounter borders on rape.

"There's a savage element to life in the larger context," says Oates, who is over here for the Edinburgh Festival. "People often say I write about violence, but fundamentally I have written about the aftermath of violence, often in the lives of women and children who are the victims. How do they deal with it? How do they survive?"

Oates is painfully thin, with frizzy dark hair and sad, gentle eyes behind her glasses. You can't help wondering how such unquiet thoughts spill from such a quiet woman. She once said that her life had been shaped by violent acts. A recently published American biography, *Invisible Writer*, by Greg Johnson, makes her family history seem very like one of Oates's own novels. Her paternal great-grandfather attacked his wife with a hammer and then shot himself; her maternal grandfather was murdered in a brawl. And as a small girl, the author was herself bullied and molested by other children. She has said, "I seemed to accept the ill-will of others as a natural fact of life."

And yet Oates looks back on her childhood with nostalgia and affection. Now a professor at Princeton University, she was the first of her family to go to college. She was brought up on her grandparents' small farm in upstate New York. Her father worked in a factory, scrapping to make ends meet.

"I often write about that world," says Oates. "Writers spend a lot of time memorialising the world. We have our backgrounds and the cities we've lived in, our childhood homes – those worlds which are vanishing and fading."



Joyce Carol Oates: 'I was dealing with a girl leaving her family unit, and what she encounters when she goes beyond what we call civilisation'

Neville Elder

In *Foxfire*, for instance, her novel about a girl gang who "go joy-riding, smoke dope, punish the men who have preyed on them sexually", Oates wanted to write something set in the Fifties about "girls who form pre-feminist alliances. Young girls have intense friendships with a sense of loyalty, protectiveness, and identification. *Foxfire* is a kind of valentine to those early adolescent friendships."

But these aren't sentimental stories. "This is a world of quite lower-class girls," she says, "whose families have been broken up, so they don't have brothers or fathers to protect them." There's a particularly unpleasant episode featuring a female dwarf being systematically raped. One right-wing lobby group in Canada demanded that the novel

be banned from school reading lists. Others have also found some of Oates' material difficult to stomach.

"People ask me how I could write about such appalling things in *Man Crazy*," Oates says thoughtfully. "There's a moral repugnance with which I can sympathise. But in *Man Crazy* I was dealing with a girl leaving her family unit, and what she encounters when she goes beyond what we call civilisation. She has a kind of attraction to the dark unknown which seems romantic when you're at a distance but, when you're in it, is very ugly, very porous and awful."

The girl, Ingrid, nicknamed "Doll-girl" and then "Dog-girl", falls in with a gang of Hell's Angels. "I wanted to show how mistaken she was in her romantic illusion," Oates explains. "I had to show what happened.

Hell's Angels are very dangerous, very real. I couldn't have a soft narrative about these people. I had to be true to the subject matter."

Oates occasionally takes her subject matter from real life incidents. Her moving novella *Black Water* was inspired by Chappaquiddick when in 1969 Senator Ted Kennedy escaped unscathed from a submerged car, leaving his young female companion to drown. "He was absent – nobody knows where – for about 12 hours, and then emerged with his lawyer. He obviously had called him."

The book was designed to be read in two hours, the time it takes for the car to fill with water as the girl struggles against her fate.

*Zombie*, on the other hand, has a serial killer as its narrator; an apparently respectable young man who performs lobotomies on his living victims.

In the Seventies I was living in Detroit and there was a serial killer taking children and teenagers. He was never caught." Wasn't it scary residing in the head of her character? "Yes, because it's the arcana of the serial killer that's scary but the fact that he doesn't consider what he does unusual." Frightening too was the reaction to *Zombie*. "It's one of the novels of mine that has a cult following. People talk about it on the Internet. It's their favourite novel. I dread to think who these people are", says Oates allowing herself a quiet laugh.

Perhaps it's Oates's fascination with how we survive life's battering which makes her such a keen defender of boxing. Her passionate essay *On Boxing* describes the sport as "a highly condensed drama without words".

Oates was first taken to amateur matches by her father when she was about 10 years old. "We were not a family that was very cultured," she says, "and so I was taken to a fight rather than, say, an opera. If I'd been taken to listen to Wagner that might have changed my life in a very different way."

For Oates, boxing represents the playing out of the struggle to survive in its most extreme form.

"Most boxers never get hurt. If you've trained you know how to defend yourself. If you are hit and go down it's your option not to get up, you can quit at any time. The fighter wants to fight. He's happy to fight. If he has

a title fight, this is his ticket to fame." But the potential for tragedy is there too. Fighters may go after that goal, but come out in a coma. They may wreck their careers and return to the streets where they came from.

"Boxing", writes Oates, "has become America's tragic theatre".

Although no longer a practising Catholic, Oates believes in redemption; she believes it is possible to re-establish shattered lives. Bloodied and bruised characters, like Ingrid in *Man Crazy*, do make it against the odds. "People sometimes ask 'How can you write about such harsh, extreme people?' But these are the people of my world," says Oates. "I love these people."

*Man Crazy* is published by Virago, price £15.99

## The finest way to go Dutch

TWO FURTHER programmes in the Edinburgh Festival's celebration of the Dutch choreographer Hans van Manen have concentrated on his affinity for intensely detailed and strongly characterised duets and solos.

They range from *Couples*, an extremely modern reconstruction of the conventional ballet duet form for six young dancers of the NDT's Company, to *The Old Man and Me*, where the veterans Sabine Kupperberg and Gerard Lemaitre use a range of sly facial expressions or a witty finger gesture to underline their exuberantly unexpected interpretation of Stravinsky's *Circus Polka*, plus a pop song and an excellent Mozart Adagio.

### DANCE

HANS VAN MANEN  
PLAYHOUSE AND FESTIVAL THEATRES



Receiving its world première from Netherlands Dance Theatre at the Playhouse was *Zero Hour*, in which Astor Piazzolla's tangos drive four dancers including, conspicuously, NDT's Gioconda Barbuto, to quiet self-controlled frenzy. But most gripping of all was the Dutch National Ballet's

programme at the Festival Theatre of four established miniature master works, all of them piano scores.

Beethoven's music is the basis upon which three couples move *Adagio Hammerklavier* from silent expectancy, through contrasted moods of agitation, to a final serenity tinged with melancholy.

What a range there is from this to *Twilight*, where Nathalie Caris and Wim Broeckx pace wearily and fret and grapple before Jean-Paul Vroom's sinisterly brooding industrial landscape, and then moving on to the aggressive, anarchic passions of John Cage's *The Perilous Night*.

*Sorcerous* takes its title, not only from Prokofiev's score,

but also from the mood in which its two dancers (Sofiane Syvre and Juan Magnus Johansen) challenge each other erotically, through force of movement and personality.

And in *Life*, with its unprecedented and unmatched mixture of stage action, immediate giant-sized video projection and recorded film, Liszt provides an ironically lyrical background against which Sabine Chaland is challenged by Henk van Dijk's camera for controlled detail of hand and foot, or a series of violent confrontations with her partner, Giel Lambiotte.

A unique, compelling and unforgettable performance of *Life* and *Adagio* respectively from the two dancers.

JOHN PERCIVAL

## A dilemma taken too lightly

### THEATRE

PERFECT DAYS  
TRAVESSIE, EDINBURGH

agers' dreams are made on.

In striving to be the perfect, *Zeitgeist* comedy though, *Perfect Days* falls short of the expectations it sets up. You hardly notice this, so swaddled as everything is in gentle joivility.

Barbs, the ditsyish celebrity television hairdresser makes some highly debatable decisions. She has a secret affair with the handsome long-lost son of a friend, Alice, while she tries to impregnate herself with the sperm donated by her gay best friend, Brendan.

Yet the damage done to these three, when the reveal-

tions break, is never really explored: the comic pace slows but does not tail off. Barbs is either forgiven her callousness on the spot, or not long after. "I'll be mother," says Alice, pouring a consolatory pot of tea for everyone and laughing at the apothecary of the expression, even though it trivialises the scene.

Perhaps it is too much to ask of this play that it allows its audience to form a moral judgement about a subject usually associated with *Doily Mail* – style hysteria. It is interesting that the one person who displays a bigoted response, Barb's mother Sadie, is conveniently out of the picture by the time her daughter's chickens come home to roost. The situation Barbs is in may be commonplace, but

drama that explores the frictions between the single would-be-all-costs mother and those around her is still in its infancy.

It is as if *Perfect Days* is too infatuated with its heroine to let her dilemmas be scrutinised too carefully. Lochhead apparently wrote Barbs with Siobhan Redmond in mind and the actress infuses the part with a winning vitality and warmth. But it does not connect with the character's cold, clinical behaviour.

If only in its punter-friendly frothiness, *Perfect Days* had not, so to speak, thrown the baby out with the bathwater.

Traverse, Edinburgh 0131-228 1494. To 5 Sept; queue for returns one hour before performance DOMINIC CAVENDISH

## EDINBURGH FESTIVAL TRANSFERS

YOUR GUIDE TO SHOWS TOURING AFTER EDINBURGH

Car Maintenance, Explosives and Love. Australian performer Doune Jackson swerves between three tales of love (for cars, explosives and another woman) in an energetic, if intellectually under-rehearsed monologue. 8-10 Sept, The Ustinov Studio Theatre, Bath (01255 448815)

Cool Heat Urban Beat. Despite the splashy title, this is a startlingly slick street dance show from Rennie Harris's Pure Movement hip-hop group, supported by Herbin Van Cayseele's trio jazz tappers. 8-26 Sept, Peacock Theatre, London (0171-314 8800)

Crave. Sarah Kane's sedentary quartet for anonymous voices is an intense, head-spinning 45-minute

verbal assault. 8 Sept-3 Oct, Royal Court, London WC2 (0171-565 5000)

Enrico Marchetto: More spot-on origami impersonations and transformations from the king of origami impersonations and transformations. 3-21 Nov, Lyric Hammersmith, London W6 (0181-742 3111)

Horses for Courses: Peepolykus, a lowly surrealistic trio, are taking this year's hit-and-miss show – a disaster-strewn "Russian Gala Evening of Siberian Entertainment" – on the road. Their first and best work *Let the Donkey Go!* is also being trundled out. *Let the Donkey Go!* (15, 16 Sept) Horses for Courses, 17, 18 Sept, part of the British Festi-

val of Physical and Visual Theatre, BAC, London SW11 (0171-223 2223)

Hymn to Love. Elizabeth Mansfield excels as Plat in Steve Brodsky's moving but unsentimental account of the relation between the sparrow's life and her songs, directed by Annie Castledine. 30 Sept-24 Oct, Drill Hall, London WC1 (0171-743 1111)

Krapp's Last Tape. Edward Petherbridge's turns in a five-star performance as Beckett's solitary old gent, cocking an ear and a snook at his recorded reminiscences. Richmond Theatre, Surrey 9-12 Sept (0181-940 0088) and touring Britain; final date: 5 Jan-6 Feb, Arts Theatre, London WC2 (0171-836 3334)

Legs on the Wall. Australian dance theatre: "The movement is pretty soggy, but the sexual politics are well past their sell-by date," said our reviewer. 15-26 Sept, Riverside Studios, London W6 (0181-237 1111)

Love Upon the Throne. The National Theatre of Brent's deliberately garbled account of the relationship between Prince Charles and Diana is both laugh-out-loud funny and unexpectedly moving. 9-26 Sept, Bush Theatre, London W12 (0181-743 3338)

Mr Punch and His Man Matti. A winningly imaginative staging of Brecht's class-war comedy from the Right Size – the best theatre troupe

ble-act in Britain. Everyman, Liverpool 8-12 Sept; Playhouse, Oxford 23 Sept-3 Oct; Warwick Arts Centre, Coventry 8-10 Oct; Almeida, London W1 (0171-637 8270)

Skin Tight. A mish-mash of violent movement, over-tender lyricism and mawkish nudity from New Zealand as a husband and wife face up to each other and relive old times before saying farewell. 14 Sept-11 Oct, New End, London NW3 (0171-794 0022)

The Wrestling. Alex Lowe's poignantly touching tribute to what was once the nation's favourite team-sport. Once, An enchanting wordless anti-fairytale from Russian clown troupe Derevo.

The Wrestlers. Angela Pleasance's poignant tribute to what was once the nation's favourite team-sport. Once, An enchanting wordless anti-fairytale from Russian clown troupe Derevo.

The Last Orbit. Angela Pleasance's poignantly touching tribute to what was once the nation's favourite team-sport. Once, An enchanting wordless anti-fairytale from Russian clown troupe Derevo.

PERRIER DATES: The four Perrier nominees, Peter Kay, Al Murray, Sean Cullen and Ed Byrne will be appearing together with this year's winner, Tommy Tiernan, plus this year's best newcomer, The Mighty Boosh on consecutive Sundays. Exact billings to be decided. 27 Sept, 5 Oct, 11 Oct, Her Majesty's Theatre, London SW1 (0171-494 5400)

# World record holder

Since Capital took over XFM, things have been going from bland to worse. Not for DJ John Kennedy, though. By Steven Jelbert

**S**omewhere in New Zealand a chap called Peter King makes records. That is, he cuts music on to clear plastic discs one at a time, in editions as small as 20, sometimes in strange sizes such as eight inches in diameter. He listens to each one twice to check quality. And eventually, on the other side of the world, a man called John Kennedy plays them on the radio.

For the last year Kennedy's show on *XFM's Midnight Ramble* (this pattern is perhaps not the slickest), has been simply the best, most eclectic show on British radio, playing 50 tracks a night from stars such as the Manic Street Preachers and Prodigy to bands with names like Yessarian and Clockwork Voodoo Freaks, alongside classics from Bob Dylan, Fela Kuti and Grandmaster Flash. He has been known to observe with a straight face: "The bassoon is the instrument of now." All sound is here, from the pages of *The Wire* to *Smash Hits*.

Unfortunately, last week saw the official announcement by the new owners of Capital Radio, "London's Only Alternative", of their new line-up of DJs and programming plans. Innovation is out, and stalwarts such as Keith Cameron, Ricky Gervais and the world's oldest teenager Gary Crowley, untempted by the offer of the graveyard shift, 1am-6am, have walked.

Worse, the bosses aim to introduce a 24-hour-a-day playlist system, stifling still further the opportunities for new music to find a place on the airwaves.

Capital's appointments include a breakfast DJ from Invicta Radio, who has apparently never been to a gig and

considers the defunct Black Grape to be extending the boundaries, and the ex-Capital jock fortysomething Jeff Young, in the lunch-time slot. Most bizarre of all, the venerable "Sir" Bob Geldof has moved on to the crucial drive-time show for 104 days (count 'em), in a blatant attempt to build up the RAJAR ratings figures. The current measurement system, which effectively excludes transient (but vital) listeners such as students and visitors, relies on a national panel of some 20,000, and counts 15 minutes on a frequency each month towards the statistics. Geldof seems poised to gain attention for the wrong reasons, after a gaffe regarding the health of an ill, but definitely alive, Ian Dury (Chris Morris couldn't have done it better), and his plea for advice on new music at his introductory press conference.

Capital seems to have little understanding of the culture it is dealing with. Whatever its faults (and there were many), XFM was inherently music-led, and therefore inspired fierce loyalty. Already a rock daubed with a plaintive "X" has flown through the window of Capital's famously well equipped Leicester Square HQ, and a wreath was reportedly sent to a senior executive there.

Ian Watson, of Melody Moker, the only music paper to make an attempt to oppose the sale, is disgusted but unsurprised by the volte-face.

"It's completely dishonest," he says. "They only got the go-ahead from the Radio Authority as long as the music policy remained unchanged." Where once the teatime show played MCS records, Geldof opts for Van Morrison and Bruce Springsteen. "Old men's music," Watson complains. "I don't

think they care if they lose every single listener from before. Honestly, it's worse than Capital FM, or Capital Gold."

It leaves DJs such as Kennedy in a difficult position, finding themselves shunted around the schedules - currently overnight at the weekends - and subjected to a stringent music policy, something Radio One discarded years ago for its specialist shows.

This seems a waste of the talents of this unassuming, 33-year-old history of art graduate, already marketed as the next John Peel. Kennedy loves music - all music. "I get sent lots of records, but even that doesn't satisfy me. I have to go out and buy more I don't know anything about," he confesses. He'd like to broadcast the side project of His Name is Alive's Warren Deever, but it's produced only in an edition on wax cylinder.

Such is his enthusiasm that he even seems to get excited over untitled tracks from unmarked CDs, breathlessly intoning "That was track nine" like a breakfast DJ with a Spice Girls exclusive. He even admits to having played a record which arrived with a blank sleeve and label - he deduced the artist through the matrix number scratched into the run-out groove.

Despite such esoteric knowledge, he disclaims any expertise. "Although I do know a lot about music, I don't see myself as a big expert or anything," says the former BBC record librarian.

So how many records do you have, then? "I don't count them." How many rooms, then? "Five rooms out of eight in the flat. Which is ridiculous. There's no room for them. I've got walls of CDs that look like wallpaper."

Do you alphabeticise them? "I try to,"

he shrugs, as if unequal to the task. How does your partner feel about all this? He laughs guiltily. "She's very supportive, if somewhat baffled."

His obsessiveness is well known. One record-plugger claims to have tormented Kennedy simply by describing records the DJ had yet to obtain. He doesn't deny the charge. "If you're doing this job that's how you should approach it," he says. He has no time for those who close their ears to various forms. "I've heard journalists on the XFM review show say, 'It's a rap record. I can't comment on that.' That's a cop-out. We've had rap music for 20 years; it's part of popular music, part of our culture. You don't have to like it, but you should try to understand where it's coming from."

He well understands that today's unlistenable racket is tomorrow's mainstream. "That harsh breakbeat sound like Digital Hardcore is bound to cross over at some point, just because it's dead catchy, even though it seems like a din at first. You can jump around to it. And it's going to get bigger."

He also tips Fridge, post-rock teenage students, and their spin-off Four Tet, already raved about in many quarters. He explains warily. "The only thing that's not commercial about the Four Tet record is that it's 36 minutes long, so it doesn't fit into mathematical radio programming. It's got times... it's got millions of tunes."

Whether Kennedy's new bosses will be as far-sighted is unlikely, but this show really is the sort of gem - acclaimed, respected, intelligent - that Capital is notorious for cancelling. They should understand that someone's got to keep the door to the future open.



DJ John Kennedy - already marketed as the next John Peel

Adrian Dennis

## Am I the only viewer who is desperate for new faces?

THERE IS a certain irony to the fact that Vanessa Feltz is fronting a BBC programme called *Value for Money*. VFM was not what Anglia Television decided her £2.75m fee demand was last week, but the Beeb has stepped in with an offer that nearly matches. We will be bombarded by that fulsome bullying 500 times in the next two years, and that's just the morning confessional slot - there's all the evening stuff as well.

Five hundred? Many people don't get to see their wives that often. But Vanessa, though her jackpot pay-out sets yet another precedent for the UK TV industry, is hardly unusual in her swamping presence on our screens. Every time you turn on the telly, there's Smilie, Tarrant, Clarkson, Theakston, Jouson, Reeves, Mortimer, Deayton, Anderson, Wogan, Ball... And if they're not grinning and giggling at a studio audience, then they're

pestering us to buy something. Can you name more than half-a-dozen other presenters working at the moment? Thought not: they've got the market sewn up.

In the words of another

celebrity fond of his advertising fees, NO! Commissioning Editor!

NO! Are there really only a dozen people in the country who can stand in front of a camera? Are

you really so busy that you can't hold auditions? Is Lamarre the

only charmless oaf around? Are

there no Cambridge science graduates other than Verderman? Is being nice really only something that can be done by Rosin? Is total vacuity a talent only Turner possesses? Patronising aggression the sole province of Robinson?

The domination of presentation on TV by a handful of individuals is bad for all of us. My contacts in youth research tell me that one topic comes up repeatedly in media groups: how

much the young are turned off by what they regard as laziness on the part of commissioning editors, ringing for Deayton and sending out for sushi. Style leader and early-adopter youth, it seems, are turning off their tellies, and what the early-adopters are doing, late adopters are going to catch on to sooner or later. Good news for bars and publishers, bad news for telly, especially if they will have brought it on themselves.

There's a lot of guff talked about professionalism in the business, but the ease with which the average member of the public seems to approach TV cameras these days suggests that there's a huge pool of potential professionals out there. Celebrity fees, mostly for the dumbest end of the market - game shows, chat shows, talent shows, the lottery, Acacia Avenue travel slots - eat our licence fees. That £2.5m

Vanessa's getting is your £2.5m, remember. 25 people could cover an awful lot more air time at £100,000, or 50 at £50,000, and the price of mansions in Hampstead wouldn't be so grossly inflated. A presenter, after all, merely introduces or brings something or someone before the public. Or to put it another way, all a presenter has to do is be present.

SERENA MACKESTY

## Eastern light and magic



Mariko Kaga (Gertrude), Hiroyuki Sanada (Hamlet) and Teisuro Sagawa (Claudius)

Kohji Fukanaga

AT THE start of Ninagawa's *Hamlet*, you could be forgiven for thinking that you were in for some Japanese *Kiss Me Kate*-style backstage musical of Shakespeare. With the house lights up, the performers are seen in two tiers of dressing-rooms, each with its light-bulbed mirror, flowers and good luck cards. Time checks are called. There is a bustle of preparation.

Ninagawa has always been fond of framing devices, from the pair of ragged crones who laboriously parting and closing the front panels in his sumptuous *Macbeth*, seemed like the eternal witnesses of some endlessly recurring tragic ritual, to his idea of presenting *The Tempest* as a play within a play overseen by a director who had overtones of another exiled magician, the 15th-century Noh actor-playwright Zeami.

In his *Hamlet*, there's a constant emphasis on the treacherous gap between social performance and private reality. For Shakespeare's hero, the world of Elsinore comes to resemble a creepy unpublicised theatre where everyone, apart from Horatio, may be acting a part, and where a man like Claudius can smile, and smile and be a villain.

Ninagawa's production communicates an eerie sense of this. For example, during scene changes, rather than remain in black-out, he brings the lights back on, so that the rows of curtains seem to be caught in the act of a shifty cover-up, as they whiskingly swish from, say, depicting Mt Fuji, to conveying the interior of the court. And these curtains allow for a wonderful effect towards the end of the first half when Hamlet climbs

the tall staircase and the drapes suddenly become spookily translucent. Behind them we see not just the newly arrived players preparing for their performance of *The Mousetrap*, but those unofficial actors, Gertrude (Mariko Kaga) and Claudius (Teisuro Sagawa).

In the pensive offstage isolation of their separate dressing-rooms, separate cell-like consciousness.

A dashing, charismatic figure, much given to whirling his black cloak around him, Hiroyuki Sanada is an ardent, appealing Hamlet whose "antic disposition" has an impassioned dynamism. The set, however, does few favours to the hero's great confronta-

tion with Gertrude, since here she has to come out of her top-tier dressing-room and descend to the imperial main stage. There's no bed, and a much diminished sense of Oedipal violated space, and the ghost is so far away that there's none of the pathos that comes from Gertrude's unwitting proximity to her former husband. But in several little touches, such as a miniature staircase. This ceremonial object then reappears in a giant replica as the stage-set for *The Murder of Gonzago* with the players distributed like motionless puppets across the steps, until scattered by Claudius's stormy exit. The pictorial connection is clear, the thematic connection culturally opaque or even non-existent.

More of a painter than a poet in meaning (these are productions you simply gasp at rather than mull over), Ninagawa has been bringing work to the UK for 13 years now, and it's becoming clear that he's not the Peter Brook kind of great director; who is constantly reinventing himself from scratch.

Mariko Kaga plays beguiling variations on the same set of tricks. But what magical tricks they are.

PAUL TAYLOR

### THEATRE

NINAGAWA'S HAMLET

BARBICAN THEATRE

LONDON

### THE RATINGS

BBC 1

Soaps continue to exercise their stranglehold on ratings. Only the movie *Addams Family Values* in the Top Ten and, lower down, *Fawlty Towers* and *Men Behaving Badly* offer respite.

Programme	Total (millions)
1 EastEnders (Thu/Sun)	15.89
2 EastEnders (Tue/Sun)	13.39
3 EastEnders (Mon/Sun)	12.71
4 Changing Rooms	10.07
5 Vets in Practice	8.14
6 Neighbours (Mon)	8.11
7 Neighbours (Thu)	8.10
7 Neighbours (Wed)	8.10
9 Neighbours (Fri)	8.07
10 <i>Addams Family Values</i>	8.03

Programme	Total (millions)
1 Coronation St (Mon)	13.91
2 Coronation St (Fri)	13.39
3 Coronation St (Sun)	12.86
4 Coronation St (Wed)	12.29
5 Emmerdale (Thu)	10.96
6 Emmerdale (Wed)	10.30
7 Emmerdale (Tue/Wed)	9.91
8 Eye of the Storm	8.73
9 Touch of Frost	8.46
10 Home and Away (Wed)	7.75

Programme	Total (millions)
1 <i>Greece Uncovered</i>	1.27
2 Stargate SG1	0.63
3 Star Trek Voyager	0.62
4 The Simpsons (Sun 1800)	0.55
5 The Simpsons (Sun 1830)	0.53
6 The X-Files	0.47
7 Friends	0.46
8 The Simpsons (Fri)	0.41
8 The Simpsons (Tue)	0.41
10 The Simpsons (Wed)	0.40

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# NETWORK

## Every move you make, I'll be watching

Fancy your whole life being scrutinised by hidden cameras and broadcast? It's not 1984, just the latest web craze. By Vanessa Thorpe

**L**ike to live rent free for six months? Yes, please. In return for 24-hour video surveillance? Perhaps not. Yet this is the nature of the Faustian pact that our young women have just made with Bravo, the raunchy cable TV channel.

Winning an audition process that pitted them against hundreds of rival candidates, the aspiring performers Ruth Arwen, Mylene and Ellie Ann have all signed up to have their domestic lives continuously monitored by Web surfers. In exchange, the four brunettes have been allowed to stay together, rent-free, in a large house in an undisclosed North London street. The project, called *The Dolls' House*, went online last Friday and is regarded by Bravo as the next logical step after the immense popularity of *GirlCam*, which it claimed was Europe's first live Net "peep show" that earned the Bravo Web site around 40,000 hits on its launch day.

Bravo's selected "dolls" are in their late teens and early twenties, and have obviously been picked for their attractive appearance and friendly personalities. Audition notes made by Bravo executives reveal the tone of the enterprise.

"Up for it?" reads one. "Dead spit of Patricia Arquette!"

"She loves the camera. Ditsy. Andie Dowd's vacuous style," comments another.

The dolls themselves are embracing the opportunity to expose themselves to the world.

"We are all exhibitionists anyway, I thought I might well decide to change in the bathroom from now on," admitted Arwen, a 21-year-old professional singer/model/actress/televisionist/whatever.

"It will be great publicity for me and, to be honest, I might even have done without the offer of free accommodation," she said.

"Although the good thing about us all moving in together is that it gives us the secret address that we will need for security. That side of it makes us feel much better."

"I know there is always a chance that a neighbour will recognise us, but I think it's quite remote."

Joining Arwen in her new home will be a professional Hawaiian dancer

(Mylene, 20), a token Northerner (Beth, 20), and finally the "baby doll" of the quartet, Ellie Ann, aged 19, who once held the Miss Pears title.

The foursome's freshly wired home has cameras positioned in each of the bedrooms and in the communal living space, providing Net surfers with live images that are updated every 10 seconds. The bedrooms are also being fitted out with a computer terminal,

In spite of claims it was the first of the project's familiar conce

It was born, with Jennie Ringley ington DC-based first went ahead, and promotion hits a wee

Happy to a when it seen was fervent in site. She cor wildlife docum was a site about sex.

Whatever Jemini may have set, the idea is lazing for many swift to spot. A deal it has struck new dolls is project. If their had simply v parade in front of us, without the frisson of would have been all, watching are deliberate for an audience.

On the other however, resist: the catch some they don't know are there? Ye West's experience *GirlCam* is a visitor to the likely to be pointed. The time she was most often was: "When a going to tidy up mess in room?"

The Dolls' Ho can be found at <http://www.bravo.co.uk>

By offering its viewers intimate access to these four young lives Bravo hopes to turn them into, at the least, minor celebrities

so that the residents can chat online with visitors to the site.

Just like *GirlCam*, which chronicled almost every moment in the life of the actress Sara West, *The Dolls' House* site was put together as a way of creating a regular feed-in feature for Bravo's magazine show for men, *The Basement*.

By offering its viewers constant intimate access to these four young lives, Bravo hopes to turn its living dolls into, at least, minor league celebrities. Every week, one or other of the virtual dolls will appear on *The Basement* to offer viewers more information (what more can there possibly be?) about their lives, loves, hopes and ambitions.

Bravo are naturally banking on the fact that male fans will develop a penchant for their own favourite "fabulously sexy doll". The four will each post a weekly diary of their lives, and will be required to reply conscientiously to viewers' e-mails.

The Web page has been designed to resemble the plan of the house, so that discriminating visitors can choose which bedroom, out of the five, to go into. In addition, Bravo is offering online profiles of all the tenants and, eventually, a league table to show which doll is scoring the most hits each week.



## Pitfalls that lurk for unsuspecting Customs men

"LURKING", in Net parlance, is the name given to the act of passively auditing services such as Usenet news groups, chat rooms and e-mail lists.

Lurking is one way in which media types glean hot news tips. In fact, lurking is a near-ideal way for reporters on the hi-tech beat to get story leads. Lots of things emerge on lists and news groups, despite the penalty of wading through much that is not particularly newsworthy.

Thus it was with great amusement that I read recently the plight of one hapless member of the press who was dragged off by HM Customs after alighting from a Eurostar train. You may have read the tale, first offered in *The Independent* on 17 August (<http://www.independent.co.uk/net/880877/me/story1.html>), before becoming a global item. Two badge-flashing gumshoes snatched Kenneth Cukier, a technology commentator, and led him off behind a wall, where they proceeded to shake him

down for "illegal drugs, fire arms, bomb-making materials, lewd and obscene pornographic material."

Cukier, it should be noted, is more likely to be seen lecturing at prestigious universities, or in the chambers of international commissions pondering weighty technological standards, than up against the wall in Waterloo Station.

It quickly materialises that what HM Customs really wants to do is scan Cukier's hard drive for porn, presumably because computers make relatively poor places to hide drugs, guns and bombs. We lurkers, in turn, can share the absurdity of the moment, deliciously written by Cukier without having to put up with the ignominy of being dragged from a train platform.

To be sure, lurkers also don't have to deal with what must no doubt be the difficult mission of HM Customs officials. They somehow have to pick potential miscreants out of throngs of legitimate travellers, a task that they proceed to shake him

must make for many awkward situations similar to the one recounted by Cukier. And, of course, we forget that these same agents do nail crazed bombers and other less-than-perfect citizens.

But lurkers need have little pride, so it's no problem to be hugely amused by the outrageous implausibility of this particular situation. With probably millions of ways for porn to travel into the UK – over the Internet; by dial-up connection; over private networks; via satellite link; transatlantic cable; clandestine short-wave data broadcast and even newsstand and videotape – HM Customs is stopping people with computers alighting from Continental trains.

You can't help wondering what leap of progress it was when they started checking trains instead of chariots, or pedestrians returning from pilgrimages to Jerusalem. Can you imagine a memo directing agents to cease looking for porn

etched upon stone tablets, in favour of lap-top computers, complete with instructions on how to tell the difference? Will the next technological leap involve duelling people who arrive with lap-tops on – wonder of wonders – aeroplanes?

But back to our e-mail protagonist. Says he, no, there are no guns, bombs or porn on this computer. So, say Her Majesty's agents, you won't mind if we scan your hard drive? Vision of a leering cop, a hot spotlight and the other accoutrements of a B detective movie. The agent even asks, "Do you have Internet on this thing?" as if the Internet would fit on a hard drive. This is a pimpled kid has earned notoriety by cracking secure systems running UNIX.

Windows NT and mainframes running arcane, unknown, ancient operating systems with shadowy names such as Guardian. But HM's troops can't scan a hard drive on a computer so easy to use that it's the choice of many primary schools.

The story gets even better: leering agent pulls the bag apart only to discover that the traveller's computer is, horrors, an Apple. Her Majesty's finest technologists, it seems, have not cracked the problem of scanning a Macintosh.

Techno lurkers are doubled up in fits of laughter, at this juncture. There are, no doubt, more than a few British 14-year-olds who have scanned hard drives belonging to such fortified and, theoretically, technologically inaccessible bastions as the military, the

nuclear power industry, England's mightiest banks and, I would guess, HM Customs' computers themselves, to name a few (I presume that HM Customs has computers).

Pimpish kids have earned

notoriety by cracking secure

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Windows NT and mainframes

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with shadowy names such as

Guardian. But HM's troops

can't

scan

a hard

drive

on a computer

so easy to use that it's the

choice

of many primary schools.

My five-year-old godson has

mastered the Mac. Suddenly, my image of British technology

replete with James Bond and the phlegmatic Q's whisky

gizmos, is getting a sharp reality check. I hate it when that happens.

Unless, of course, it's funny.

Our hero can't believe it: he's

tempted to lash into these

obvious technowimps

and, theoretically,

technologically

inaccessible

bastions

as the military, the

# The beat goes online

Digital music distribution is nearly here. Goodbye record shops.

By Mark Chadbourne

In five years' time you won't be able to wander into your local record shop to pick up the latest release from the last remaining Spice Girl: there won't be any record shops. Anywhere. At the same time, the big record companies will have been brought to their knees, desperately strip-mining their back catalogues because they have no new music to release. And all because of digital music distribution.

If you believe that scenario, you're touchingly uncorrupted by Net cynicism brought on by the regular, wild predictions of cyberspace doomsayers who trumpet the death of this or that commercial dinosaur. Yet if you take a walk through the halls of the music industry multinationals, there is unmistakable anxiety etched on the faces of many top executives.

The big record companies have always known that the development of cyberspace is going to change completely the way they operate. But now, new advances in the digital delivery of music have sent things spinning out of their control.

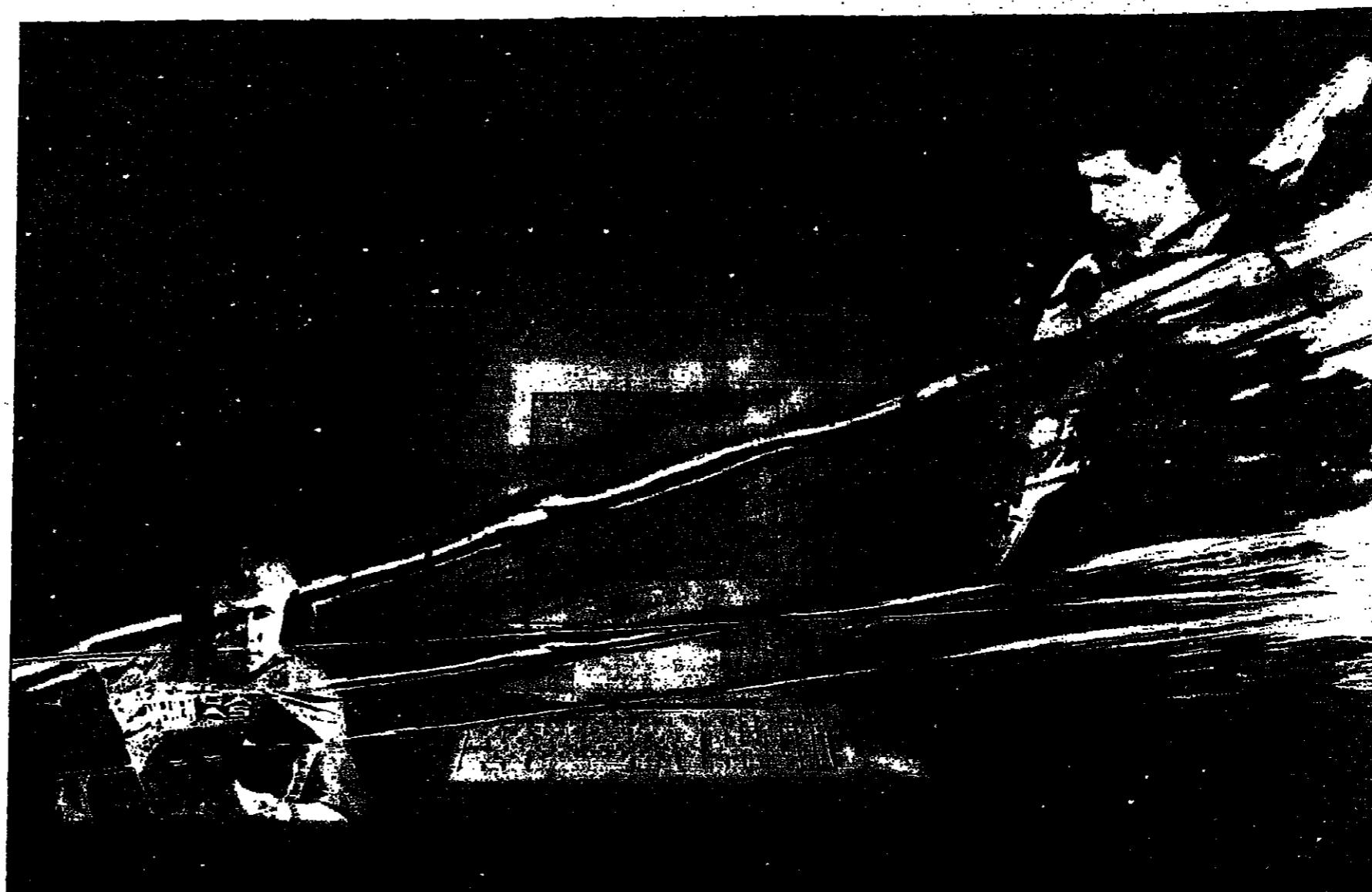
Typically, it's the smaller, more streamlined record companies that are leading the way, with US label Twin/Tone at the head of the pack. After 21 years launching bands such as Babes in Toyland and the Replacements, the Minneapolis-based company the CD has already gone the way of vinyl. All its product will now be sold over the Web as CD-quality sound files downloaded into the machines of fans and paid for (very cheaply) by credit card. At their Web site, you can try out the music before you buy it in the online equivalent of those booths they used

to have in Fifties' record stores. And this way they can boost the number of bands they sign - at least 1,000 by the end of the year.

Twin/Tone's revolution has been made possible by a new delivery system called Liquid Audio. It used to take hours to download a single track. Liquid Audio does it in less than 10 minutes, with Dolby Digital technology providing CD-quality sound. The software is free, downloadable from the Liquid Audio site, and if you're up to date with your music technology, and have a CD recorder, with Liquid Audio you can 'burn' your own CD, with tracks of your choosing in the order you want to hear them. Half the fun of buying a CD is getting the sleeve and album information, but with Liquid Audio you get those too - album graphics, lyrics and liner notes.

Paul Stark, Twin/Tone's boss, is adamant that he has chosen the right way forward: "The present distribution chain is too inefficient for getting music in the hands, or ears, of the music fans. For indie labels, as well as new bands on majors, this antiquated system can eat up over 70 per cent of the selling price of each CD sold." When the industry gets to the point when it can deliver movies and other full screen-motion videos in real time, via home delivery over the Internet, there will be no need for home storage of video tapes, CDs, DVDs etc. It's the future and it's coming sooner than anyone imagines.

The advantage of Liquid Audio over other delivery systems, such as A2B, MPC-3 and Real Audio, is that it allows encryption and watermarking, vital security measures to prevent bootlegging. When a track is downloaded, the buyer's credit



card number is encrypted within it, allowing the producers to trace any bootlegged track back to the source.

But the multinationals, naturally, plan to go their own way. IBM is currently in secret negotiations with Warner Music and Sony to launch a digital music distribution system with the Mission: Impossible-style code name, The Madison Project. Few details have emerged, but the software is believed to have cost around £12 million to develop.

The level of secrecy surrounding the project shows how seriously digital delivery is being taken by the multinationals. Any call about it results in an uneasy silence and then a sudden passing of the buck to the next level of the executive ladder. Five calls wended a trail back and forth across the Atlantic until Patricia Keel, Sony's US vice-president of corporate communications, finally said, "We're not making any comment whatsoever at the moment about the Madison Project. I think you'll find that no other companies will comment either." Warners and

IBM backed her up on that front.

At the same time, Sony, Warner and BSkyB have become partners in Music Choice, which will provide 44 channels of DJ-free music, from opera and Sounds of India to love songs and 'generation rock', as part of Sky's new digital TV system. Sky's system can be routed through music systems and PCs as well as TVs, although Simon Bazzaglia, Music Choice's sales and marketing director, was adamant the technology wasn't there "at the moment". The experience of downloading from the Web is pretty poor at the moment," he says. "And the consumer demand and marketing isn't there yet, but that can be developed over time.

"Right now, we are trying to build a core music service. Sony and Warners are well aware that if more people listen to more music they will buy more music." The sudden urgency exhibited by the multinationals is fired by the knowledge that some of their biggest-earning artists will comment either." Warners and

every systems. There would be nothing to prevent bands of the calibre of REM or U2 with a well-established, techno-smart fan base, from cutting out the record companies completely. In the long term, bands could show New Labour a thing or two about reaping the fruits of their labours.

Twin/Tone's Paul Stark agrees. "For some groups, there will be no need for major labels. Majors won't go away, but the landscape will really change. Most majors are connected to television, movie and game companies. I would guess that the record divisions will turn into promotional wings for the other divisions, using sound tracks and albums to promote other products.

"For the big groups, the money is in touring and merchandising. Record labels are used as marketing companies. Groups who can have their own staff will soon ask why they are giving up so much of the profits to their label."

Stark is taking the long view, which is always a healthy sign where

of all, it will be the fans - or at least the fans who are wired. They'll get the music cheaply, easily, and without any interference from the record company executives who think they know better than the artists about what makes a good song.

Besides, there's not a lot of sympathy left among music fans for the overbearing, multinational record companies. Anger at the allegedly artificially inflated prices of CDs has been simmering for years, and it's hard to shake the feeling that each new format, CD, DAT or Mini-disc is designed to put more cash in the coffers of big business rather than for the benefit of the financially strapped music lover. As in many other areas in the development of cyberspace, power is gradually shifting away from the big corporations to the people who deserve it.

And that will be music to most people's ears.

Twin/Tone: <http://www.ti.net>  
Liquid Audio: <http://www.liquidaudio.com>

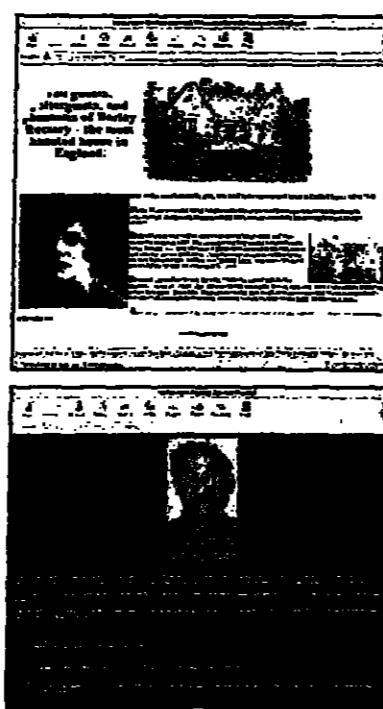
## WEBSITES

BILL PANNIFER

### Jihads, poltergeists and how to avoid ageing

**Azzam Publications**  
<http://www.webstorage.com/~azzam/index.html>  
For some unsettling insights into recent events, try this site for Azzam, a "jihad-oriented publishing company". The aim is to make available relevant texts in English, and to "incite the believers", either into making donations or, preferably, setting off to defend Islam abroad. Documents include a lengthy and influential tirade from Osama bin Laden. Within the same, seemingly unproblematic spectrum, there are accounts and photographs of attacks by mujaheddin against Russian troops in Chechnya and Afghanistan and of the deaths of volunteers fighting for the Bosnian Muslims against the Serbs. Books and tapes are on sale, celebrating various martyrs, and there's lots of interesting, though contentious, text on jihad as a religious obligation. The company emphasises it does not support "terrorist acts against innocent citizens".

**Borley Rectory - the most haunted house in England**  
<http://www.borleyrectory.com/>  
These intriguing pages team with ghosts, poltergeists and phantoms but are also about a search for roots. Ipswich-born Utah-based Vincent O'Neil's account of a notorious haunted house in Suffolk also involves discoveries about his own adoption and the colourful past of his foster-mother. Trouble at the Rectory - including an inexplicable flying brick photographed by Life magazine in 1948 - seems to have been caused by a medieval nun walled up nearby for an adulterous liaison. When O'Neil's mum stayed there in the Thirties, she witnessed hundreds of putatively paranormal goings-on, though she herself seems not to have been convinced. Much of the ectoplasm is commercial-grade: there are ghost tours, and chapter-by-chapter links to O'Neil's books which, once the reader is hooked, finish - with the URLs of subsequent instalments available at \$10 each. An



audio clip of Mother's favourite movie is also included - Psycho, inevitably.

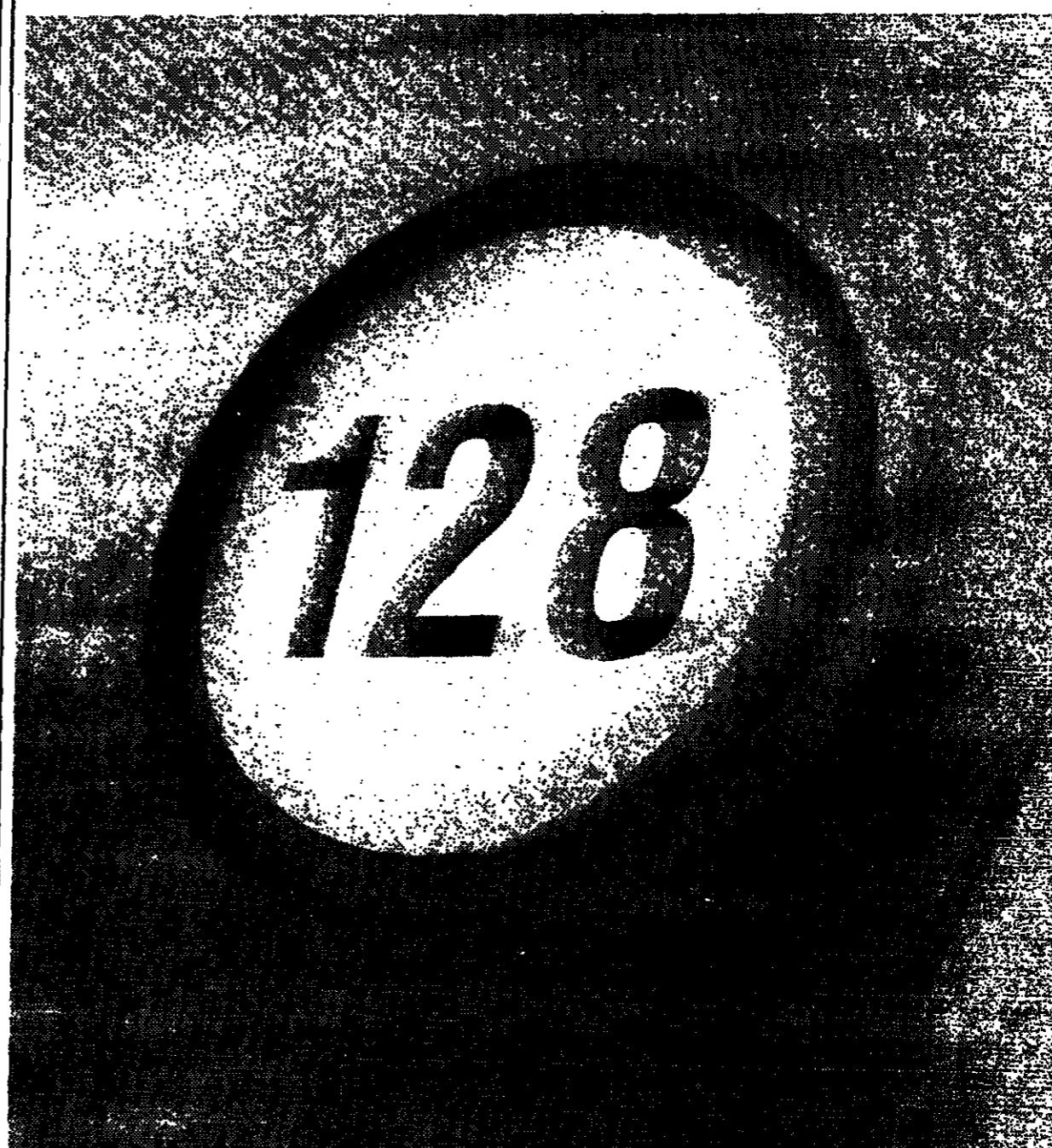
**The Museum of Science & Industry in Manchester**  
<http://www.msmi.org.uk/shocked/home.html>  
Appropriately, this site is both high-tech and very busy. VRML, QTVR, video-streaming and hi-fi sound are all present and correct, and include some startling stereo sound effects, an animated demo of how an aeroplane flies, and film clips of astronauts. The presentation is slick, but perhaps more endearing are online versions of old-fashioned, low-tech thrills. Here's one of those games where you pass a loop along a wire without making contact and setting off a buzzer (trickier than remembered from school fêtes). Somewhat overdone - with eternally floating links and "distressed" old-film movie scratches - the site also includes a stroll through a 19th-

century sewer which bears a vague resemblance to a labyrinthine Windows screensaver. The museum version of this includes realistic sounds and smells - the latter, fortunately, still beyond the reach of the most ambitious Web designer.

**Aging! Aging! Aging!**  
<http://www3.hmc.edu/~clewis/aging/>  
This may seem like a misspelt triple cry of despair, but the title page shows a cheerful chap morphing gracefully through 40 years or so, and emerging in old age wrinklier but without visible distress. Other images are definitely haunting, though, as the years accrue in a few seconds. The site addresses the inevitability - or otherwise - of "senescence". Is it all about accumulated DNA damage, or are we programmed to self-destruct? And should we interfere? Silly question: the site looks at the prospects on offer, from antioxidant boosting to obscure genetic mutations in worms, and sounds a note of optimism. "Human knowledge is increasing at an exponential rate. By this logic, some scientists believe the human life span could be increased to between 400 and 1,000 years within the next 20 years." Keep eating those vitamins.

**Pure Spam - Let's Fight It**  
<http://www.puremiga.co.uk/spam/>  
Lovey spam, wonderful spam, sang the Pythons, but times and attitudes have changed. Programs linked here seethe with murderous intent: Spam Slammer, Killer, Chomper, Buster, Hater, Exterminator... This site outlines most of the available, inadequate remedies, including obvious advice on how to add a spoiler to your address when posting to newsgroups, and how to complain to the spammer's ISP. Intriguingly, 7.04 per cent of respondents went against the grain and claimed to "love" being spammed. Who are these people and why?

Send interesting, quirky or even (at a pinch) cool site recommendations to [websites@dircon.co.uk](http://websites@dircon.co.uk)



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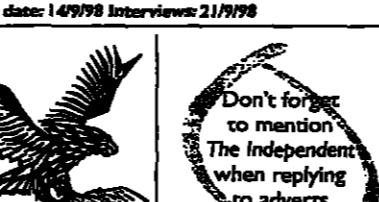
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Mirror Advertising Production department has a vacancy for a Night Scrutineer. Applicants must have grammatical English, good spelling is essential, be computer literate and an eye for detail. This shift is 5 nights per week 7.00pm-2.30am, training will be given on our systems. In addition to a competitive salary, we also offer free health insurance and many other substantial benefits.

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Maureen Sayers, Production Manager,  
One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5AP



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MONDAY REVIEW  
The Independent, 31 August 1998

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NEW

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NEW FILMS

APRIL STORY/FRIED DRAGON FISH (NC)

Director: Shunji Iwai  
Starring: Takako Matsui, Kaori Fuji (April Story); Miyoko Yoshimoto (Fried Dragon Fish)

*April Story* is a wistful drama about love and friendship centred around a teenager beginning university. *Fried Dragon Fish* is a tongue-in-cheek caper thriller. Both demonstrate a lack of imagination and a tendency to fall back on the mannerisms of their respective genres. *West End: ICA Cinema*

THE HORSE WHISPERER (PG)

Director: Robert Redford  
Starring: Robert Redford, Kristin Scott Thomas

Robert Redford has never directed himself before, and we should be grateful - the love-affair on screen between Robert Redford and Robert Redford is one of the most intensely unsettling ever seen. He plays Tom Booker, a Montana farmer who specialises in equine psychology. A New York magazine editor (Kristin Scott Thomas) whose daughter has been traumatised in a riding accident brings her daughter and the girl's horse to Booker, hoping for them to be cured. The picture is efficiently acted, but it's despicably shallow. *West End: ABC Tottenham Court Road, Barbican Screen, Chelsea Cinema, Clapham Picture House, Hammersmith Virgin, Notting Hill Coronet, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Leicester Square, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Screen on Baker Street, Screen on the Hill, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Fulham Road*

LOCK, STOCK AND TWO SMOKING BARRELS (18)

Director: Guy Ritchie  
Starring: Dexter Fletcher, Vinnie Jones  
*While Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels* mixes deadpan humour with cold brutality à la Tarantino, the film's defining characteristic is its resilient morality.

Ritchie's direction is showy to the point of distraction, but, beneath the cruel violence and coarse humour, this is a nostalgic piece, as

hinted at by the closing nod to *The Italian Job*. *West End: ABC Tottenham Court Road, Elephant & Castle Coronet, Hammersmith Virgin, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Plaza, Ritzy Cinema, Screen on Baker Street, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End*

MIR NICE GUY (15)

Director: Samo Hung  
Starring: Jackie Chan, Richard Norton, Mike Lee

This largely disappointing addition to Jackie Chan's oeuvre does have its moments. But the combination of comedy and adventure doesn't gel.

*West End: Virgin Trocadero*

THE REAL HOWARD SPITZ (PG)

Director: Vadim Jean  
Starring: Kelsey Grammer, Amanda Donohoe

From the director of *Leon the Pig Farmer* comes this sunny little comedy starring Kelsey (Pras) Grammer as a grouchily kids' writer who hates children. Makes up in verve and wit what it lacks in originality. *West End: UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Trocadero*

THE PROPOSITION (15)

Director: Lesli Linka Glatter  
Starring: Kenneth Branagh, Madeleine Stowe

Historical drama unavailable for preview at time of going to press. *West End: ABC Panton Street*

THE SPANISH PRISONER (PG)

Director: David Mamet

Starring: Campbell Scott, Steve Martin

David Mamet's intricate little thriller is a playful exercise in twisting a plot until it locks; there is a scientific detachment about the way he explores every permutation of his *Kafkaesque* scenario, though the movie is also funny.

*West End: Gate Notting Hill, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Plaza, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End*

Ryan Gilbey

GENERAL RELEASE

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD (U)

A perfect antidote to the bombast of Armageddon can be found in Michael Curtiz's merry and inventive romp, one of the greatest swashbucklers ever made. *West End: Clapham Picture House*

ARMAGEDDON (12)

This deeply stupid film purports to be a tender love story, a meaty action adventure and a global disaster movie in which a meteor is on a collision course with Earth. Every moment is carefully engineered to something for all the family, yet its jungle of styles will end up pleasing no one. *West End: ABC Tottenham Court Road, Hammersmith Virgin, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Plaza, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End*

THE AVENGERS (12)

Ralph Fiennes dons the bowler hat and wields the cane as Steed, Una Thurman pours herself into a caustic as Emma Peel, while Sean Connery sausages around in a kit as August De Wynter. In most ways a disappointment - to both lovers of the original, and to fans of the main performers. *West End: Odeon Kensington, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Ritzy Cinema, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End*

BARNEY'S GREAT ADVENTURE (U)

Feature-length exploits for the big, jolly dinosaur whose blend of nursery rhymes, day-glo colours and moral lessons makes him ideal for the more undemanding pre-school viewer - but an endurance test for anyone else. *West End: UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Trocadero*

LE BOSSU (15)

Sumptuous swashbucklers are fast becoming French cinema's stock-in-trade. This effort doesn't break much new ground, but is acted and shot with such magnificent bravado that its lack of originality is never a problem. And it's great to see the superb Daniel Auteuil in an action role. *West End: Curzon Mayfair, Richmond Filmhouse*

THE CASTLE (15)

When his family home is threatened with demolition to make way for an airport, truck driver Darryl Kerrigan (Michael Caine), together with his family and friends, decides to fight back and stand up for his rights. A warm, enjoyable - and fuzzy - journey into the lives of a family of "Aussie battlers". *West End: Empire Leicester Square, Odeon Swiss Cottage*

THE DAYTRIPPERS (15)

Worried that her publisher husband (Stanley Tucci) may be having an affair, Eliza (Hope Davis) confides in her parents, only to find that the whole family insists on accompanying her to Manhattan for the day to confront him. Writer-director Molotov charts the tensions of the family car journey with unerring wit. *West End: Odeon Camden Town, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Haymarket*

DR DOLITTLE (PG)

Within the restrictions of a PG certificate, Eddie Murphy shows that his talents are more pliable than they might have first appeared. *West End: Elephant & Castle Coronet, Hammersmith Virgin, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End*

THE FIRELIGHT (15)

Starchy 19th-century melodrama starring Sophie Marceau as a Swiss governess who bears a child to the wealthy aristocrat Stephen Dillane, then leaves the rest of her life to finding the girl. *West End: Curzon Minima*

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THE FIRELIGHT (15)

**HARROW** SAFARI (0181-426 0303) ☎ Harrow-on-the-Hill/Harrow & Wealdstone D11 Sat 1pm, 5pm, 8.45pm Dushman 8.45pm Ghulam 5pm Major Saab 1pm

**HARROW** WARNER VILLAGE (0181-427 9009) ☎ Warner on the Hill Armageddon 11.40am, 2.50pm, 6pm, 8.40pm 9.10pm, 11.40pm, 11.45pm Barney's Great Adventure 10.40am, Dr Dolittle 1.0am, 12.20pm, 2.30pm, 4.20pm, 6.10pm, 8.30pm, 11pm Godzilla 10.30am, 1.15pm, 3pm, 5.50pm The Horse Whisperer 10.10am, 1.40pm, 5.20pm, 8.50pm The Little Mermaid 11.20am, 3.10pm Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 3.30am, 5pm, 4pm, 7.20pm, 9.30pm, 12.20pm Lost In Space 12.50pm, 3.50pm, 6.40pm, 12.00pm, 12.30pm The Magic Sword: Quest For Camelot 1.00pm, 5.10pm, 10pm The X-Files 10.20am, 10.50pm, 1pm, 1.30pm, 3.40pm, 4.10pm, 6.20pm, 8.50pm, 9pm, 9.40pm, 11.50pm, 12.10am

**HOLLOWAY** ODEON (0181-315 4213) ☎ Holloway Road/Archway 9.30am-10.30am, 1.30pm, 3.30pm, 5.45pm, 7.45pm, 9.45pm The Adventures 1.15pm, Barney's Great Adventure 11.45am Dr Dolittle 1.20am, 12.45pm, 2.15pm, 3pm, 4.20pm, 5.25pm, 6.25pm, 7.10pm The Horse Whisperer 12.40pm, 4.10pm, 7.40pm Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 12.10pm, 3pm, 5.50pm Lost In Space 12.50pm, 3.50pm, 6.40pm, 12.00pm, 12.30pm The Real Howard Spitz 2.30pm, 4.50pm, 7pm, 9.30pm The X-Files 12.10pm, 3.20pm, 5pm, 8.40pm

**ILFORD** ODEON (0181-315 4223) ☎ Gants Hill Armageddon 1.20pm, 4.30pm, 7.50pm Barney's Great Adventure 11.40am Dr Dolittle 12.00am, 2.20pm, 4.40pm, 6.40pm, 9pm The Horse Whisperer 12.40pm, 4.10pm, 7.40pm Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 1.10pm, 3.35pm, 6.05pm, 8.35pm The X-Files 2pm, 3.30pm, 8.15pm

**KINGSTON** ABC OPTIONS (0870-9020409) ☎ Kingston Armageddon 7.45pm Dr Dolittle 1.45pm, 3.45pm, 5.45pm Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 1.10pm, 3.35pm, 6.05pm, 8.35pm The X-Files 2pm, 3.30pm, 8.15pm

**MUSWELL HILL** ODEON (0181-315 4217) ☎ Highgate Armageddon 8.05pm Dr Dolittle 1.15pm, 2.25pm, 4.35pm, 6.15pm The Horse Whisperer 12.50pm, 4.10pm, 7.40pm The Magic Sword: Quest For Camelot 12.00pm The X-Files 2.10pm, 5.10pm, 8.30pm

**PECKHAM** PREMIER (0181-235 3006) ☎ Peckham, Rye Armageddon 2.55pm, 5pm, 9.05pm Barney's Great Adventure 1.35pm Dr Dolittle 1.20am, 3pm, 5.30pm, 7.30pm, 9.30pm The Horse Whisperer 1.15pm, 3pm, 5.15pm, 7.05pm, 9.05pm, 11.50pm Gang Related 9.25pm, 11.50pm Godzilla 2.10pm, 4.40pm Grease 2.20pm The Horse Whisperer 2.05pm, 5.25pm, 8.45pm The Little Mermaid 12.25pm Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 4.35pm, 7pm, 9.25pm, 11.50pm The Magic Sword: Quest For Camelot 12.10pm Paulie 12.30pm Soul Food 12.00midnight The X-Files 1.25pm, 4pm, 6.35pm, 9.10pm, 11.45pm

**PURLEY** ABC (0870-9020407) ☎ Purley Armageddon 7.40pm Dr Dolittle 1.25pm, 3.25pm, 5.25pm Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 2.40pm, 5.40pm, 8.30pm The X-Files 2.10pm, 5.10pm, 8.10pm

**PUTNEY** ABC (0870-9020401) ☎ Putney Bridge, BR: Putney Armageddon 8pm Dr Dolittle 1.15pm, 3.30pm, 5.45pm Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 1.10pm, 3.35pm, 6.05pm, 8.35pm The X-Files 2.15pm, 5.15pm, 8.30pm

**RICHMOND** ODEON (0181-315 4218) ☎ Richmond ☎ Richmond 4.40pm, 6.20pm, 8.30pm The Avengers 2.50pm, 7pm, 9.50pm Barney's Great Adventure 1.15pm Dr Dolittle 2pm, 4.10pm, 6.40pm, 8.45pm The Jungle Book 10.30pm The Horse Whisperer 1.15pm, 3pm, 5.15pm, 7.30pm, 9.30pm The Little Mermaid 12.00pm, 2.20pm, 4.30pm, 6.40pm, 8.30pm Lost In Space 3.30pm, 6pm, 8.15pm The X-Files 12.00pm, 2pm, 4.30pm, 6.35pm, 8.35pm

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**ODEON STUDIO** (0181-315 4215) ☎ Richmond Armaged



**Radio 1**  
(97.6-99.8MHz FM)  
9.00 Greatest Hits Breakfast.  
1.00 Kevin Greening and Zoe Ball.  
4.00 The UK Top 40 - the Year So Far.  
7.00 Lamacoq Live.  
12.00 The Breezeblock. 2.00  
Charlie Jordan. 4.00 - 6.30  
Chris Moyles.

**Radio 2**  
(88-90.2MHz FM)  
6.00 Mo Dutta. 7.30 Alex Lester.  
9.30 Ken Bruce. 12.00 Jonathan King. See *Pick of the Day*. 1.00  
Steve Wright. 3.00 Ed Stewart.  
5.00 John Dunn. 7.00 Gershwin Swings. 8.30 Chris Barber Jazz Diaries. 9.30 Mark Lamarr.  
10.30 Richard Allison. 12.05  
Steve Madden. 3.00 - 4.00  
Annie Other.

**Radio 3**  
(90.2-92.4MHz FM)  
6.00 On Air.  
9.00 Masterworks.  
10.30 Artist of the Week.  
11.00 Sound Stories.  
12.00 Proms Composers of the Week: Harris Eisler and Kurt Weill.  
1.00 Lunchtime Concert.  
2.00 Dancing Masters.  
3.30 BBC Proms 98.  
3.45 Outdoor Pursuits.  
3.45 Concert, part 2.  
4.45 Music Machine. (R)  
5.00 In Tune.  
8.00 BBC Proms 98. A virtuous programme by the Los Angeles Philharmonic, including a new piece by tonight's conductor, Esa-Pekka Salonen. Copland: El salón México. Salonen: LA Variations (first UK performance).  
8.35 The Conductor Talks in an interval series of three interviews with conductors appearing at the Proms. Anthony Burton tries to find out how a conductor goes about his job. In this programme, he speaks to the Finnish conductor and composer, Esa-Pekka Salonen.  
8.55 Concert, part 2. Stravinsky: The Firebird.  
10.10 Postscript. Five conversations in which Michael Billington talks to actors and singers about their experiences of playing the same character in theatrical and operatic productions.

## PICK OF THE DAY

**TALES OF** Red Indians, robbers and medieval knights should keep the kids amused if it's a rainy bank holiday Monday. Julia McKenzie's (right) rendering of E Nesbit's Edwardian frolic *Five Children and It* (2.15pm R4FM) tells the story of a gaggle of children who are granted a series of wishes when they stumble across a sand fairy on the beach. The poet Simon Armitage makes

1: Joan Rodgers and Andrea Gascoigne talk about playing the Governess in Henry James' *The Turn of the Screw*. (R)  
10.35 **Phantasm**. Music by the French virtuoso masters of the viols, performed by Phantasm. *Sainte-Colombe: Les regrets*. Marais: *Chaccone; Tombeau de M. Melton (Pièces de viole)*. Marais: *Queray: La clé d'air; Chaccone la buisson (Pièces de viole)*. Marais: Suite in D.

11.30 **Jazz Notes**.

12.00 **Ulster Orchestra**.

1.00 - 6.00 **Through the Night**.

**Radio 4**  
(92.4-94.8MHz FM)  
6.00 Today.  
9.00 Word for Word.  
9.30 Up on the Manor.  
9.45 All Points North. See *Pick of the Day*.  
10.00 NEWS: Women's Hour.  
11.00 Mapping the Town.  
11.30 Little Novels. (R)  
12.00 NEWS: You and Yours.  
12.57 Weather.  
1.00 The World at One.  
1.30 Words in Music.  
2.00 NEWS: The Archers.  
2.15 NEWS: Holiday Special: Five Children and It. See *Pick of the Day*.  
3.45 On the Fringe.  
4.00 NEWS: Food Programme.  
4.30 Four Comers.  
5.00 PM.  
5.57 Weather.  
6.00 Six O'Clock News.  
6.30 Very World of Milton Jones.

some bizarre confessions in his rib-tickling new collection of prose, *All Points North* (9.45am R4), while in *Sounds of Summer* (12noon R2), Jonathan King talks to Eurovision Song Contest winner Katrina Leskanich (of Katrina and the Waves fame) in his quest for the consummate summer ditty. It's a bit late for that now, surely?

FIONA STURGES

7.00 NEWS: The Archers.  
7.45 **Front Row**. In a rare radio interview, Stephen King talks to Mark Lawson.  
7.45 Dear Jayne Browne. 'Honest Men' by Valerie Georges.  
*Sainte-Colombe: Les regrets*. Marais: *Chaccone; Tombeau de M. Melton (Pièces de viole)*. Marais: *Queray: La clé d'air; Chaccone la buisson (Pièces de viole)*. Marais: Suite in D.

11.30 **NEWS: The Archers**.

12.00 **Test Match Special**.

1.00 **Test Match Special**.

5.35 **Shipping Forecast**.

5.40 **Inshore Forecast**.

5.45 **Prayer for the Day**.

5.47 - 6.00 **Farming Today**.



time: *First Love*. Ivan Turgenev's classic story of adolescent awakening, translated by Isaiah Berlin, read by Nigel Anthony. (1/5).  
11.00 **Radio 4 Appeal**. Alastair Cooke speaks on behalf of the National Council for the Welfare of Prisoners Abroad, the only charity supporting and campaigning for Britons held in prisons overseas.  
11.02 **The Lost**.

11.30 **Music That Binds Us**.

12.00 **News**.

12.30 **The Late Book: Tales from Ovid**. (R)

1.00 **Shipping Forecast**.

5.30 **World News**.

5.35 **Shipping Forecast**.

5.40 **Inshore Forecast**.

5.45 **Prayer for the Day**.

5.47 - 6.00 **Farming Today**.

**7.30 Master Managers**. Bryan Butler reassesses the careers of six outstanding football managers. 2: Bill Nicholson.

**8.00 Trevor Brooking's Monday Match**. Featuring full commentary from Bramall Lane where Sheffield United take on Crewe Alexandra in Division One.  
10.00 **Late Night Live**. Nick Robinson sets tomorrow's agenda today. Including at 10.30 a full round-up of the day's sport, and at 11.00 late news briefing.

1.00 **Up All Night**.

5.00 - 6.00 **Morning Reports**.

**Classic FM** (100.1-101.9MHz FM)

**6.00 The Classic FM Top 100 Summer Classics**. 8.00 **Henry Kelly: 12.00 Jane Martham**. 3.00 **Nick Balleys 7.00 Smooth Classics at Seven**. 9.00 **Evening Concert**. 11.00 **Alan Mann: 2.00 Ak Grifths**.

**Virgin Radio** (1215, 1217-1260kHz MW 105.8MHz FM)

**6.30 Chris Evans: 2.00 Bobby Hain**. 1.00 **Nick Abbot: 4.00 Mark Forrest including London Calling at 6.45. 6.45 **James Merritt (AM only): 7.30 James Merritt (AM/FM)**. 10.00 **Paul Coyte: 1.00 Peter Poulton: 4.30 - 6.30 Jeremy Clark**.**

**World Service** (198kHz LW)

**1.00 Newsdesk: 1.30 Westway**. 1.45 **Britain Today: 2.00 Newsdesk: 3.30 Seven Days: 2.45 Bringing Up Baby: 3.00 Newsday: 3.30 On Screen: 4.00 World News: 4.05 World Business Report: 4.15 Sports Roundup: 4.30 - 7.00 The World Today**.

**Talk Radio**

**6.00 Claire Catford: 9.00 Scott Chisholm: 1.00 Premiership Show with Alan Mullery: 3.00 Nationwide League Live Commentary: 5.00 **Radio Guide to Classical Music: 7.00 Nick Abbot: 9.00 James Whales: 1.00 Ian Collins: 5.00 - 7.00 The Early Show with Bill Overton**.**

**5.00 The Bill** (1971-99). 3.25 **The Bill** (695412). 3.55 **Bergere** (218612). 4.45 **EastEnders** (625677). 5.30 **Angels** (949677). 6.00 **Ali Creatures: Great and Small** (767559). 7.00 **The Comedy Alternative: Don't Wait Up** (755344). 7.40 **The Comedy Alternative: Dead Army** (653220). 8.00 **The Comedy Alternative: Some Mothers Do 'Ave 'Em** (695298). 8.00 **Only Fools and Horses** (847019). 10.20 **Fawlty Towers** (676046). 12.00 **The Bill** (728149). 1.30 **Champions** (223702). 2.00 **Films: North Africa Skies** (467619). 2.50 - 7.00 **Shopping at Night** (552587).

**Living**  
6.00 **Tiny Living** (8836219). 9.00 **Special Babies** (195319). 9.30 **Beyond Special: Fact or Fiction** (215161). 10.00 **Diane: a Day in the Life** (979948). 10.50 **Polanda (1949-58)**. 11.40 **Brookside** (931148). 12.40 **Jimmy's** (6930054). 12.45 **Rescue 911** (8429054). 14.50 **Ready, Steady, Cook** (976431). 1.50 **Can't Cook, Won't Cook** (2494529). 2.20 **Diana: a Living Issues Special** (349764). 3.20 **Diana: a Day in the Life** (979948). 5.00 **Ready, Steady, Cook** (2084035). 5.35 **Can't Cook, Won't Cook** (972976). 6.30 **Jerry Springer** (8830306). 7.00 **Diana: a Living Issues Special Update** (5942290). 7.30 **Rescue 911** (4237667). 7.30 **Beyond Belief: Fact or Fiction** (212219). 8.00 **Murder Call** (307949). 9.00 **Diana: Her True Story** (3060035). 11.00 **The Sex Files** (2725561). 12.00 **Close**.

**TNT**  
9.00 **Film: Gone with the Wind** (1939). See *Pick of the Day* (4334798). 1.00 **Film: The Last Run** (1971) (5242294). 2.45 **Film: Beau Brummell** (1954) (5941536). 5.00 **Close**.

**Parliamentary Comedy** (Channel 4) 2.00 **Cookson: 7.30 Roseanne** (6939). 8.00 **Grandmother's Fire** (6208). 8.30 **Caroline in the City** (8828). 8.00 **Spin City** (2225). 9.30 **Ellen** (7529). 10.00 **Frasier** (80899). 10.30 **Cheers** (4229). 11.00 **Duckman** (879703). 11.30 **In Bed with Medimer** (1942). 12.00 **Late Night with David Letterman** (67338). 1.00 **Frasier** (76888). 1.30 **Cheers** (17536). 2.00 **Caroline in the City** (67469). 2.30 **In Bed with Medimer** (6975). 3.00 **Roseanne** (82352). 3.30 **Spin City** (8055). 4.00 **Close**.

**UK Gold**  
2.00 **Crossroads** (5636702). 2.30 **Neighbours** (5636701). 2.30 **Survival of the Fittest** (5636700). 2.30 **The Sky Sports Centre** (5636701). 2.30 **Bank Holiday Special: Super League Broadcast** (5636702). 2.30 **Sky Sports** (5636703). 2.30 **What a Week** (5636704). 2.30 **Super League Broadcast** (5636705). 2.30 **International Open** (5636706). 2.30 **Football League Review** (5636707). 2.30 **British Football Mother** (5636708). 2.30 **Australian Football** (5636709). 2.30 **Football** (5636710). 2.30 **The WFA** (5636711). 2.30 **Football** (5636712). 2.30 **Football** (5636713). 2.30 **Football** (5636714). 2.30 **Football** (5636715). 2.30 **Football** (5636716). 2.30 **Football** (5636717). 2.30 **Football** (5636718). 2.30 **Football** (5636719). 2.30 **Football** (5636720). 2.30 **Football** (5636721). 2.30 **Football** (5636722). 2.30 **Football** (5636723). 2.30 **Football** (5636724). 2.30 **Football** (5636725). 2.30 **Football** (5636726). 2.30 **Football** (5636727). 2.30 **Football** (5636728). 2.30 **Football** (5636729). 2.30 **Football** (5636730). 2.30 **Football** (5636731). 2.30 **Football** (5636732). 2.30 **Football** (5636733). 2.30 **Football** (5636734). 2.30 **Football** (5636735). 2.30 **Football** (5636736). 2.30 **Football** (5636737). 2.30 **Football** (5636738). 2.30 **Football** (5636739). 2.30 **Football** (5636740). 2.30 **Football** (5636741). 2.30 **Football** (5636742). 2.30 **Football** (5636743). 2.30 **Football** (5636744). 2.30 **Football** (5636745). 2.30 **Football** (5636746). 2.30 **Football** (5636747). 2.30 **Football** (5636748). 2.30 **Football** (5636749). 2.30 **Football** (5636750). 2.30 **Football** (5636751). 2.30 **Football** (5636752). 2.30 **Football** (5636753). 2.30 **Football** (5636754). 2.30 **Football** (5636755). 2.30 **Football** (5636756). 2.30 **Football** (5636757). 2.30 **Football** (5636758). 2.30 **Football** (5636759). 2.30 **Football** (5636760). 2.30 **Football** (5636761). 2.30 **Football** (5636762). 2.30 **Football** (5636763). 2.30 **Football** (5636764). 2.30 **Football** (5636765). 2.30 **Football** (5636766). 2.30 **Football** (5636767). 2.30 **Football** (5636768). 2.30 **Football** (5636769). 2.30 **Football** (5636770). 2.30 **Football** (5636771). 2.30 **Football** (5636772). 2.30 **Football** (5636773). 2.30 **Football** (5636774). 2.30 **Football** (5636775). 2.30 **Football** (5636776). 2.30 **Football** (5636777). 2.30 **Football** (5636778). 2.30 **Football** (5636779). 2.30 **Football** (5636780). 2.30 **Football** (5636781). 2.30 **Football** (5636782). 2.30 **Football** (5636783). 2.30 **Football** (5636784). 2.30 **Football** (5636785). 2.30 **Football** (5636786). 2.30 **Football** (5636787). 2.30 **Football** (5636788). 2.30 **Football** (5636789). 2.30 **Football** (5636790). 2.30 **Football** (5636791). 2.30 **Football** (5636792). 2.30 **Football** (5636793). 2.30 **Football** (5636794). 2.30 **Football** (5636795). 2.30 **Football** (5636796). 2.30 **Football** (5636797). 2.30 **Football** (5636798). 2.30 **Football** (5636799). 2.30 **Football** (5636800). 2.30 **Football** (5636801). 2.30

